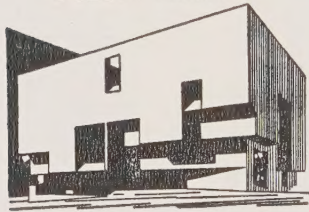


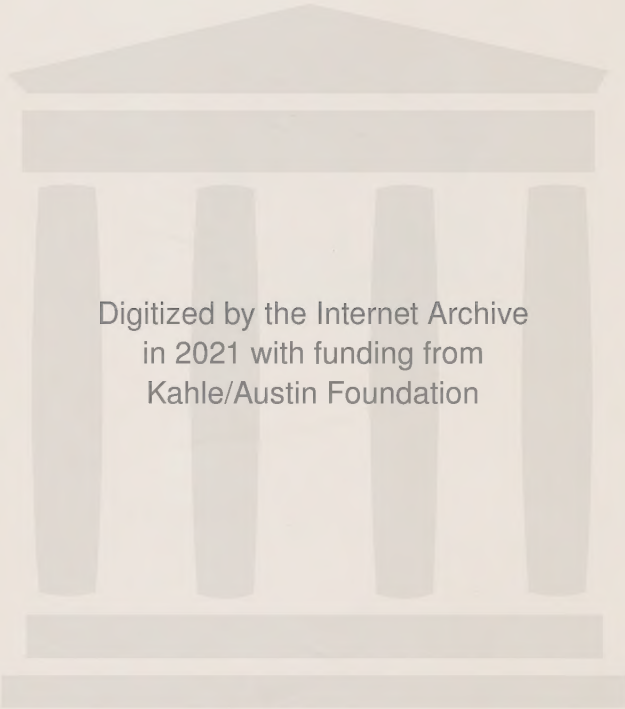
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The South in History and Literature

A HAND-BOOK

OF

SOUTHERN AUTHORS

FROM

THE SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN, 1607,

TO

LIVING WRITERS.

BY

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD

Chair of Literature, Lucy Cobb Institute,

Athens, Ga.

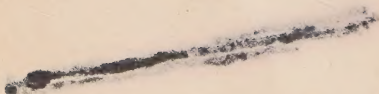
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PREFACE.

The South in History and Literature has been written with a twofold purpose:

First: To aid any who wish to know the truth concerning the South and what her great men and women have accomplished in the realm of letters.

Second: To give to others the benefit of any records that the author has found available, with the hope that an interest may be thus awakened that shall lead to further investigation on their part along the same lines.

It has been no easy task to construct sketches that shall prove interesting, because of an inherent shrinking on the part of our Southern authors from having their private life invaded and facts concerning them and their work made public, so that much of real value has never been secured and is not yet available.

As a section the South has never realized the importance of preserving its records either in history or literature, and as Thomas Nelson Page says, "She has been left behind in the race for literary honors." There is, however, a decided change taking place, a very great and perceptible awakening upon this subject. Each State is having a historian appointed whose duty it is to keep not only the records of the present days, but to search for any record of past history; and the day is not far distant when the South will not only realize more fully her own greatness, but will take a laudable pride in having other sections recognize it.

It is natural for criticism to come, because long extracts have been given from authors that are not well known, and few or no extracts from the leaders of thought in our litera-

ture. The reason should be evident; any library will contain the works of our well-known writers, while few libraries will contain the writings of the others.

If criticism should come that undue prominence is given to some States over others, it is not because of any intention to do this, but rather because of the greater help and encouragement given by some States in preparing this work.

The extracts given are not always considered the most representative literary work of the authors, but have been in many instances selected to illustrate the old South, and answer arguments urged against her and her institutions.

One must not expect in a volume of this size to find an adequate estimate of over four thousand listed writers; nor must one presume that the authors selected will meet with the approval of all—only one with supernatural powers could please every one.

The compiler sincerely hopes that a desire to know more concerning the people and the literature of the South may be awakened through the reading of this book.

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD.

The Villa, Athens, Ga., 1907.

INDEBTEDNESS TO REFERENCE BOOKS.

Who's Who in America has proved invaluable in securing dates and lists of books of living writers.

Thomas Nelson Page's *The Old South* has greatly aided the compiler not only in making an estimate of the South's writers, but in calling attention to misrepresentations of many of her institutions.

Miss Manly's *Southern Literature* has given in a most convenient form the chronological arrangement of the authors and their works.

Baskervill's *Southern Writers* has presented new and striking phases of the men and women of the day.

Harkins and Johnson's *Little Pilgrimages* have given a delightful insight into the home life of many Southern writers.

Carl Holliday has in his *South in Literature* brought out newer information regarding the men of the Revolutionary era than is found elsewhere.

Hart's *American Literature* has given names of many men and women not found in other books. He has also given a very just estimate especially noticeable considering he is a writer north of Mason's and Dixon's line.

James Wood Davidson's *Living Writers of the South* is full of information concerning the men and women who lived in the years prior to '69. He has done a great work for the South by publishing this book and collecting such valuable statistics.

Thomas McAdory Owen, State Historian of Alabama, has been most helpful in the loan of valuable books regarding the Literature of Alabama.

Alcée Fortier's *Louisiana Studies* has introduced the compiler to many of the writers of his State.

Mary Forrest's Women of the South has been of aid also in giving information concerning those women who wrote before and during the War between the States.

Indebtedness is acknowledged to those who kindly loaned old scrap-books and papers containing war poetry and sketches that have appeared in the years gone by.

INTRODUCTION

TO

The South in History and Literature.

PART I.

HISTORY AND LITERATURE BEFORE THE SEVENTIES.

PART II.

LITERATURE FROM THE SEVENTIES TO THE PRESENT TIME.

INTRODUCTION

TO

The South in History and Literature.

PART I.

History and Literature Before the Seventies.

It has been stated that no literature of any value came from the South before 1860. Surely those making this statement forget that the "Prince of American Poets," as Victor Hugo called Poe, lived before that time; indeed, Poe died in 1849. Unfortunately his biographers were Griswold and Stoddard, whom he had criticised adversely; he therefore suffered at their hands so greatly that not until recent years has he had his proper place in literature assigned him. To-day there is not a question as to his poetic merit or his ability as a prose writer, and critics North and South accord this. Richardson says of him: "Not the Prince of American literature, for princes dazzle, but he is one of the world's men of genius"; and the *London Quarterly Review* says: "He had an ear for rhythm unmatched in all ages." He did have a marvelous poetic gift, and had he lived long enough after he had been chastened by grief to have been encouraged by recognition and appreciation, he might have gained for his poetry all that it now lacks—faith. There is a wizard charm about every-

thing that Poe wrote. It fascinates and holds, even if it does not fully satisfy, and there has never been but one Edgar Allan Poe. No other poet has yet caught the rhythm of his verse.

"It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maid she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me."

His poetry seems to flow in a free and unrestrained way which many have tried to imitate but unsuccessfully.

There has never been a national anthem that rings out with a more martial air than Key's "Star-Spangled Banner," unless we except the Marseillaise Hymn of France. Francis Scott Key wrote this anthem long before 1860; indeed, as far back as 1815. Theodore O'Hara's fine poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," was written in 1853, in memory of those Kentuckians who fell bravely fighting at Buena Vista. This poem has been placed on the headstones over the fallen brave in many of the national cemeteries, and its merit thus acknowledged.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo,
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn sound
The bivouac of the dead."

Philip Pendleton Cooke's "Florence Vane," that outburst of song evidently from some rejected suitor, can not be overlooked, and it was written before 1850.

"Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime,
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;

Thy heart was like a river
 Without a main.
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane."

Nor can Albert Pike's "Every Year" be passed without notice—

"The days have less of gladness
 Every year;
 The nights have more of sadness
 Every year.
 Fair springs no longer charm us,
 The wind and weather harm us,
 The threats of death alarm us,
 Every year."

Nor can Edward Coates Pinckney's "Health," a tribute to woman, be forgotten, for it was written before 1828.

"I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman of her gentler sex,
 The seeming paragon;
 To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that like the air,
 'Tis less of earth than heaven."

Richard Henry Wilde's "My Life is Like the Summer Rose" was written before 1847.

Before the sixties the scientists John Audubon and Matthew Maury lived and wrote. Before the sixties our historians Weems, Benton, Drayton, Ramsay, Henry Lee, Wirt, Tucker and Gayarré wrote. Before the sixties our poets Meek and Prentice and Mirabeau Lamar were writing. Francis Robert Goulding gave us his "Young Marooners" before this period—a book that has been called "The Robinson Crusoe of America," and a book that has been so eagerly read by the young of several generations can be no mean literature.

True, it is a child's book, but it has a charm which holds children of larger growth, and it is one of the best books that we have for children. John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay and Robert Y. Hayne were astounding the nation with speeches made in behalf of secession, peace and the Tariff Acts before the sixties. There have never been in Congress three greater statesmen at any one time than Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and two of these were from the South, and their speeches to-day stand high in political literature. William Gilmore Simms was sending forth in a prolific way novels relating to the history of each Southern State, writing Indian legends, poems regarding our Southland, besides other historical work pertaining to his own Carolina, and the greater part of all his work was done before the sixties. John Pendleton Kennedy was so highly esteemed that Thackeray was willing to have him write one of the chapters in "The Virginians"; and "Swallow Barn" is considered one of the best descriptive novels ever written in America, and Kennedy's work was done before the sixties. Madame Le Vert, the granddaughter of George Walton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, born in Augusta, Georgia, gave us charming descriptions of travel, making us see Europe through her eyes, introducing us, as she did, in such a delightful way to many distinguished men and women of foreign birth that we seem to know each of them personally. Longstreet, Thompson, John B. Lamar, Johnson Hooper and G. W. Harris gave us sketches of the cracker-folk before the sixties.

Augustus Baldwin Longstreet was a lawyer, and in his rides through his native State was thrown frequently at night in the homes of the country people; he heard them talk, free from all restraints; he no doubt heard the old women gossips over their pipes relate just those things which he gives with such effect in his "Georgia Scenes"; or perhaps before the courthouse door as he went to and fro to attend court, he heard those

laughable discussions which are also found so well given in the same book. "Georgia Scenes" was published by the Harper Brothers before 1860, and after Judge Longstreet became a minister of the Gospel he was very anxious to suppress it, because words and expressions are used unbecoming a minister, but the book could not be suppressed on account of its merit and popularity.

William T. Thompson in 1835 became identified with Augustus Baldwin Longstreet as editor of the *States Rights Sentinel*, then published in Augusta, Georgia. He afterwards moved to Savannah and became editor of the *Morning News*. His very amusing letters were published under the name of "Major Jones's Courtship," because this letter was considered the best of the collection. His description of the real country-folk he met is inimitable.

"Sut Lovingood's Yarns," by George W. Harris, of Tennessee, is another illustration of the cracker dialect, and appeared in Tennessee about the same time.

And Johnson Hooper did for Alabama a like work when he published his "Adventures of Simon Suggs" and "Widow Rugby's Husband and Other Tales of Alabama." He represents the "poor whites" in this book in many a humorous situation.

The Colonial period produced very few writers either North or South, and these dealt chiefly with discoveries. But it must not be forgotten that the first contribution to American literature came from a member of the Jamestown colony, and not the Plymouth Rock colony. John Smith's "History of Virginia" was published, it is true, in England, but so was all American literature at that time. The first book really written on American soil was also by a Virginian; "Whitaker's Good Newes" it was called, and while of little value from a literary standpoint, it was in fact the very beginning of American literary work; and the first book to come from a

printing-press in America was Sandy's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the first five books having been printed in England before he sailed for Virginia, and the remaining ten on American soil.

In the Constitutional Era men were too busy making laws and legislating about the government of the land to have leisure to write, and this was true of both sections, but a glance at those times will show no names brighter in speech-making and statecraft than such Southern men as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Henry Laurens, James Madison, John Marshall, Patrick Henry, George Washington and John Randolph.

That the best in literature was appreciated at the South before the sixties is proven by statistics which show that in the lists of subscribers to magazines published at the North Southern names were by far in the majority. The people of the South before the War between the States were literary and the love of letters was always just as keen in Southern States as it was in the New England States, and there were really just as many highly educated men, but ethical and religious questions made literature of secondary importance. Social, industrial and political conditions in the Old South did not foster literary expression. Plantation life was not conducive to conformity to strict rules of rhetoric and grammar, and many careless ways of speaking and writing did creep in, for contact with the negro mammy could not but affect the speech of the Southern child without a consciousness on the part of the child or its mother that such was the case, and it will take many years, in fact, not until the memory of the dear old mammy shall have passed away, before these habits of speech will disappear entirely from the South. There are expressions (provincialisms you may call them) and pronunciations which are truly of the South, and there should be no desire or effort on our part to change them, for they are not radically incorrect since they

are local and only stamp us as of the South. Let us not, then, be laughed out of them.

It is a great misfortune that the habits of life at the South prevented any adequate preservation of the records of the facts connected with her history, while it was part of the religion of New England to record promptly and accurately all that befell her as a colony. She kept back nothing so far as she knew it. There are no unknown writers in New England, no meritorious productions still unprinted, no important facts unexamined and unrecorded. It is a fact that can not be denied that there is not a child of any age but can tell, without a moment's hesitation, the name of the *Mayflower*, the vessel which brought over the Pilgrim Fathers, but where can be found a child in a thousand that can call the names *Discovery*, *Goodspeed* and *Susan Constant*, the vessels which brought the Jamestown colony—the first colony to make a permanent settlement on our American shores? The reason is as above stated—one pertains to New England history and the other to Virginia history. The records of one have been carefully kept and the records of the other carelessly overlooked. Children at the South are really growing up to know all about the achievements of the North and little about those of the South, and the consequence is they are believing that everything good and great came from the North, and this will continue to be so as long as parents allow their children to be taught from text-books that present only one side of the history of our land.

The North can not be held responsible for omitting this history, for they have had no records from which to copy, and only of late years are the people of the South waking up to the fact that nothing is known of the great deeds of their forefathers, and they themselves are learning much for the first time from old letters and deeds which a mania for genealogy has unearthed. So we see the accusation made that nothing of literary value came from the South before the sixties came

rather from ignorance of our literature than from prejudice on the part of the writer; and we of the South are to be censured for not publishing to the world our achievements, not only in letters, but in history also.

The people of the South had more literary taste than they had inclination to publish what they wrote. They contributed freely to home papers, and much of real literary value never went beyond a local circulation. For instance, no one in upper Georgia can forget the hearty laughs that Oliver Hillhouse Prince gave in his "Billy Woodpile's Letters"—letters that would now be read with little or no interest, and possibly without the humor even being seen, because the parties about whom they were written have long since passed away, and the political atmosphere has greatly changed, but when they appeared they were highly esteemed and gave no end of merriment.

To this period before the sixties belongs George William Bagby, of Buckingham county, Virginia. He wrote witty letters under the pen-name of "Mosis Addums," because this was the day of *nom de plumes*, especially in the South, but to-day a writer is accustomed to sign his own name. He contributed these letters to the local papers at first for the little pay the papers could afford, as he was not a man of means and had a family to support. Afterwards they were published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, of which he was editor. His wife collected them and edited them after his death under the name of "Writings of George Bagby." "Jud Browning's Account of Rubinstein's Playing" is one of the best of this collection, and could not have been written better; the others that are best known are "My Uncle Flatback's Plantation," "Bacon and Greens" and "Meekinses's 'Twinses.'" These articles were published in two volumes and are so rare now that each volume costs from fifteen to twenty dollars, and that for second-hand copies.

Colonel John B. Lamar, of Macon, Georgia, was another

writer of the same period, and wrote his "Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass," which so attracted Charles Dickens when in America that he made use of the same story in his "Colonel Quagg's Conversion." This story appeared in *Household Words* soon after Dickens returned to England, and while it is undoubtedly the same story, no charge of plagiarism can be preferred, for Dickens's style is always peculiarly his own. Colonel Lamar was a very wealthy planter, and there was no need for him to write for money. His object was to amuse his friends and to encourage his own home papers. Every one who lived in that section of country will remember his amusing description of "Polly Peablossom's Wedding," decidedly the best description of a country wedding among the cracker-folk that has ever yet been given, and it is a story, too, taken from real life. Old scrap-books now in possession of families in the South are full of this unedited material. One of these scrap-book gems is by Professor Waddell.

REGRET.

Oh, current of life,
 With thy jarring and strife,
 Thy banks were once curtained with drapery bright;
 But the stream of my hours
 Has forsaken the flowers,
 And wanders alone through the blackness of night.

Oh, river of Years,
 Fast flowing with tears,
 The zephyrs of Eden once sang to thy waves;
 Now the winter wind roars
 On thy desolate shores,
 While thy shadowy depths are but merciless graves.

Still on, ever on,
 Thy waters roll down
 To the sunless retreats of Eternity's Sea,
 Where the waves of the deep
 Their dark vigils keep,
 And murmur no more on the land or the lea.

William Henry Waddell held for many years the chair of ancient languages at the University of Georgia, and was known for classical attainments. His friends were not the least surprised to read gems of poetry that came from his pen, but little care was taken to have them published.

Slavery was a vital principle in diverting the energies of the South from literary pursuits. It was one of the States rights granted by the Constitution. The mission of the abolitionist was to make men *think*, and when they would not think to please him he attempted to do things that were unconstitutional, and the South resented them. So during the years prior to the War between the States, the South was smarting under these misrepresentations regarding slavery and the tariff laws, and had no time to write. One can not write "when the house is falling down upon the head"; so few efforts were made to stem the tide of war which to many then seemed inevitable. Men and women at the North were using as texts the very subjects so disturbing to us, and by these means were agitating not only the minds of those at the North, but also those of England and other nations inclined to be friendly, and these views were prejudicing them. T. R. R. Cobb saw this and by letters to a Boston paper headed "An Honest Slaveholder to an Honest Abolitionist" he tried to give the South's views upon the subject. He was answered by a Boston lawyer in letters headed "An Honest Abolitionist to an Honest Slaveholder." Neither could make the other see his side of the question. Then Mr. Cobb wrote his "Law of Slavery," and in order that perfect fairness should be done in the matter, he ordered books upon the subject of slavery from France and other countries, and then quoted from God's Word, showing that authority was given for holding human beings as property with the right to buy and sell, and proving that the slaveholder was not violating God's law nor sinning as they pictured him. In a perfectly dispassionate way he showed them that the abolitionist, either be-

cause of his interest in the welfare of the slave as a human being, or by the Constitution itself, had no right to interfere with the States in this matter. Had his book been circulated before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done its work, all might have been well, but it was too late, for the minds of the people had become so inflamed by the writings of such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and Henry Ward Beecher, not to say anything of Harriet Beecher Stowe, that nothing availed. Actually the feeling became so bitter at the North that honest men and women became dishonest, convincing themselves that it was right to hide slaves from their rightful owners, even constructing underground railways to enable the slave the more easily to escape. There really was nothing for the South to do but to secede in order to manage her own affairs. The fair-minded men of the North to-day, looking at the question without prejudice, and after passion has passed away, acknowledge the right of secession by the Constitution as it then stood, and they would honestly acknowledge more if urged to, that is, that the negro whom they freed was better off physically and morally under the institution of slavery.

The leading men of the South, thus forced to take up arms in defense of their country and their homes, had no time to write, and what literature there was among them took the form of patriotic songs and poems. This was the time that Father Ryan, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Margaret J. Preston, Henry Lynden Flash, Francis O. Ticknor and James Barron Hope used their pens with such effect in the cause of the South. Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland," which Miss Carey put to the music of that stirring *Lauriger Horatius* found a responsive chord in every Southern heart as it rang its way from his native State to the Gulf of Mexico; and "Bonny Blue Flag," with the words changed by Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum to better suit McCarty's tune, began to be sung from New Orleans to the Atlantic coast.

The war ended. The South was overpowered by force of arms, but the principle for which she fought was never surrendered, as the changed Constitution testifies. Those were strenuous years that followed the war.

Little could be done in a literary way during the awful Reconstruction Period, for then came a struggle, not only for bread, but for prevention of negro supremacy at the South. Plantations had been desolated, homes had been burned, and inmates left helpless, because the heads of those homes in many instances slept the sleep of the heroic brave. Without money, land-poor, subjected to military rule, having negro equality forced upon them, what could our Southern men do? Some in desperation went to other lands to wait for better times, and some moved North to find a market for their literary work. At last our own Winnie Davis and her mother were forced to go also, because the expense of keeping up their Mississippi home at Beauvoir was greater than their income, and Northern magazines offered them pay for their literary efforts, so they found it best to be nearer their field of labor and went to New York. Many at the South blamed them very greatly, saying the move was unnecessary, for the men of the South would never allow the family of President Davis to suffer as long as a true veteran was living. But these noble women were not willing to be dependent even upon those so loyal to President Davis or to the cause he represented.

Little by little there came life into the Southland, and the North saw there was coming from the pens of the writers here something very original in thought and style, a freshness of subject-matter, and a sparkling humor, where pictures of Southern life were being presented in a very new and surprising way, so they encouraged them to write, offering them inducements that called forth their best work, and an age of romance portraying Southern life sprang into being.

Just as the New England writers can tell us best of New

England life and ways, like Mary Wilkins portraying the village life in the New England smaller towns; Lucy Larcom, the factory life, picturing *Hannah Binding Shoes*; Celia Thaxter the sea-faring life, telling about lighthouse-keepers and their ways, all because these are the themes with which they are most familiar, so our writers at the South choose plantation life, the Georgia cracker, the Tennessee mountaineer, and the Creoles, themes with which they are most at home. We find first Irwin Russell giving us the negro on the Mississippi plantation, and then Joel Chandler Harris catching the inspiration and giving him in his life with his master's children by the firelight of his own Georgia cabin, and Paul Hamilton Hayne describing him as he was on the South Carolina coast, and Louiza Clarke Pynnelle giving him as playmate for the white children on the Alabama plantation, and then Thomas Nelson Page and A. C. Gordon portraying him in his life as an attendant upon his young master and mistress in the old Virginia home in the times "befo' de war." How lifelike are these stories to those who lived then! Page puts into the mouth of one of the old slaves these words: "Dem wuz good ole times, Marster; de best dat Sam ever did see," and when the war was over the old darky said again: "Dat wuz de een o' de ole time." And it was, for no longer is heard throughout our Southland the bright and happy-hearted laughter of the negro as of yore. The face of the world seems changed for him—his hand seems against every man and every man's hand seems against him. His unwise friends are still harming him by teaching wrong ideas of education and social position. His true friends' hands are tied because of this interference on the part of others. When the last of the faithful old slaves and their masters have passed away from earth the bond that existed between master and slave under the old régime will be a thing of the past. The memory of the old slave, as he was in his faithfulness and his happiness, will be pre-

served only in the writings of such faithful portrait-painters as Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, A. C. Gordon, Irwin Russell and others.

There has always been a very striking difference in the way the negro on the coast talks and the way the negro in Virginia and Middle Georgia talks; and yet still quite a difference in the dialect of the Mississippi and Carolina negroes. To those unfamiliar with the language of the old-time darky it is "pure Dutch," and nothing of the humor and pathos reaches them when they see it in print; but to those familiar from childhood with their talk, all is so true to life, that a longing comes for the voice which recalls the good old days of yore.

Russell, Page, Gordon, Harris, Louisa Clarke Pynelle, Charles C. Jones, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Virginia Frazier Boyle, Sherwood Bonner and Harry Edwards could portray their characters in lifelike lines because they had lived among them from childhood. On the plantations the negro children had been their playmates, they had their negro mammies for nurses, and they knew how the negro talked, how he lived, and they knew more, for they knew the great undercurrent of love and personal interest in the heart of every white man, woman and child for those human creatures that were theirs, intrusted to them by an overruling Providence. And just as the negro took a family pride in his "wite folks," esteeming them more aristocratic than any others (for the negro has always despised "po' wite trash," as he called them), so the white children had the same pride in their slaves, esteeming them more respectable than the slaves of others, and claiming for them traits of character that were in every way commendable.

PART II.

The Literature from the Seventies to the Present Day.

The literature of the South took a great stride forward after the seventies, and it had for its object good will and sympathy. Its aims were to cement bonds of good fellowship between the sections, to depict the negro as he was, and to show his real relation to the white man of the South. There had been such distorted views presented in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that many years and many books will be necessary to do away with that impression. The Reconstruction period left a bitter legacy—a legacy of misunderstanding and lawless violence—and to that period more than to any other one thing are we indebted for the present unsettled condition of affairs to-day. A civilization was overthrown by a convulsion. The South has never yet had justice done her in the records that have been given, for those who could have written her history have not, and those who can now write it will not. This much, however, can be said, that for pure pathos, true humor, and unquestioned patriotism, she has never been excelled by any other section of the globe.

We can point with pride to our Sidney Lanier, unquestionably one of the greatest poets this country ever produced; our Paul Hamilton Hayne, who for intellectual strength has hardly been surpassed; our Timrod and our Poe. We can recall that our Charles Colcock Jones, as a historian, had high praise from Bancroft, the first of American historians, and that Gayarré's *History of Louisiana* is well known in France, and that our Page and Harris are known the world over for their dialect writings.

"The South of to-day has no explanations to make; her quota of writers of original gift and genuine art is perhaps more important than that furnished by any other section of our country. These writers exhibit certain qualities of the Southern temperament from which much may be expected in the literature of the future. Their work comes from the heart rather than from analytical faculties. It is made of flesh and blood, and it is therefore simple, tender, humorous, and altogether human, and these qualities give assurance that it has long life before it. The contributions of the South to-day to American letters is so significant and so characteristic that it should be studied more carefully as a whole."

Who said this? Not a Southern man, not one even partial to the South, but a Northern man—fair-minded and just, and one very capable by education, culture and travel to judge of the merits of any literature. He is one who stands high to-day in the estimation of both sections—one who has been among us, lectured to us—one whom we know personally—one whose works we delight to read—no other than Hamilton W. Mabie. Mr. Mabie pays high tribute to many of our Southern writers, placing them as equal in poetic quality to Bryant, Whittier and Longfellow, and he continues to say: "In the widening activity the South has borne a very notable part; indeed, it may be said it has borne the chief part."

Now, let us hear what another writer from the North has said:

"The Southern story-writers have done more than given us studies of new localities. We feel instinctively a different quality in their work. Contrasted with the productions of New England writers, we feel the richer coloring, the warmer blood and the quicker pulses. When you read the most characteristic of Hawthorne's stories and then turn to 'Mars Chan' or 'Meh Lady,' by Thomas Nelson Page, it is like passing from the world of thought to the world of action, from the

analysis of life to true living. It is a world to be alive in, a young world, where the men are full of knightly courtesies and knightly courage, and where the women are good and fair. A world of young heroes, of happy, simple-hearted slaves, and of women who seem to belong with those heroes of Homer, Shakespeare, or Scott, whom the world supposes itself to have outgrown. Put a work of Cable's side by side with Howell's and it is like the tropic warmth of the Gulf Stream after the chill of the Northern waters." This was said by Pancoast, of Philadelphia.

The difference in the literature of the South, which strikes every one who studies it, is in large measure because of the fact that the themes are new and fresh and inspiring as well as striking. The swaying pine, the generous marshes of Glynn—ah! how fine that poem of Lanier's is!

"As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God."

George Egbert Craddock, reared in the Tennessee mountains from early childhood, knew the short-comings of those mountain-folk, heard them swear, saw them drink, knew of their betting and secret distilling, but she saw underneath all this a something in their make-up that atoned in a measure for their many wrong-doings. When she found that poker-playing was their chief amusement, not knowing anything of the game herself, she set to work to learn it in all its fullest details so that she could the more perfectly depict the mountaineer in his every-day life.

George Cable was reared among the Creoles in New Orleans and should have known better than to offend them by anything that would reflect upon the purity of their blood or pride of ancestry. This he did and was almost forced to go North after the attacks were made upon him by the descendants of the Creoles, and he has of late years become identified more with the North than with the South.

James Lane Allen later found romance and poetry in the bluegrass region of Kentucky, and he knows best how to describe Kentucky women and Kentucky horses; he, too, knows the Kentucky cardinal as no other writer except one from the same country could possibly know that bird and describe its song.

Richard Malcolm Johnston knew the Georgia crackers, because he lived among them and he could best describe them and their old field schools.

Samuel Minturn Peck's muse runs on "Rings and Love Knots" of Alabama. Sherwood Bonner, of Mississippi, gives us the devastation wrought by the yellow fever scourge in our Southland. She also did in prose dialect for the negro in her State what Irwin Russell did for him in poetry.

Kennedy, Cooke and Simms took for their special work the customs, scenery and the history of their own native States, and they did for Georgia, Virginia and South Carolina in the South what Hawthorne, Irving and Cooper did for their States in the North.

Without a full knowledge of the South's contribution to our national history, as well as literature, the true story of our nation will never be written. We can not expect to find many men as appreciative of the South as Mr. Mabie, or even as Mr. Pancoast; so the work, if done at all, must be done by Southern writers. James Wood Davidson, a South Carolinian, is doing more for the South in literature than any other one person has ever done. He is compiling an encyclopedia or dictionary of the writers of the South; and the South should give him all praise and encouragement. Nor can a just estimate be made of the work that Thomas Nelson Page and J. B. L. Curry have done in so bravely defending the institutions of the South.

Stedman in his *Poets of America* has given fifty pages to Walt Whitman, and *five lines to Timrod*; Richardson in his *History of American Literature* has given forty pages

to Cooper, and *four to Simms*; Pattée in his American Literature gives as many pages to Howells as to Paul Hamilton Hayne, Joel Chandler Harris and Cable put together, and he does not even mention Father Ryan or James Barron Hope. Pancoast gives page after page to E. P. Roe, and no mention is made of James Lane Allen or Robert Burns Wilson. Still the number of pages given to a writer is not of as much value as the estimate given his works, but these do not receive their meed of praise at their hands.

Unfortunately our poets died young—not one lived to an advanced age, unless we except Mrs. Preston. The New England writers—Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson and Whittier—lived past the seventies, and some far into the eighties, while our poets—Russell, Poe, Lanier, Timrod, Hayne, Cooke, O'Hara, Pinckney, Father Ryan, Hope, Ticknor and Carlyle McKinley—died some in their twenties, some in the forties and rarely any lived beyond the fifties. Comparing age by age at the time of the writings, if Thanatopsis be excepted, there is not a poem that can excel those which our Lanier and Poe have written.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says, and this is the book of reference found in nearly every Southern home: "In the world of letters at least the Southern States have shone by reflected light: nor is it too much to say that mainly by their connection with the North have the Carolinas been saved from sinking to the level of the Antilles." "Think of it," as Thomas Nelson Page has said, "a section that has largely made America, governed her, administered justice from her high tribunal, commanded her armies and navies, doubled her territory, created her greatness," and this is all the English people know about her literature!

The South has been foremost in every patriotic movement that has ever taken place in this country. During fifty-two years in our national life Southern men occupied the presiden-

tial chair, and during that time there was not an instance of corruption in office. For sixty-two years the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was a Southern man. The first idea of resisting British oppression came from the South when North Carolina drew up her Declaration of Independence at Mecklenburg in 1775. It was Richard Henry Lee, a Virginian, who offered the resolution that the united colonies be free and independent States. Thomas Jefferson, a Virginian, was asked to draw up the Declaration of Independence for all the States, because he was said to be "a very ready and able writer." When a commander-in-chief of the army to resist British rule was to be appointed, George Washington was chosen, because in the times that tried men's souls "his soul was found to stand every test." The first vessel commissioned to fight against the British was a Georgia schooner, and more than this, George Washington in 1786 saw a steamboat on the Potomac, designed by James Rumsey and Fitch, two Virginians, nearly ten years before Robert Fulton secured his patent, and it was a Georgia man who first suggested steam as a propelling power. The mind of the South is inventive, but it has often failed to make use of and make practical this inventive genius. When the Constitution was to be drafted, whom do we find but Madison, another Virginian, foremost with Hamilton doing the work? And when the States were welded into a nation, whose pen did it if not John Marshall's, of Virginia?

A Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, was instrumental in securing the Louisiana Purchase which added many millions of miles to United States territory, and the territory northwest of the Ohio River, including what constitutes the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and a part of Minnesota was a *gift* to the nation from Virginia, and two Virginians, Lewis and Clarke, opened up the Yellowstone country and the great West. Southern statesmen won Florida for the South; Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington, a Southern man;

Taylor and Scott, two Virginians, caused Mexico to yield; and the hero of San Jacinto was a Southern man; and so on and on could instances be found giving some idea of the South and her achievements, her deeds of glory, what has already been accomplished by her courage, endurance and unquestioned ability. Yes, the South has much of which to boast, and she is as great to-day as she was great in the past, as was shown by the records made in the late Spanish-American war by Schley, FitzHugh Lee, Wheeler, Hobson and Brumby. President Roosevelt said General Wheeler was "the backbone of the Santiago campaign." Julian Hawthorne said, "Hobson, of Alabama, performed at Santiago the most daring, the most brilliant, and the most heroic exploit ever planned and executed in naval history."

Who was sent, at the risk of his life, by Sampson, to count the enemy's vessels anchored off Santiago but Victor Blue, a North Carolinian; and who was sent across the island of Cuba with a message to Garcia but Rowan, a Virginian; and who was put in command of the American troops in the Philippines but Ewell S. Otis; and who fired the first salute at El Caney but Anderson, a Virginian; and was not Micah Jenkins, that "gentle and courteous South Carolinian," promoted by Colonel Roosevelt for gallantry on the field?

And did not Arthur Willard, of Maryland, plant the first flag in Cuba, and did not Tom Brumby, of Georgia, raise the first flag at Manila, and is it not generally conceded that Schley won the greatest victory of the Spanish-American war?

It was in the South that the Wesleyan College at Macon, Georgia, was established, *the first college in the world* to bestow degrees on women. It was a Southern man, Dr. Crawford Long, of Athens, Georgia, that first, in 1842, at Jefferson, Georgia, discovered anesthesia, the greatest boon possible in the science of medicine. The wife of Robert Goulding, a Georgian, was making her children's clothes on a sewing-ma-

chine of his own invention almost a year before Howe and Thirmonnier had patented theirs. Paul Morphy, the greatest chess-player in the world, was a Southern man. Matthew Maury gave the plan for laying the Atlantic cable, which made the invention of Cyrus Field a possibility. A Southern woman, Mrs. Hillhouse, of Augusta, Georgia, suggested the cotton gin to Eli Whitney, a Connecticut man. She had seen a friend using a machine of his own make on his own plantation, and described it to Whitney. The brush was invented and added by Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, of Savannah. A Southern man (1906) has just patented a cotton-picker. The first Sunday-school was started at Savannah, Georgia, by John Wesley, two years before Robert Raikes was born. It was T. R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, who first codified the English common law and principles of equity. The first free library was established at Annapolis, Maryland, before Franklin had thought of his. The first steamboat to cross the Atlantic sailed from Savannah, a Southern port, in 1819, and although built at the North it was made under Georgia contract, and a Georgia man designed the engine. The first iron-clad steamer in the world was made in the South. The first passenger railway in the world was in the South, and ran from Augusta, Georgia, to Charleston, South Carolina. The first telegram ever sent was from Baltimore to Washington. The first orphan's asylum in the United States was established at Ebenezer, near Savannah, by the Salzburghers.

We do not ourselves realize our own greatness, so how can we expect others to know it? We of the South are responsible that our history has not been written. Are we willing that this shall longer be said of us? Thomas Nelson Page says that it rests alone with the South whether she shall go down to posterity as the North has pictured her, and believes her to be. The South can not afford to be silent longer. The South has had very unjust abuse heaped upon her in regard

to the question of slavery, when Georgia was the only one of the colonies to forbid slavery, and when the discussion of the slave trade came up she was the first State to legislate against it. Virginians raised their voices in protest against slavery, and George Washington later pleaded for its abolition while Massachusetts begged that it be continued twenty years.

The first Bible society in America was established at Charleston, S. C., antedating the Philadelphia and American Baptist Publication Societies.

The first hymn-book in America was written in the South; this does not, however, antedate the Bay Psalm Book printed in 1640.

The first lawmaking assembly that ever met in America was at Jamestown.

The first American constitution was the work of Edwin Sandys, of Virginia.

The first English marriage among the colonies was in Virginia.

The first English child that was born in America was Virginia Dare.

Great and heroic deeds have been done by men wholly of the North, and there is no desire to detract one iota from the praise due them, but as a nation rather to glory in what they have accomplished, and our only desire is that the South shall have credit for what is justly her due.

Dr. Curry in his "Southern States of the American Union" says: "History, poetry, romance, art, and public opinion have been most unjust to the South. The true record of the South, if it be related with historical accuracy, is rich in patriotism, in intellectual force, in civic and military achievements, in heroism, in honorable and sagacious statesmanship. *History as written, if accepted in future years, will consign the South to infamy.*" Shall we accept it?

It is a startling statement, but nevertheless it is said to be

a fact, that there are over four thousand listed Southern writers to-day, with the number daily increasing. Texas claims one thousand. Does Georgia know Texas's great writers? Do they know Georgia's? We have not done our duty in finding out our great men and women and knowing them.

The charge has been made that the writers of the South are narrow in their view of life, and that they are inclined to be too local in choosing their characters. But if they have been true to nature, which they have been; if they have been faithful to truth, which they have been; if they have touched the heart of humanity, which they have done; and if they have fulfilled their mission, which is to elevate and to purify, what matters then the criticisms of the world? The South has a heroic past which gives a proper perspective for any literature.

Thomas Nelson Page says: "The Old South' had no chronicler to tell its story. It was for lack of a literature that it was left behind in the great race for outside favor, and it found itself arraigned at the bar of the world without an advocate and without a defense. What nobler task can be set than to preserve from oblivion, or worse, from misrepresentation, a civilization which produced a Washington and a Lee?"

INTRODUCTION

TO

The South in History and Literature.

(Continued)

PART III.

THE FUNDAMENTAL CAUSES THAT LED TO THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THE LITERATURE OF THE
NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

PART IV.

THE CAUSES THAT LED TO THE WAR
BETWEEN THE STATES.

INTRODUCTION

TO

The South in History and Literature.

PART III.

Fundamental Causes that Led to the Difference in the Literature of the North and South.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE said: "Let men but breathe the air of the South and they are Southerners forever," and Mr. Page is not far from correct, for there does seem to be something in the very air of the South that charms all who come within her borders. What is it? No one can say that her scenery is more beautiful or is grander, for it is not; nor can one say that the soil produces more, for while that of the South is perhaps more fertile, that of the North has been made by cultivation to produce more to the acre. Then the solution to this question must be sought elsewhere, and it no doubt lies in the fact that the people are themselves different.

. It is true that the civilization of the North did differ and still differs radically from that of the South and West. The civilization of the South was *diffusive*, and tended to agriculture and to the development of the individual, and to the guarding of his rights. The civilization of the North was *cohesive*, and tended to commerce; it subjected the individual to authorized powers, spiritual and temporal. The civilization of the West is only a combination of these two.

What caused this difference in the sections? The answer to this question will be readily found when the history of the colonies is studied.

The Jamestown colony, the first to establish any permanent settlement in this country, came in the spirit of conquest and adventure. The men who composed it had been wealthy, and having lost their wealth came hoping to find more. They had heard fabulous stories of the bars of gold which had been found by those who had landed on our shores, and they had heard also how little this gold was prized by the natives, as they made their cooking pans out of it; furthermore, they were told that the little savages had rubies and diamonds as playthings, so visions of rapidly acquired wealth urged them on. The first shipload contained seventy passengers; fifty-four were gentlemen, and the others were laborers, mostly carpenters. They were all communicants of the Church of England, and, while not so pious as the Puritans who came later, they were good men and loved their mother-country, and as long as they lived were homesick to return to it. The Church of England always regarded them as "most noble advancers of the cause of Christ among the Gentiles," and felt that they were rooted and grounded in the faith, and true to the crown.

The Pilgrim Fathers who landed at Plymouth Rock, known as the Separatists, had not really separated from the Church of England, but had separated themselves from their country, and had wandered to Holland in order to secure for themselves a simpler form of church service, and to obtain liberty to worship God as they chose. What really decided them to come to America was to have their children speak English. They were greatly distressed when they heard them speak as the Dutch children spoke, and dress as the Dutch children dressed, and this is why they set sail in the Mayflower and landed in Massachusetts Bay at Plymouth Rock. This colony was composed of well-to-do people, honest and God-fearing,

and they came in the spirit of building up a State, not after England's way, it is true, but after their own way. These men and women were great and good and have had many descendants who have become great and good.

The Puritans came later, but they came in a different spirit. They had been persecuted at home, and determined to leave their mother-land on account of this religious persecution. They brought in their hearts a rebellious spirit against the English government because it would not allow them to worship God as they chose. They made the fear of God the foundation stone of our American civilization, and we owe these people a debt of gratitude that must ever be held in remembrance. No matter how in later years we may have differed from them in political matters, we must honor them for standing fast by the oracles of God. It has always seemed strange that a people so keen to resent any interference with their own religious rights should have been quick to refuse others their rights, as Roger Williams and Mrs. Anne Hutchinson testified.

The Puritans were also well-to-do people at home, honest, God-fearing, but hard to please. They had never been wealthy themselves, and therefore prized all the more the wealth which they accumulated in their new homes, and became, therefore, expert in driving a trade and making a hard bargain. They brought no love of the mother-country in their hearts, and never desired to return to it. The Church of England always regarded them as "heretics, desiring to promote schisms in the church." So we can well see that these two colonies, differing so widely in origin (both as to birth and training as well as to purpose) should differ in thought, and this must explain in large measure why their written thought has been so different. This difference was seen in their laws, their occupations, their dress, and their pleasures for many generations; indeed, until the day of the telegraph and railroads they kept far

apart, because their viewpoint of life was so different; and only since the War between the States has there been a perceptible blending of the two sections. A closer acquaintanceship has obliterated many misconceptions which the one section had of the other.

Two pictures of the descendants of these two colonies, after some years had passed, will serve to show how radically different they did remain in all the essential elements of their make-up, both as to habits and character. First let us glance at the Puritan's descendants:

New England was very cold and snow was on the ground the greater part of the year, so sleighing formed in large part the amusement of the young people. What joy it gave! The young men would drive in the sleighs to the homes of the young ladies, for no two young people were allowed to go together—it was considered most improper—the rule was they must go in parties. The young men wore three-cornered hats tied under the chin with blue cotton handkerchiefs. Their stockings reached to the knees, and long yarn mittens protected their hands. A long woolen comforter was wound round and round the neck until only a small portion of the face could be seen. The young ladies wore linsey-wool cardinal jackets and hoods of the same color, stuffed with cotton, so that they looked like big baskets. Their mittens were warm and thick; they, too, wore scarfs wound around their throats. Cow-bells were fastened to the horses' necks, and what a gay time these young people had! When the ride was ended they would drive to a tavern and an old-fashioned supper would be served, after which the merry party would return home, never reaching there after nine o'clock, for to be out later than that was considered very bad form indeed.

The laws in New England were very rigid, especially in regard to church and Sunday observances. Sunday began at sunset on Saturday and lasted until sunset on Sunday. The

sermon was always two hours long, and a tithing man was appointed to wake up the sleepy ones, and a fine was imposed upon all who absented themselves from church services. There were no hymn books, and so the preacher always lined the hymns. If a man swore, his tongue was burned with a hot iron; if a woman quarreled her tongue was split. A man was not allowed to kiss his wife on Sunday, for so sacred was the day held that no pleasures of any kind were ever allowed. Only those owning property could wear gold lace upon their coats, and no laboring woman could wear a silk dress. The housewives were noted for their cleanliness, and the homes were models of neatness. The brasses shone like pure gold, and happy was the family who possessed a family clock. The rich owned slaves, and "thanked God for that providence that brought the heathen to Christian lands." The slaves were the house servants, for there were no plantations in New England. The slaves went with the family to church, sitting in seats reserved for them.

These Puritan Fathers trained their children very rigidly, teaching them what obedience meant—obedience not only to parents but to teachers also—and insisted upon reverence to elders always. Every day at school psalms were sung and Bible verses recited. They believed in education, and felt that no state could prosper if its people remained ignorant. Massachusetts was the first state in the Union to establish public schools.

Now for a glance at the descendants of the Dutch, for the Dutch colonists who settled New York were very different from the Puritans in many ways, but they helped to make up the people of the North. The Dutchman would smoke his pipe, and the "goode vrow" would knit and spin. The houses were kept spotlessly clean. Their habits were very methodical; they rose at sunrise and went to bed at sunset. They dined at eleven and had tea at three. Those who were able to keep

cows gave entertainments. Doughnuts were always served at the parties. The tea was in Delft teapots with windmills painted on them to remind them of their Holland home. The ladies plastered their hair back from the forehead and covered the head with a very tight-fitting cap which was in no wise becoming. Their shoes were wooden. They wore large pockets on the outside of the dress in which everything needful was carried. The men wore long coats with brass buttons, and knee-pants and buckles on the shoes. Their hats were broad-brimmed with low crowns, and their hair was done up in a queue which hung down their backs. Pewter tankards were in every house, and these were filled with foaming ale or very rare wine. Washington Irving gives us a charming account of these people in his *Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York."* These same people settled other parts of the North, and their counterparts may be seen in Marken and like Dutch villages to-day, with no change either in dress or in habits.

The Quakers, so true and prim, settled Pennsylvania, and instilled simplicity in thought and dress into their descendants.

The second picture is of their neighbors, the Virginians and the Marylanders. The settlers of both these colonies were of wealthy origin. They were accustomed to luxurious living and owned large plantations with comfortable homes, wide halls, and large verandas, and slaves innumerable. The plantations were far apart, so churches could only be built in the towns, and the religious services on the plantations had to be held "up at the big-house," and all the slaves were compelled to attend these services. The minister's salary was paid in so many pounds of tobacco. The case of Patrick Henry against the parsons will give a very good idea of this custom. Wrongdoers were always punished. A quarrelsome person was ducked, a ducking-stool being prepared for this purpose; a scolding woman was gagged, and a man who was contentious

was whipped or put in the pillory. The Virginians were a very happy people, and enjoyed life to the fullest. They liked to dance, and go to balls and parties; sad to say, horse-racing was often their delight. Their entertainments began early and lasted late. The young ladies would mount their horses, and accompanied by a maid and a trusty man servant, would ride miles to a neighboring plantation to attend a ball. The arrangement of the young lady's hair was a sight to behold, and looked like a tower of puffs and curls and powder. So much time was required for the adornment that in order to have it in proper shape the work was begun the day before, and the fair one often sat up all night lest it should become disarranged, and then so perfectly was it done that often it would last for several days without rearranging. What would the old Dutch mothers have said to this? The gowns of the rich were of flowered silk and velvet with a high ruff which stood up at the back of the neck, and then there was always a great deal of soft real lace about the throat. The men wore huge wigs which were powdered and braided and either hung down their backs in a queue or were pinned up. Their coats were of flowered silk or velvet trimmed with gold lace. They wore gold or silver buckles at the knees and on their shoes. Many descendants of these old Virginia families have in their possession to-day some of these buckles. Then there was the gold snuff-box, another much-prized souvenir still in evidence in some families. A pinch of snuff from another's box was a courtesy not to be neglected. Then there were silver ornaments on the coats and waistcoats with rich lace about the wrists. This was the evening dress, and the morning's dress was simpler, but always of handsome material and well made. The coat was of broadcloth or silk with a cap to match. John Pendleton Kennedy, in his "Swallow Barn," gives an excellent picture of the country gentleman of a later day in Virginia. "It is pleasant to see him when he goes riding to the court-house. He makes his ap-

pearance in a coat of blue broadcloth, astonishingly glossy and with an unusual amount of plaited ruffles seen through the folds of a Marseilles waistcoat. There is a majesterial fullness in his garments which betokens condition in the world, and a heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a gold chain, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a mass of superfluities." The housewife had a simple silk dress for morning wear with a dainty cap of fine lace upon the head. No real lady of Virginia would have omitted this cap in her daily dress, and when the first grandchild was born a cap more befitting the dignity of her position was donned. The bonnets that were worn upon the streets were very funny. The silk was puffed out, and these puffs were wadded and had wires run in to hold them in place around the face. In summer the silk was thinner and the puffs were not wadded. These bonnets were called muskmelon, and really looked like baskets on the head. Of necessity they were tied under the chin to keep them from falling off. The mistress of a Southern plantation is described as a most excellent housekeeper, making housekeeping a perfect science. The dry rubbing of the floors began early in the mornings, and the waxing followed. But her breakfasts! A small regiment might march in upon her unawares and never be disappointed. She arose with the lark and infused an early vigor into the whole household. She could not have been a lazy woman, as she has been so often represented. The workingmen wore checked shirts and leather aprons to show that they were workingmen, but on Sundays they were allowed to wear white shirts and to leave off the apron. The slaves did all the house work, and every lady had her individual maid, and every gentleman his valet, for as soon as a child was born a slave of corresponding age was given him.

The plantations were so large that they equaled small villages in population. There was the "Big House" for the master's family, and the overseer's house some distance off for his

family, and then between these, row after row, were the negro cabins looking not unlike the many mill villages now being built near our Southern cities, except that the cabins were less pretentious than the mill-hand houses. The colonies in the South had no public schools as in the North, so every owner of a plantation was obliged to have a tutor for his own children, and the children of the overseer were allowed to study with them. This does not argue that they were indifferent to education. William and Mary at Williamsburg, Virginia, was the second college established in America for higher education. The Bible was taught on Sundays to the white children first, and then to the negro children afterwards, and this teaching was done oftenest by the mistress of the establishment.

The colony in Maryland were Roman Catholics. Lord Baltimore, a favorite of Charles I, hearing from a sea-captain of the wonderful country around Newfoundland, and that the climate was so soft and so warm, and the cherries and the strawberries so large and so luscious, and the air so sweet with the odor of the wild rose, and that the birds sang more sweetly than in other lands, and the wild beasts were harmless, said: "That is the place for my people to go, for there we may worship God as we please." So with royal permission he started out for the shores of America with these thoughts in mind, but finding Newfoundland so bleak and so cold he supposed that he had misunderstood and it must have been Virginia that was meant, and so sailed for Virginia, and did find it all he desired. The Virginians, however, did not wish Roman Catholics to settle in their midst, so a quarrel took place between them, which was settled by giving them a strip of land along the Chesapeake Bay, which Lord Baltimore called Maryland, for Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I. The people who came with Lord Baltimore were aristocrats like the Virginians, and brought with them manners and customs consistent with wealth and high living.

With these two pictures in mind, if one will read "Snow-bound," by Whittier, and "Meh Lady," by Thomas Nelson Page, he will better understand how it would have been impossible for one to have written the other's story. A writer from the South would fail utterly if he should try to portray scenes in New England, in Ohio, in Delaware, or New Jersey; but the failure would not be greater should one of their writers attempt to describe the plantation life at the South, or write "befo' de war" stories.

It has been said that the people of the South are the descendants of the Cavaliers. This may be true, for their descendants of to-day have very much the same spirit that actuated the Cavaliers to resist oppression. Let us hope, however, that they brought with them more of the spirit of old Jeremy Taylor and Thomas Fuller than that of Herrick and Suckling and Lovelace. Too often, alas, the name Cavalier is synonymous with rioting and drunkenness, fine clothes, long plumes, silk and satin, real lace and self-indulgences. But the true Southerner is a combined product of chivalry and Christianity.

Captain John Smith was surprised to find the fifty-four gentlemen who accompanied him to Jamestown such good workers, for he knew they had never known labor at home. When it became necessary to work he found that they could clear away more underbrush, fell more trees, and even build houses faster than the carpenters and laboring men themselves. He really regarded them in astonishment. Do we not see in the descendants of these very people, after many generations, some of this same spirit of being able to rise to meet any and every emergency of life? This was shown by the men and women of the South at the close of the *War between the States* during the dreadful days of Reconstruction, when a battle had to be fought requiring more nerve and fortitude than any that was ever fought with shot and shell.

The people of the South have always been conservative and

exclusive, and they will not brook any interference with their rights. The Huguenot blood that entered into their veins later only intensified this feeling, besides bringing to them more religious zeal. The North has always recognized in the South this spirit of resenting aggression and resisting oppression. Was it not this spirit that actuated John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, to resist the Tariff Acts considered so unjust to the South? Were not our Southern leaders forced into secession to secure States rights so unjustly about to be taken from them in regard to slavery? A Southerner is by nature flint, and if you strike, watch for the sparks to fly. The South stood like a rock of defense between the encroachments of the crown and the liberties of the colonies, and just so she stood in upholding the doctrine of States rights which she believed was taught by the Constitution.

There has always been a great misunderstanding about the causes that led to the War between the States, and a brief outline concerning these causes will not be amiss.

PART IV.

Causes that Led to the War Between the States.

The real cause of the War between the States antedated the hiding of runaway slaves from their owners or the John Brown raid, or the firing on Fort Sumter. Here are the real facts in the case:

When in 1787 the Federal Convention met in Philadelphia to frame a government for the American Colonies, many of the delegates present were in favor of forming three republics: one for the Southern States, one for the Middle and Western States, and one for the New England States. Others desired only one republic with three presidents. A spirit of jealousy was then and there apparent between the sections. Now this was long before the question of slavery, so often unjustly said to have been the cause of the war, began to stir up sectional feelings. When the Union was formed there were no differences on the question of holding slaves, every State owned them, and a premium was really put upon slavery by the United States government, for the slaveholder was not only entitled to his own vote, but was credited with three-fifths of a vote for every fullgrown slave, and Georgia, a Southern colony, had been the only one to refuse to own them.

As a result of this convention held at Philadelphia at this time two political parties were formed—the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists. The Federalists wished more power given to the central government, and claimed that all States owed allegiance to the Federal government as the absolute sovereign power of the nation. The Anti-Federalists contend-

ed for State sovereignty, local self-government, and right by the Constitution to secure this right—that is, the right to withdraw from the Union if those privileges were interfered with. The men that composed that convention were from the South as well as the North, and many were opposed to continuing the slave trade; the majority of the Southern men there were strongly in favor of abolishing it at once, but the delegates from the New England States, Massachusetts especially, and only two Southern representatives—one from Georgia and one from South Carolina—insisted that it be continued twenty years longer. The germ that developed and caused the War between the States had its birth at that convention, when those two political parties were formed, differing so widely as to the interpretation of the Constitution, causing a contest as to which party should eventually triumph. Jealousies were engendered, and this jealousy finally led to the overthrow of one of these parties—called by different names, it may be, but offshoots from these original parties. Whenever any event in the history of our country conflicted with the views of these two parties, and increased the jealousy of either section on account of the prosperity and growth of one section over the other, attacks came, bitterness followed, misrepresentations resulted, States' rights were questioned and then interfered with, passions became inflamed, judgment became weakened, and war had to follow as a natural consequence.

The rapid increase in wealth, incident to slavery in the South, caused this jealousy on the part of the North to become greater because it threatened to give the slaveholding States a power beyond that of the free States, and so the abolition of slavery was resolved upon by men that held the principles of the Federalist party simply because slavery was the means by which the wealth had been gained. Fear of the ultimate triumph of the Anti-Federalist party really was at the bottom of the movement.

There had been few stricken consciences as to the God-given right to own slaves up to this time. It is true William Penn in 1677 became convinced that it was unchristian, and wrote an article against the custom of owning human lives as negotiable property, but many in his own State laughed at his position as absurd and unbiblical, and Pennsylvania as a State paid little heed to him. His views, however, were finally accepted by the Quakers, who sent a petition to Congress begging that slavery be abolished. This petition was placed in the hands of a committee composed of six Northern men, and one Southern man—a Virginian. The report brought back by that committee was, "*Congress had no authority to interfere with the emancipation of slaves or in the treatment of them.*" This report was adopted, and it was many, many years later before Pennsylvania freed her slaves, and then it was by gradual emancipation, so that the money invested in them was not a heavy loss.

The South could respect those men and women who conscientiously believed slavery to be wrong—the honest abolitionist—but she could not respect the politicians of the North who had no such convictions, and simply used the consciences of the few to carry out their own schemes, and work upon the sympathies of the people to further these schemes.

Now, let us trace how the jealousies continued to grow. In 1803, when the Louisiana Purchase was made, grave discussions arose lest the territory acquired should increase the number of slaveholding States and destroy the balance of power. So far as the right of a State to secede—that right had never been questioned, for several of the New England States at this time threatened to withdraw on account of the Louisiana Purchase, and while all the other States regretted that this movement should be thought necessary, not one questioned the right to do it. No one abused old Josiah Quincy for the part he took in advocating secession then, as some of Josiah Quincy's descendants abused Southern leaders in 1860.

Up to 1819 to secure harmony the balance of power among the States had been preserved. There were up to this time twenty-two States—half free and half slave—divided by the Ohio river and the southern boundary of Pennsylvania. When Louisiana, in 1812, was admitted into the Union, Congress decided that every State had the right to settle whether it should enter as a free or a slave State. The question then began to agitate the minds of the free States, would all the territory acquired by the Louisiana Purchase be allowed to become slave States? Thomas Jefferson was known to be a sincere Democrat whose policy was a government for the people by the people, and these Anti-Federalists' views were looked upon as favoring the slave States. Great uneasiness therefore filled the minds of the Federalists, in spite of Jefferson's statement in his inaugural address, "that while the will of the majority should prevail, the minority should not be tyrannized over." Fortunately, Indiana coming in as a free State in 1816 preserved the balance of power, and for a time quieted them, but when Missouri asked for admission into the Union as a slave State, then the contest became lively, and her admission as a slave State was hotly contested. Henry Clay, the peacemaker, was called upon to settle this dispute. Thomas had proposed a bill which Clay amended, and vigorously urged. This bill was known as the Missouri Compromise. While the South felt this compromise was very unjust to her, yet for the sake of peace she accepted it. This bill provided that Missouri should come in as a slave State, but that no territory north of the southern boundary of Missouri should hold slaves. The South felt the injustice, but said little until the Tariff Act was passed in 1828. This was utterly unjust to her, because, being an agricultural section, the Act forced her to pay heavy duty upon all goods brought from foreign lands in exchange for her tobacco, cotton and rice. Calhoun, of South Carolina, openly protested and urged his State to declare this Act null and void.

Hayne and Webster, on the floor of the Senate, had that memorable war of words over the questions agitating the country at this time; and Henry Clay made peace again and proposed a gradual reduction of the tariff to quiet the South. Then the Wilmot proviso, in 1847, which fortunately did not pass, stirred up both sides, for it proposed that the territory acquired from Mexico should not hold slaves. Then jealousy and bitterness followed. Fugitive slaves were not only encouraged to come into free States, but were actually hidden from their owners. Underground railroads were constructed in Ohio and Pennsylvania for the purpose of enabling them to escape from their masters. Harriet Beecher Stowe hid a runaway slave in her own oven.

Many questions of vital importance came up at this time, and Clay, Webster and Calhoun, that mighty trio, were in the Senate, while differing widely on political questions, made great efforts to allay strife and bring about peace and harmony. Clay brought forward his "Omnibus Bill," which quieted matters for a time. This was:

1. *To admit California as a free State.* This would restore the balance of power.

2. *To admit Utah and New Mexico as they desired.* One wished slaves and the other did not, so this would keep the balance of power.

3. *To pay Texas for land claimed by New Mexico.* This would please the South.

4. *To prohibit slavery in the District of Columbia.* This would please the North.

5. *That all fugitive slaves should be returned to their owners.* This last had been such a bitter grievance on the part of the South that she had accepted the bill while not deeming it just in all points to her.

That bill really postponed the War between the States ten years. It was the healing of the "Five Bleeding Wounds," but

it was the most grievous mistake the South ever made to accept it. The secession should have taken place then, or earlier, while such men as Clay, Webster and Calhoun were in the Senate to wisely decide the most peaceable way to secede. Daniel Webster, while a thorough abolitionist, knew that the Constitution did not forbid secession when the rights of any State were impugned. His power in the Senate would have meant much in defense of the South on this point. He knew the South had cause for action. Then, too, the South was anxious to get rid of the responsibility of caring for the slaves, and the majority of the slaveholders would willingly have freed them, but for the money invested in that kind of property. There was no question in their minds as to the right to hold them. However, all might have gone well had not other questions agitated the country and continued to inflame the minds and hearts of the people of both sections.

Stephen Douglas, of Illinois, in 1854, introduced a bill known as the "Nebraska Bill," which virtually repealed the Missouri Compromise, and allowed the settlers in Kansas and Nebraska to decide for themselves the question of slavery. This was called "Squatter Sovereignty," and led to a bloody feud between the settlers. Kansas became the scene of lawless pillage and violence. Ugly, bitter things were said by the press. The *Liberator*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, suggested insurrections among the slaves, and Nat Turner's insurrection was one of the results, and sixty-one women and children were murdered by the negroes in Southampton, Virginia. The Dred Scott case came up for settlement; because his owner had moved into a free State he claimed his freedom, but the Supreme Court decided that he was a slave until his master freed him. Then John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry fired the South with indignation.

The block was harped upon as a great evil, and it was, but selling negroes on the block was only resorted to in extreme

cases, and the owners regretted the necessity more than any one else. In the settlement of a will it often became a necessity. But the readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could never be made to believe this. They could only see the bloodhounds tracking the poor black slaves through dismal swamps—could only see mother and child torn from each other's arms, and cruel overseers lashing the bare backs of slaves, and other horrible and unjust misrepresentations. So inflamed were the passions of men North and South by reading this book that neither side could be brought to see wherein one was unjust to the other.

It must be remembered that the South is no more responsible for slavery being introduced into the United States than the North. Skippers from the New England States stole the Africans and brought them to Jamestown, a Southern colony, and to Plymouth, a Northern colony, and sold them into slavery; both colonies becoming parties to the transaction. Over and over again acts were passed in the legislatures of the States protesting against the slave-trade. In Virginia twenty-three times it is recorded that these acts passed. Once when a petition was sent to George III. by Massachusetts slaveholders to abolish the slave-trade, and the king vetoed it, the indignation was so great at the South that Thomas Jefferson, a Southern man, in drawing up the Declaration of Independence, made this act of the king one of the grievances, and it would have been incorporated in that document, but a Massachusetts member of the committee insisted upon leaving it out, because he feared it would be detrimental to the slave-trade. Not an objection was urged to the expression "free and independent States," which should have been omitted if the rights of any State were to be impugned.

Before 1826, North Carolina had freed two thousand slaves. Statistics showed that there were in 1828 one hundred and forty abolition societies, and one hundred of them were in Southern States and not one in Massachusetts.

It was in 1830 that the invention of the cotton-gin made slavery very profitable in the South, and then it was that Massachusetts and other New England States found ready market for their slaves, that had proven unprofitable to them because of the severe climate, and they sold them to the owners of the cotton and tobacco and rice fields of the South. When the rapid increase of wealth at the South, owing to the cheap labor, became apparent, that old feeling of jealousy appeared again, so that injustice in legislation followed, and an unjust press made matters worse, and war became inevitable.

When in 1860 the presidential candidates were put in the field, unfortunately, the Democratic party split, and instead of uniting on one candidate, as the Republicans did, the Northern Democrats voted for Douglas, the Southern Democrats for Breckenridge, and the American party voted for Bell. The Republicans united on Abraham Lincoln, and he was elected without a single electoral vote from the South. This made the South think that she could expect no share in the government, and could look only for misrepresentation and injustice. Indignation was rife. Lincoln dared not go to Washington except in disguise. In his inaugural address, however, he said the South need have no fear from him in regard to their slaves, for he acknowledged the right to hold them by the Constitution. This allayed in a measure the feeling of unrest on the part of large slaveholders, and they could not understand why, in 1863, he should have deemed it a military necessity to issue the proclamation freeing all slaves. Barnes, a Northern historian, in his "Popular History of the United States," says it was because of a rash oath that he took promising to free the slaves if Lee and his men should be driven from Pennsylvania. But if Lincoln was the man history has portrayed, and the South would like to believe him to be, he could not be capable of such weakness. Had Lincoln lived, the slaves would no doubt have been paid for, as Lincoln had a keen sense of justice.

General Scott was very wise and advised Lincoln to say to the seceding States, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace," but Lincoln did not take his advice, which might have averted the war. His attempt to force them to remain in the Union only made them more determined to secede. A peace conference was called. Twenty-three States were represented, but nothing was accomplished. Neither side was willing to yield any important point at issue, and it was the effort to try to coerce the States and force them back into the Union that really brought things to a crisis. The South began seizing the forts, arsenals and government supplies within her borders. Fort Sumter was ordered to surrender, and General Anderson, the commander there, replied that he must wait for orders from headquarters. When General Beauregard heard that forces were being sent from an adjoining fort to reinforce Sumter, he ordered that General Anderson should evacuate the fort within a specified time, and that unless he did this the fort would be fired upon.

The shot was fired and the war began. This was April 12, 1861. Seven days later some soldiers passing through the streets of Baltimore on their way to Washington were ordered to stop. The soldiers refused to halt and shots were exchanged and several citizens were killed—this hastened matters.

Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, had just a short time before, in the United States Senate, expressed the South's views on the subject of interference with the right of slavery, and the eyes of the South turned to him as a possible leader of the Confederacy. A Congress was called of Southern delegates to meet in Montgomery, Alabama, February 4, 1861. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was made president of this Provisional Congress, and Johnson Hooper, of Alabama, secretary. A constitution was drawn up by a committee, and T. R. R. Cobb was made chairman. "The Confederate States" was the name given to the new government, and Jefferson Davis was unanimously elected President. The members of his cabinet were:

Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia, Vice-President; Robert Toombs, Georgia, Secretary of State; Leroy P. Walker, Alabama, Secretary of War; Stephen B. Mallory, Florida, Secretary of Navy; Charles G. Memminger, South Carolina, Secretary of Treasury; Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana, Attorney-General; J. H. Reagan, Texas, Postmaster-General.

A call was then made for men, and almost every man capable of bearing arms volunteered. To prove that these men were fighting for a principle—a principle that denied the right by the Constitution to interfere with State regulations, and not for preserving the institution of slavery, as is so often said—is shown by the statistics now in Washington that two-thirds of the men in the Confederate service never owned a slave. General Grant had to free his slaves when the war closed; General Lee had freed his when the war began.

Jealousy was the real cause that led to the war. Interference with the right of a State to hold slaves, and a refusal to protect the property of the slaveholder was a result of this jealousy and the injustice of it fired the minds of the Southern people. Lincoln's election proved that the people of the North did not wish to act justly by the South. Then when the States seceded, the minds of the North were inflamed, and the balance of power would, they saw, be given to the South, if the Union were dissolved. Force was used to hold the States in the Union and the South was unwilling to be coerced.

This is the story: The South never violated the Constitution. That instrument conceded to each State the right to control its own affairs. The Constitution was violated by the North, as the many amendments necessary after the war proved. How these amendments can hold good without the voice of the South which had been forced back into the Union and yet was allowed no representation at this time is strange.

When the war ended and President Davis and others were taken to be hanged as traitors, the United States Supreme

Court judges said that if the case should ever come to trial, it would convict the North, not the South, and further stated that the very text-book used by the government authorities at West Point—the one from which Davis, Lee, Johnson, Stonewall Jackson and others had been taught: “William Rawle’s Views of the Constitution”—would stand as a testimony against the North, for it distinctly stated that if the Union should ever be dissolved, showing that there was no reason why it could not be, allegiance reverted to the State, and it was this training that caused Lee, when the conflict came, to stand by his native state although a Union man, and it is this that will keep him and others from ever being branded as traitors and rebels.

John Quincy Adams, while President, in a speech to the West Point Cadets, said that each state had a right to secede from the Confederated Union. Daniel Webster admitted the right, and other fair-minded men at the North admitted it.

This and more the young of our land should be taught, for no history yet written gives all the facts.

The war was not a *Civil War* as it is so often incorrectly called. A civil war is one carried on by two parties in the same state, as the war between Charles I. and his Parliament in England. Ours was a *War between States*, not a war in any one state but in many states, and the moment it is conceded to have been a civil war the question of States rights is yielded.

CHAPTER I.

Colonial Period.

1602—1764.

ALEXANDER WHITTAKER	1585-1613
GEORGE SANDYS	1578-1644
SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY.....	1610-1677
ROBERT BEVERLEY	1670-1735
WILLIAM STITH	1689-1755
WILLIAM STRACHEY	1570-1622
JOHN LAWSON	1658-1712
JAMES BLAIR, D.D.....	1656-1743
WILLIAM BYRD	1674-1744
GEORGE PERCY	1586-1632
JOHN PORY	1570-1635
ALEXANDER GARDEN	1685-1756
JOHN HAMMOND	1595-1660
JOHN SMITH	1579-1631

CHAPTER I.

Colonial Period.

1602—1764.

The Colonial Period produced very few writers of note North or South, and those few dealt chiefly with travels and discovery. These travels date as far back as 1602. In the early days all literary work done by the colonists had to be printed on English soil, and the first written work that was done came from Virginia, as has been said, and was called *Whitaker's Good Newes*. The author was ALEXANDER WHITAKER, one of the settlers of Henrico on the James. He came to America in a purely missionary spirit, and began to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ among the Indians. Pocahontas became one of the early converts, and he baptized her in the James River. Pocahontas married Rolfe, and Whitaker performed the marriage ceremony. Crashawe bears the following testimony to the character of Whitaker :

"I hereby let all men know that a scholar, a graduate, a preacher, well-born and friended in England, not in debt nor disgrace, but completely provided for, and liked and beloved where he lived ; not in want but a scholar as these days be, rich in possession and more in possibility of himself, without any persuasion, but God and his own heart, did voluntarily leave his warm nest, and, to the wonder of his kindred and the amazement of those who knew him, undertook this hard but in my judgment heroic resolution to go to Virginia, and help to bear the name of God to the Gentiles." This Alexander Whitaker was the son of Dr. Whitaker, a very distinguished theologian and master of St. John's College, Cambridge, England.

All the work of this Colonial Period was English in tone and in sentiment, and naturally so, for these people were still English at heart. Especially was this true of the Virginia settlers, for they remained true to the crown until the Declaration of Independence, the result of the Stamp Act, caused them to feel otherwise. The printing-presses were all in England, and the reading public was largely there also. The first purely literary work (for one can not call Whitaker's paper real literature) produced and printed on American soil was the *Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses* by GEORGE SANDYS, 1578-1644. He was the treasurer of the Virginia colony, and accomplished this work while he was at his home on the James River. The first five books were published in England before he came to America, but the remaining ten were published after he reached Virginia, on a printing-press in America. The book was dedicated to Charles I. and an apology made for the unscholarly finish to his verses, because he said he was surrounded by nothing that encouraged scholarly pursuits, referring to his rude and unsettled life, and the poem was written by that "imperfect light snatched from the hours of rest and repose. It sprung from an ancient stock and was bred in a New World, the rudeness whereof it could but partake, especially as it was produced among wars and tumults instead of under the kindly and peaceful influence of the muses." Dryden pronounced Sandys "the best versifier of his age," and Pope also gave him high praise.

SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY, 1610-1677, Virginia, wrote a comedy and a *Description of Virginia*; ROBERT BEVERLEY wrote a history of the province, not very accurate and not very interesting, it is true; WILLIAM STITH also gave a dull account of the settlement and this can hardly be called literature. WILLIAM STRACHEY, who came over to Virginia with Sir Thomas Gates in 1609, and was wrecked in the vessel called the "Sea Venture," gave such a graphic account of that shipwreck that there is no doubt Shakespeare received from it his idea of the

shipwreck described in the "Tempest." Strachey's writings show a thoughtful and cultivated mind, and while obscure are yet very interesting. He wrote *True Repository of the Wrake and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas, Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia*, and edited *Lawes Divine, Morall and Martiall*.

JOHN LAWSON gave a very interesting account of North Carolina in his history of that State. He was attracted to the shores of America by reading the accounts given by one who had lived in North Carolina several years. While on a surveying trip he was captured by Tuscarora Indians, and put to death on the Neuse river, because they thought he was stealing their land, not realizing what he meant by telling them that he was "marking it off." This *History of North Carolina* is very rare now, and is all the more highly prized on this account.

JAMES BLAIR, D.D., 1656-1743, was the first President of William and Mary College, Virginia. His literary work consisted chiefly of sermons, one hundred in number, making five volumes. Dr. Waterland wrote the preface. Dr. Blair was a Scotchman, and was persuaded to emigrate to Virginia by the Bishop of London. He was a man of unusual ability, of great purity of character, and of untiring perseverance. Feeling the need for a college in Virginia similar to those in England and Massachusetts, he set to work and in a very short time had secured over twelve thousand dollars, and then was appointed by the General Assembly to go to England in order to procure a charter. He was elected President and held that office for fifty years. He died in 1743, and is buried in the churchyard at Jamestown. His gift was in bringing knowledge and criticism down to the minds of common capacity.

WILLIAM BYRD, 1674-1744, a very wealthy Virginian, and an accomplished gentleman, was the author of a number of journals and documents that added to and were in no way mean literature. He was born at Westover, one of the large estates owned by the family. Highly educated in England, and pos-

sessing a very large fortune, he was enabled to devote a great deal of his leisure hours to stories illustrating natural history, of which he was very fond. His writings show freshness and vividness of description and good humor really worthy of Irving himself. He always delighted to "poke fun" at the North Carolinians.

His works were *Sketches of Travel in Old Virginia*, besides papers concerning the public affairs of his State. He received his education under the direction of Southwell, and became proficient in "polite and varied learning." His teachers introduced him to many persons of note, and one of these, Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrey, became his intimate friend. He practiced law for some time, having studied in the Middle Temple in London. He traveled extensively, and in France was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. He was thirty-seven years a member of and afterward became the president of the Council of the Virginia Colony. He was a well-bred gentleman, a polite companion, a splendid economist, a prudent father of a family, a bitter enemy of oppression, and a true friend of liberty; added to all this he was a man of elegant taste and great refinement. His daughter, Evelyn, was famous both in England and Virginia for beauty, wit and accomplishments; she died when young, not quite out of her thirties. His writings are remarkable for wit and culture, and there is in them a poetic vein, a keen interest in nature, a simple religious faith, a fund of cheerful courage and good sense, and a fine consideration for others. He wrote *A History of the Dividing Line*, *A Progress to the Mines*, *A Journey to the Land of Eden*, besides *Letters*.

George Percy, 1586-1632, John Pory, 1570-1635, Alexander Garden, 1685-1756, John Hammond, 1595-1660 (?), George Sandys, 1578-1644, with John Smith, constitute the only writers of note during the early Colonial Period. The later Colonial writers dealt with religion and politics, and these came from the North rather than from the South.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Willoughby, England.

1579.

1631.

"Poetry has imagined nothing more stirring and romantic than his life and adventures; and history, upon her ample page, has recorded few more honorable and spotless names."—*George S. Hilliard.*

Captain John Smith was born in Willoughby, Lincolnshire, England, January, 1579. His father was George Smith, and his mother's name was Alice. He had very little education except that gained by travel.

At fifteen he was appointed to a trade, but ran away from his employer with ten shillings in his pocket and went to France. At seventeen he joined the French army; served three years with the Dutch; at twenty-one was shipwrecked; afterwards traveled extensively on the continent; served under Sigismund Báthori against the Turks, where he said he killed three of their men in single combat; was caught and enslaved in Constantinople; killed his master with a flail and returned to England through Africa; and at twenty-five years of age was a "battle-scarred veteran" and an "experienced traveler."

In 1605 he returned to London, and there caught the fever for the colonization of America. Captain Bartholomew Gosnold had just returned from the New World, and easily persuaded Smith, who was ever ready for an adventure of any kind, to go with him to found a colony in Virginia; accordingly an expedition consisting of three vessels set out. On the way the colonists conceived the idea that Smith intended to murder the council, usurp the government and make himself king. When they reached the Canaries, they made him prisoner, and kept him so during the rest of the voyage. They

landed at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, in May; in June they needed Smith's advice in regard to obtaining supplies of food and building defenses against the Indians, so they restored him in the confidence of the party and admitted him to the council.

While exploring the James river, he was taken prisoner by Powhatan, who kept him captive six weeks and then sent him back to Jamestown. It was during this captivity that the romantic incident in connection with Pocahontas took place, and so intimately has John Smith's name become associated with that of the beautiful Indian princess, that many still labor under the impression that he, instead of Rolfe, afterward married her.

Pocahontas was only twelve years old at the time of Smith's capture, and touched with compassion for him when she saw what fate had decreed for him, interceded with her father in his behalf. History does state, however, that she refused to marry Rolfe until told that Smith was dead. When she discovered that she had been deceived, it is said she died of a broken heart.

"At last they brought him (Smith) to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan, their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster, till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe made of Rarocun skinnies, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side of the house two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of birds; but every one with something; and a great chain of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the king all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands. and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a towel, to dry them. Having feasted them after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could lay their hands on him dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her armes, and her owne upon his to save him from death; whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells,

beads and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe anything so well as the rest."

Disasters seemed to follow Smith in his new country. He tells us how he was taken prisoner by the savages and carried to the king of Pamaunky; tied to a tree to be shot; led about the country as a wonder; fatted for a sacrifice to an idol; captured by Powhatan and threatened with death; stung by the tail of a poisonous fish; blown up with gunpowder and finally carried to England to be cured. Surely no man has had more wonderful escapes, nor has been more miraculously preserved, if it be possible to believe his own accounts; but unfortunately, John Smith is to American literature what Mandeville is to English—both had the tendency to embellish and magnify everything, especially parts relating to themselves, and both made up by touches of romance what they "lacked in the sober field of history."

Smith is the most entertaining of the travel-writers of that day, and his position in literature rests upon his facility to write romances. His *Generall Historie of Virginia* comes nearest the border line of pure literature, while his *Accidence for Young Seamen* is farthest from it. Smith's narratives are always picturesque and sometimes they are strong. Their main value is the historical material which they contain. When we consider that he wrote when Shakespeare and Bacon were writing in England, we can scarcely conceive how he succeeded even in interesting his contemporaries.

He died in London at the age of fifty-two, after a brave, active, romantic and useful life. His zeal was greater than his discretion, and his industry was often fruitless; yet in spite of these adverse criticisms, America owes a debt of gratitude to him which she can never pay. He was the virtual founder of the State of Virginia, for had it not been for his remarkable personal qualities and indefatigable exertions, the colony at James-

town would never have been established. New England is not much less his debtor, for he named it, and although not directly instrumental in founding the colony at Plymouth, there is no doubt that he first awakened an interest in that settlement by his writings and personal exertions. The debt we owe, therefore, is National and American, and so should his glory be, and wherever the English language is spoken, his deeds ought to be recounted and his memory hallowed.

His writings, however, give him but an humble place in American literature. Strictly speaking they should not be placed there, but in English literature, for only two years and eight months of his life were ever spent on American soil.

While serving with the Germans against the Turks, he adopted an ingenious mode of telegraphing. This was by means of torches. Each letter between A and L was designated by showing one torch as many times as corresponded to the letter's place in the alphabet; and all letters between L and Z in like manner by two torches.

Smith's works are:

A True Relation,	New England Trials,
A Map of Virginia,	The True Travels,
A Description of New England,	The General Historie of Virginia,
An Accidence for Young Seaman,	New England and the Summer Isles,
Advertisements for Unexperienced Planters.	

CHAPTER II.

The Era of the Revolution, 1764-1787.

AND

The Beginning of the National Era, 1787-1861.

JOHN MARSHALL	1755-1835.
HENRY LAURENS	1724-1792
WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON.....	1742-1779.
JAMES MADISON	1751-1836
HENRY LEE	1756-1818
HENRY LEE, JR	1787-1837
ARTHUR LEE, M.D.	1740-1792
MASON LOCKE WEEMS.....	1760-1825
WILLIAM WIRT	1772-1834
JOHN RANDOLPH	1773-1833.
ST. GEORGE TUCKER	1752-1827
THOMAS HART BENTON	1782-1858
JAMES MONROE	1758-1831
JAMES McCLURG	1747-1825
DAVID RAMSAY	1749-1815
GEORGE WASHINGTON	1732-1799.
PATRICK HENRY	1736-1799.
THOMAS JEFFERSON	1743-1826.

CHAPTER II.

The Era of the Revolution.

1764—1787.

The writings of the Revolution consisted of speeches by the patriotic statesmen who were the founders of the Republic. These speeches were filled with political wisdom, eloquence and law. The people had been struggling to establish their independence, and all their energies, both public and private, were applied to the recuperation of strength and the maintenance of new liberty, so little time could be devoted to letters and the liberal arts. Prominent among those from the South were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and David Ramsay. There were others of less importance in a literary sense who did much, however, towards moulding the affairs of the nation; such, for instance, were John Marshall, Henry Laurens, William Henry Drayton, James Madison, Henry Lee, Mason Locke Weems, John Drayton, William Wirt, John Randolph, St. George Tucker, James Monroe, Henry Lee, Jr., Arthur Lee, James McClurg, M.D., and others.

JOHN MARSHALL was born at Midland, Fauquier county, Virginia, 1755, and died at Philadelphia, 1835. During the Revolutionary War he attained the rank of captain and fought in many of the leading battles of the war. At the close he devoted himself to law, and very soon after being admitted was elected a member of the Legislature of Virginia. He was sent with Pinckney and Gerry to France on a diplomatic mission. In 1799 he was elected to Congress, and then in 1801 was hon-

ored by being made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and held that position until his death, in 1835. It was while in Paris, where he went to treat in regard to public affairs, that he made that memorable reply to Talleyrand, "Millions for defense but not a cent for tribute." Marshall's decisions while Chief Justice were so broad, so clear, so strong, as well as so statesmanlike that they did more than any other one thing to settle the foundations of our government. Who can estimate the influence of his pen in welding the States into a Union? It was Marshall who presided over the famous trial of Aaron Burr, William Wirt being prosecuting attorney, and Burr defending himself, aided by Luther Martin.

Thomas Hart Benton says: "He was peculiarly well fitted for judicial honors, for he was a man of solid judgment, great reasoning powers, an acute and penetrating mind, attentive, patient and laborious; he was grave on the bench, social in the intercourse with his friends, very simple in his tastes and inexorably just."

He died in Philadelphia where he had gone for medical treatment. Two handsome monuments have already been erected to his memory by his countrymen, who delight to do him honor, one at Washington designed by Story, and the other is one of the six colossal figures around the monument to Washington at Richmond, Virginia.

His works are a *Life of Washington* (which, however, as a biography does not compare with either Spark's or Irving's), *Writings on the Federal Constitution*, and Supreme Court decisions. The latter were not only judicial but very patriotic.

HENRY LAURENS, a South Carolinian, born at Charleston, in 1724, and dying there in 1792, must not be forgotten in a history of Southern literature, for his *Political Papers*, written at the close of the Revolutionary War, are considered the best studies of that time.

He was a descendant of an old Huguenot family who came to

South Carolina at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was educated in Charleston, and decided at first to become a merchant; indeed, he entered a counting-house as clerk in order to prepare himself for that business, and became so successful as a merchant that he acquired quite a fortune. He then determined to go to England in order to educate his children; while in London in 1774 he was one of thirty-eight Americans to sign a petition to dissuade Parliament from passing the Boston Port Bill. He returned to America, for he saw the threatened war, and was made a member of the First Provincial Congress, and later vice-president of South Carolina, and sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and later made president of it. In 1779 he was sent to Holland to negotiate a treaty; his vessel was captured and he threw his commission overboard, but it was recovered, and, as it gave evidence of his mission, he was taken to London and confined for fifteen months in the Tower on suspicion of high treason. His health was wretched, and all medical aid was denied; he was not even granted pen and ink to make known his wants; but finally he secured a pencil and corresponded with American newspapers. His son John was sent to France to negotiate a loan, and his friends told him that his own confinement would be made all the more rigid because his son had openly declared his loyalty to America and his enmity to the king, and recommended him to advise John to withdraw from the commission. His reply was that his son would not sacrifice honor even to save a father's life. Washington said of this son: "He had not a fault that I could discover, unless it were intrepidity bordering upon rashness." He once fought a duel with General Charles Lee and wounded him, and Lee said: "The young fellow behaved so handsomely I could have hugged him." He was an intimate friend of Alexander Hamilton, and so brave that he was called the "Bayard of the Revolution." He was killed in a skirmish in South Carolina while his father was still in

prison; this was a great grief to Henry Laurens, but many kindnesses were shown to him by the warders of the tower. Edmund Burke, too, proved to be a great friend. Twice he was offered pardon if only he would serve the British ministry. He was finally exchanged for Lord Cornwallis, and later went to Paris with Franklin to sign the Treaty of Peace. After the war he returned to his plantation near Charleston and devoted his life to agriculture. He left it in his will that his body should be cremated, and this is the first instance of cremation in America. - His wishes were carried out, and his body was wrapped in twelve yards of toro cloth and after being burned was buried in Charleston. The Historical Society of South Carolina have had his *Political Papers* collected and published.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON, of Drayton Hall, was born on the Ashley River, South Carolina, 1742, and died 1779. He was one of the leaders in the struggle for American independence, and always prominent in the political affairs of the country. He was a member of the Continental Congress when he died. He was friendly with the Indians and exercised a very wholesome influence over them in behalf of the State. He completed a *History of the American Revolution*, which his son, JOHN DRAYTON, 1766-1822, edited. This son was Governor of South Carolina and a prominent man in his State. He was a writer, too, being the author of *A View of South Carolina*.

JAMES MADISON was born in King George county, Virginia, 1751, and died in 1836. He was a diligent student, and graduated at Princeton with high honors. Dr. Witherspoon, the president, esteemed him so highly that he persuaded him to remain for a postgraduate course under his direction. His health, always feeble, was greatly injured by overstudy. In later years, however, he learned the wisdom of husbanding his strength and lived, in spite of the great work he accomplished, to be eighty-five years old. To him and to Alexander Hamilton are we indebted for the Constitution of the United States.

He not only contributed largely to the framing of that instrument, but he kept accurate notes of the debates in Congress and wrote them out carefully at night. Congress bought the manuscript of these reports and had them published in three volumes. It is said that manuscripts of his, amounting to twelve or thirteen volumes, still remain unpublished. His political writings are second only to Hamilton's. Judge Story said: "In wisdom I have long placed Madison before Jefferson."

Madison's character as a statesman is well known. He had calm good sense and ready tact in carrying out his political schemes. Besides being a member of the convention to frame the Constitution of the United States, he was a member of the convention to frame the Constitution of his native State, and a member of the Continental Congress, and the *State Papers* written by him at this time make a valuable contribution to political literature. His twenty-nine contributions to "The Federalist" rank as his best work. Fiske refers to him as "the scholar and the profound constructive thinker." He became the fourth President of the United States. In 1794 he had married Miss Dorothy Payne Todd, better known as Mrs. Dolly Madison, who presided over the White House with such grace and dignity. Her memoirs were edited by her grandniece and published in 1887.

President Madison died at his home, Montpelier, in Orange county, Virginia. His mother was Lucy Grymes, Washington's first sweetheart, and it is a singular coincidence that her son, Henry Lee, by the request of Congress delivered Washington's funeral oration; and it was in that oration that those well-known lines are found, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

HENRY LEE, "Light Horse Harry," 1756-1818, was educated at Princeton and graduated in the class of 1773. He was twice married—first to his cousin, Matilda Lee, who owned Stratford House, and then to Anne Hill Carter, of Shirley. The last wife was the mother of General Robert E. Lee.

The literary reputation of Henry Lee rests upon his *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department*. He was fond of military life, and having joined the army in 1777 as captain, rose rapidly to be major-colonel, and then general. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and was in the Virginia Legislature. His health failed on account of an injury he had received in defending a friend. While returning from Cuba he stopped at Cumberland Island to rest at the home of an old friend, General Greene's daughter, Mrs. Shaw. He died there and they buried him on the island. His grave has always been pointed out with much interest because he was a Revolutionary hero, but is especially now with still greater interest because he was the father of our Robert E. Lee. HENRY LEE, JR., 1787-1837, his son, wrote *The Campaign of 1761 in the Carolinas*, *Observations on the Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, and *The Life of Napoleon*.

ARTHUR LEE, M.D., 1740-1782, a brother of "Light Horse Harry," took an active part in politics and wrote *Letters and Observations*.

MASON LOCKE WEEMS, 1760-1825, was born at Dumfries, Virginia, but educated in England. He was an Episcopal clergyman, and was rector of Pohick church near Mount Vernon, the church that George Washington's family afterwards attended. He wrote the biographies of *Washington*, *Marion*, *Franklin* and *William Penn*, which were considered very fine, but not very reliable. He is responsible for the "Hatchet Story" in Washington's life. His pamphlets on drunkenness and other subjects were admirable, and contained passages of deep pathos and great eloquence. Especially is this true of *The Old Bachelor* and *The Drunkard's Looking-Glass*.

His health demanded rest from clerical duties, so he resigned and became agent for the publishing house of Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia. He seemed to be successful in all that he undertook, whether as a violinist or as a reader or rector. His

humor was contagious and he was a most charming conversationalist.

WILLIAM WIRT, of Bladensburg, Maryland, was born in 1772 and died in 1834; to him we are indebted for the speeches of Patrick Henry. His education was excellent, but secured under difficulties. His father was a Swiss and his mother a German, and he had the misfortune to lose both before he was eight years of age. Friends took the boy and through their kindness and his own exertions he secured a very fair education. He studied law at night, was soon admitted to the bar, opened an office at Richmond, and won distinction for himself in the famous Aaron Burr trial. He really in this trial gained a high reputation as an orator. He afterwards became Attorney-General, and then was put on the Supreme Court at Washington. His culture was marked, and there is no calculating what might have been accomplished in letters had he devoted himself to literature. *Letters of the British Spy*, purporting to have been written by an Englishman traveling through Virginia, gave his opinion of the public men and orators that he had met while in America. There were ten of these letters, and in one he describes James Waddell, the Blind Preacher, a relative of Dr. Moses Waddell, afterwards President of Franklin College, Athens, Georgia.

Mr. Wirt published two series of essays, one called *The Rainbow* and the other *The Old Bachelor*, besides *The Life of Patrick Henry*, *The Arguments in the Trial of Burr*, an *Address on the Death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson*, on the *Fourth of July*, the *fifteenth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence*, and literary addresses delivered at Rutgers College and on other public occasions, but his *Life of Patrick Henry* holds the first place in his literary efforts. When his health failed and his son Robert died, he said: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit except religion, friendship and literature." His appearance was striking and his manners charming.

An anecdote is related of him that so delightful was he in conversation that upon one occasion he kept a party of friends up all night without their being conscious of the passing of time.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, "who cared for nobody, no, not he—because nobody cared for him"; and the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one therefore see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small, sweet courtesies of life"—those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little, kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum-total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas tree around you, and in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the kindly juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feeling and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it, and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no farther effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter: it flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!

JOHN RANDOLPH, 1773-1833, was born at Cawson's, Virginia. He lost his father when quite a boy, and his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, afterwards married St. George Tucker, who proved a devoted and just stepfather to her children. He made a special point of having the children well educated, and recognizing at once the unusual ability of John, spared no means in having his mind developed by proper thinking. This ST. GEORGE TUCKER, 1752-1827, was the author of several essays and published one short poem very frequently quoted, beginning—

"Days of my youth, ye have glided away."

JOHN RANDOLPH became a prominent actor in political life. He was a member of Congress thirty years. He freed his slaves by will at his death. He was noted for his wit and eloquence, and a scathing sarcasm which caused many enemies. James Kirk Paulding met him in Washington City and thus described him: "Among the descendants of Pocahontas whom I met in Washington four winters ago is John Randolph. He is certainly the most extraordinary personage I have known, and on the whole the greatest orator I ever heard. There is wit in everything he says, and eloquence at every end of his long fingers. He is made up of contradictions. Though his person is exceedingly tall, thin and ill proportioned, he is the most graceful man in the world when he pleases. He may be self-willed and erratic. His opponents sometimes insinuate that he is crazy, because he sees what they can not see, and speaks in the spirit of inspiration of things to come. He looks into the clear mirror of futurity with an eye that never winks, and they think he is staring at some phantom of his own creation. He talks of things beyond their comprehension and they pronounce him mad. Would to heaven there were more such madmen among our rulers and legislators, to make folly silent and wretchedness ashamed; to assert and defend the principles of our revolution; to detect quack politicians, quack lawyers, and quack divines; and to afford to their countrymen examples of inflexible integrity both in public and private life." This gives in a faint measure the esteem in which Randolph was held not only by his own people, but by those of other sections. His *Speeches and Letters* are the literary remains of one of Virginia's most noted men—John Randolph, of Roanoke. One of his best speeches was made on the *Revision of the State Constitution*, 1829. Garland and Adams have given fine sketches of his life.

THOMAS HART BENTON, 1782-1838, born at Hillsboro, North Carolina, author of *Thirty Years' View* was called "Old

Bullion" because of his speeches on the currency question during Jackson's administration. He gives a very realistic account of Clay's and Randolph's duel, for having been an eye-witness he could describe it just as it occurred:

I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol, discharge it in the air; heard him say: "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay"; and immediately advancing and offering his hand. They met half way, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely: "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay" (the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip), to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied: "I am glad the debt is no greater." I had come up and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair: and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought. On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed; and so happily conducted to a fortunate issue—a result due to the noble character of the seconds as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals. Certainly dueling is bad, and has been put down, but not quite so bad as its substitutes—revolvers, bowie-knives, blackguarding, and street assassinations under the pretext of self-defense.

JAMES MONROE, the fifth President of the United States, while possibly one of the most scholarly men of letters that we have had in America, did not give to literature much beyond his *Political Papers*.

He was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, 1758, and died in New York City in 1831.

JAMES MCCLURG, M.D., 1747-1825, was born at Hampton, Virginia, and was a classmate of Jefferson at William and Mary. He studied medicine in Edinburgh and Paris, and became quite prominent in his profession. He was very fond of literature, and, like many in the South, wrote simply for the amusement of his friends. He and Judge Tucker wrote *The Belles of Williamsburg*.

DAVID RAMSAY.

Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

1749.

1815.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

David Ramsay, M.D., by birth a Pennsylvanian, early became identified with the South. His father was an Irish immigrant, and landed in Pennsylvania in the early part of the eighteenth century. His son graduated at Princeton in 1765, studied medicine in Philadelphia and after graduation moved to Charleston, South Carolina, where he spent the remainder of his days, except the months as prisoner at St. Augustine. He taught for some time and then entered upon active practice. He was an accomplished scholar and patriot, was noted for his benevolence and highly esteemed for his great purity of life while a student. He fell in love with Frances Witherspoon, the daughter of the president of Princeton, and after graduation married her; she lived only a short time, and then he married Martha Laurens, who was a girl of unusual accomplishments. She had accompanied her father, Henry Laurens, to Europe and spent ten years abroad. He took great pride in this daughter and gave her while in Paris five hundred guineas (two thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars) expecting her to spend it as most girls would have done on the beautiful things that shops present, but Martha Laurens was an uncommon girl. She had become greatly interested in the destitute in the vicinity of Vigan, and determined to use this money to establish a school for those poor children, and then bought one hundred French Testaments for them. In 1875 she returned to Charleston and two years later married David Ramsay. She appreciated her husband's literary work, and greatly aided him in it; prepared her sons

for college, and became a writer herself, keeping a diary from which extracts were taken by her husband; she died in 1811. He outlived her four years and wrote her *Memoirs*.

He had a brother, Nathaniel, who was quite a prominent man in Maryland in America's cause, having been made captain of the first battalion raised in that State. Dr. Ramsay himself became field surgeon and took an active part in the siege of Savannah, having used his pen with great vigor in behalf of colonial rights. He was a member of the South Carolina Legislature and a member of the Council of Safety. When the British captured Charleston he was included in the forty inhabitants that were held at St. Augustine as prisoners of war for eleven months. He had become himself very obnoxious to the British on account of the part he took while a member of the Council of Safety. He was made a delegate to the Continental Congress, and a member of the South Carolina Senate, and held the position as President of the Senate seven years. During the Revolution he collected material for his histories. As a writer he was noted for great impartiality, and having a fine memory, and a personal acquaintance with so many of the men who took part in the conflict, was particularly well qualified to write the history of that time. The wonder is that he found time for such literary work, and he could not have accomplished so much had not his wife greatly aided him. His histories can not be called classic for his work lacks artistic finish, but they are truthful and accurate, essential qualities in history, and they can not be overlooked by any who desire to know the true history of the United States. He was shot by a lunatic because as a physician he had been compelled to testify to his mental unsoundness some short time before.

David Ramsay had a character pure and true. He was known for honesty, sobriety and fine judgment, and his opinions were always regarded as authoritative and final. He was one of the earliest American historians of note. His works are volu-

minous, and are written in an easy natural style that shows that he knew whereof he wrote, for he tells the story of what he himself has seen and heard, and his history is more than a narrative of facts—it is a spirited description told by one who has moved in the midst of the stirring events he describes. A short extract will illustrate this: “‘What I now speak, our father, the great king should hear. We are brothers to the people of Carolina, one house covers us all. We, our wives, and our children are all children of the great King George; I have brought this child that when he grows up he may remember our agreement on this day and tell it to the next generation that it may be known forever.’ Then opening his bag of earth, and laying the same at the governor’s feet, he said, ‘We freely surrender a part of our lands to the great king.’”

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| History of the Revolution of South Carolina. | Form of Government of the United States of America (12 vols.). |
| History of the American Revolution. | A Sermon on Tea—Text: Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not. |
| Life of George Washington. | An Oration on American Independence. |
| History of South Carolina from its Settlement in 1670-1808. | On the Means of Preserving Health in Charleston and its Vicinity. |
| History of the United States 1607-1808. | Review of the Improvements, Progress and State of Medicine in the Eighteenth Century. |
| Universal History Americanized, or an Historical View of the World from the Earliest Records to the Nineteenth Century, with a Particular Reference to the State of Society, Literature, Religion and | Memoirs of Mrs. Martha Laurens Ramsay, with Extracts from her Diary. |
| | Eulogium on Dr. Benjamin Rush. |

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Fredericksburg, Virginia.

1732.

1799.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"He was not tinsel, but gold; not a pebble, but a diamond; not a meteor, but a sun."—*William Linn.*

"Whatever he took in hand, he applied himself to it with ease, and his papers which have been prepared show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly; always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity and grace."—*George Bancroft.*

"But for him the country could not have achieved her independence; but for him it could not have framed its Union; and now but for him it could not set the government in successful motion."—*Bancroft.*

To Mary Washington we owe the precepts and example that governed her son's life; to her we owe the restraining influence that kept him from entering upon a career which would have cut him off from that which made his name immortal. "We can not estimate the debt owed by mankind to the mother of Washington." Few sons ever had a more lovely or more devoted mother, and no mother ever had a more dutiful or affectionate son.

Bereft of her husband when George was only eleven years of age, with younger children to care for, she discharged faithfully and firmly the responsibility that devolved upon her. She was the second wife of Augustine Washington, and George was her oldest child. Her maiden name was Mary Ball. She had been from youth a conscientious Christian, reading her Bible faithfully, and relying upon its guidance in all things, and greatly aided by the excellent maxims, moral and religious, which she found in Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations." These maxims she so impressed upon the minds and hearts of her chil-

dren that her son George kept the little volume she had daily used as the most cherished treasure of his library.

On the east side of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, Virginia, stood the little house where George Washington spent his childhood. This was not the place of his birth, however, for that primitive farm house at Pope's Creek was given to his half-brother, and gradually fell to ruin, so that only the kitchen chimney now remains. But it was at Fredericksburg that he went to his first school, and "Hobby, the sexton," was his master. After his father died he returned to Pope's Creek, and began his studies under Mr. Williams, a very much better teacher than "Hobby." Here he learned to read, to write, to "work sums" and puzzle out geometry and surveying. In one of his old schoolbooks were found some "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation," and we must not fail to mention one which seems to have been his guide through life—"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, Conscience"; and we care not whether the little hatchet story be true or not, he evidently acquired in youth a reputation for probity and honesty.

As a schoolboy he never neglected athletic sports and exercises; running, leaping and wrestling were his favorite pastimes; no boy was ever known to beat him running. He was fond of playing soldier, and always asserted his authority as captain, ruling his little band with a rigid discipline; cornstalks were their muskets, and calabashes were their drums. He was a fearless rider, and no horse could throw him. His reputation for justice gained him invariably the position as umpire, and no one thought of reversing his decision. If a dispute arose, and one called out, "George Washington was there, and he says it is so," the question was considered settled. He was never known to get into any fight with his companions, for he said a "man ought not to conduct himself as an ill-conditioned dog."

When George was fourteen his brother procured for him the

position as midshipman in the English navy, and but for the earnest remonstrances of his mother he would have embarked. He could not go contrary to her wish, and in this, as in every act of his life, obedience to, and love for his mother, came first after his duty to his God. Thus it was that he merited the encomium she loved to bestow, "George has always been a good boy." Fortunately she lived long enough to see him fulfill every hope of her heart. He would not be inaugurated President of the United States until he had gone first to bid her farewell and receive her parting blessing.

At sixteen his school-days ended. He never seemed to seek nor to desire a college education. He became a surveyor of lands, and finally obtained a commission from the President of William and Mary College as public surveyor of Culpepper county, Virginia. "It was while a stripling surveyor, with no companions but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his own compass and chain, that the elements which made up his character came out so clearly. He was forced to be his own cook; he had no spit but a forked stick, and no plate but a large chip; he was in the midst of skin-clad savages that could not speak a word of English; he rarely slept on a bed, being glad to get any resting place, whether it was a little hay or fodder; yet, through it all, he carried that bright and happy spirit which ever characterized him."

He was nineteen when he received his appointment as adjutant-general. When an officer in the army he insulted one of his companions, who slapped him in the face. Washington, it is said, used very strong and offensive language to the young man, and every one, especially the young officer himself, looked for a challenge to follow, but to his astonishment Washington appeared the next morning, made a full apology to him, and frankly acknowledged that he was much to blame. We can scarcely conceive how much moral courage this required in a day when the "honor of a gentleman" required a duel to inevitably follow an insult.

It is not our intention to follow him through all his military achievements, for history has entered minutely into all these details, giving him the honors conferred upon him for marked and signal services to a country he loved; showing how his countrymen would have made him king had he encouraged them; and telling how they bestowed upon him the highest honors in their power to bestow, by making him President for two terms and desiring him for the third. It is our purpose in this sketch to deal only with his home life and literary character.

On his way to Williamsburg, in 1758, he chanced to stop at the house of a Virginia friend, Major William Chamberlayne. There was a charming widow, Mrs. Custis, who was a guest at the house, and whom Washington met that day for the first time. He was completely fascinated by her, and she seemed equally as attracted by the handsome and gallant young colonel, whose praise was on every lip. The acquaintance was renewed from time to time, and finally she consented to become his wife. Her maiden name was Martha Dandridge, and she too was a Virginian.

"The wedding was one of the most brilliant ever seen in a church in Virginia. The bridegroom wore a suit of blue cloth, the coat being lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimming; his waistcoat was embroidered with white satin, his knee-buckles were gold, and his hair was powdered. The bride was dressed in a white satin-quilted petticoat, a heavily-corded white silk overdress, diamond buckles and pearl ornaments.

"The governor, many members of the legislature, British officers, and the neighboring gentry were present in full court dress. Washington's body-servant, Bishop, a tall negro, to whom he was much attached, and who had accompanied him through all his military campaigns, stood in the porch, clothed in the scarlet uniform of a soldier of the royal army in the time of George II. The bride and her three attendants drove back

to the White House, her home on the Pamunkey river, in a coach drawn by six horses, led by liveried postilions, Colonel Washington and an escort of cavaliers riding by its side."

After his marriage, Washington resigned his commission and prepared to enjoy private life at his home, Mount Vernon, an estate left him by his brother Lawrence, and named after Admiral Vernon. A few months afterwards he was summoned to Williamsburg and there publicly thanked for the services he had rendered his country. The young man was so embarrassed that he stammered and trembled too much to make his acknowledgements. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," the speaker said with infinite address, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

He returned to his rural home and found abundant happiness in the society of his wife and her children, abundant occupation in the management of his farms, and abundant recreation in hunting and fishing with his friends and relatives in the neighborhood. He made himself useful in the church of which he and his wife were communicants; he was a good citizen, a true Christian, a devoted stepfather, a kind and just master, and respected and beloved by every one.

A touching incident is related of Washington by Bishop Meade, of Virginia. The smallpox broke out among his slaves. Word reached him from his plantation late at night. He started at once on horseback and rode until morning, only stopping at a church on his way to offer a prayer to God for the lives of the poor creatures entrusted to his care.

Mrs. Washington always looked older than her husband. She dressed simply after the Revolution, laying aside the dresses which became her wealth and station, and wearing garments made of cloth spun and woven by her own servants at Mount Vernon. Even when she presided at the President's mansion, she never dressed showily or extravagantly, but wore her beautiful gray hair tucked up under a very plain and becoming cap.

At a ball given in her honor she wore a simple gown, with a white kerchief about her shoulders, as an example of economy to the women of the Revolution. She greatly disliked official life, and was happy when her husband refused to be elected for the third term. She it was who instituted the levees which are still held at the White House. Her hours were from eight till nine on Friday evenings, and none were admitted unless in full dress. She outlived her husband two years, and before her death destroyed all their correspondence, feeling that his confidence was too sacred to be shared with another.

Many Virginians believe that Washington, before he met Mrs. Custis, had been in love with a Miss Cary, and that he did not marry her because her family objected to a poor man. She afterwards became Mrs. Edward Ambler and was an enthusiastic supporter of the Revolution. She buckled on her son's sword and said, "Return to me with honor, or return no more."

Washington's name is introduced into American literature to grace it rather than to do honor to him. In the strict sense of the word he was not literary; he never exercised his mind in composition; he prepared no book to be handed down to posterity; yet he was always scrupulously attentive to the claims of literature. He was nearly all his life actively employed in his country's service, and oftener the pen was in his hand than the sword. His works fill twelve octavo volumes, so it does seem that in a chronicle of American literature some note should be made of these papers. The *Letters of Washington* early attracted attention, and several publications of these were made before his death. His *Farewell Address* is a remarkable piece of composition. When we reflect upon his public life, his nobility in the performance of all his duties and his fidelity to his home and its interests, we are really amazed that he wrote so much and so well.

SLAVERY.

The scheme which you propose, as a precedent to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country from the state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart, and I shall be happy to join you in so laudable a work.

Your purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it.

There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it. But there is *only one proper and effectual mode* by which it can be accomplished, and that is, by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting.

I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be *abolished by law*.

PATRICK HENRY,

Studley, Hanover County, Virginia.

1736.

1799.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"He was Shakespeare and Garrick combined."—*John Randolph.*

"He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"For Virginia he was Otis and Adams in one—both orator and political manager. Not many of his burning speeches have come down to us, but we well know what he was: one of the first orators of the eighteenth century."—*Charles F. Richardson.*

We need not despair concerning the dull boy at school for every now and then there comes to the front one of these notoriously dull boys, who makes himself known in statecraft or literature. If force of circumstances developed the genius of Patrick Henry, why may not that same force of circumstances develop the stupid boy of to-day who is only waiting for an opportunity for development? If the wise teacher and the parent will find the bent of the child's mind, no doubt much can be done with the dull boy at school and at home.

Patrick Henry was sixteen before any one discovered for what purpose he had been created. His father gave him the advantages of a classical education, but they all seemed lost upon him. It was not until he was a clerk in his brother's store that an incident revealed the inherent qualities of his mind. An old teacher, "who happened in," was one day narrating some stirring events in Greek and Roman history. Instantly the boy became fired with a desire to know more; probably it was his kinsman's love for history that lurked in his veins, for he was the great-nephew of Robertson the historian. He ventured to borrow from the narrator a history of Rome, afterwards one of Greece, and his habitual indolence was little by

little overcome. He could not know enough of Livy, and read his life at least once every year.

When very young he had been placed at a country school near his father's home; at ten years of age he literally knew nothing, so his father determined to teach him, but finding him inert and stupid in everything except mathematics, decided to put him in a store as a clerk. Patrick was happy only when hunting or fishing, for he loved outdoor sports and fretted against confinement. Not until the turning-point of his life was reached was he fond of his books, and after that he literally devoured them. Cicero's orations inflamed him with a desire to become a lawyer, and he studied with great diligence, but this was not until he had tried farming and merchandise without success. He had married Miss Sarah Shelton when only eighteen, and, owing to the struggle to support a family, was twenty-four before he was admitted to the bar. He felt all his life the lack of that preparation which only an early application can give, so we have little from his pen to embellish American literature.

His manners were plain, his disposition very cheerful, and his habits remarkably temperate. His eloquence, entirely a gift of nature, was startling; it was equal to any occasion, and with the aid of a clear ringing voice and perfect articulation, it possessed the marvelous power of bringing his hearers to a quick decision. George Mason said of him: "He is by far the most powerful speaker that I ever heard. Every word he says not only engages, but commands the attention, and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them. But eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is in my opinion the first man upon this continent as well in abilities as public virtues, and had he lived in Rome about the time of the first Punic War, when the Roman people had arrived at their meridian glory, and their virtues not tarnished, Patrick Henry's talents must have put him at the head of that glorious commonwealth."

He was elected a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and he opened the deliberations by a speech which gave him the reputation of being the foremost orator on the continent. It was at this time he declared: "I am not a Virginian but an American." He was put upon a committee to prepare an address to the king, and his first draft was accepted, which speaks volumes when we remember his neglected opportunities.

He was perfectly natural when speaking, and some of his strongest feelings were indicated or communicated by a long pause, aided by a wonderful expression and some significant use of his fingers. Many of his predictions read like prophecy, in the light of subsequent history. He predicted the results of the French Revolution, and distinctly foretold the abolition of slavery.

His biographer, William Wirt, gives this description of him: "He was nearly six feet high, spare and raw-boned, with a slight stoop to his shoulders; his complexion was dark and sallow, without any appearance of blood in his cheeks; his countenance was grave, thoughtful and penetrating, yet such was the power he had over its expression, that in an instant he could shake from it the sternness of winter and robe it in the brightest smiles of spring. But then his eyes—they were as varied in color as the changing hues of a chameleon; they were said to have been blue, gray, green, hazel, brown, and black, but in truth they were a bluish gray—not large but deeply fixed in his head, overhung by dark and full eyebrows, and shaded by dark lashes that were long and black; they were the finest feature in his face—at one time piercing and terrible as those of Mars, and then again soft and tender as Pity herself. His voice was firm, full of volume, and melodious. In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as a zephyr of spring, while in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storms that roar along the troubled Baltic are not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his control. It never became cracked or

hoarse, even in the longest speeches. His delivery was perfectly natural and well-timed; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, yet so commanding that the quick had no desire to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force; and to every image all its radiance and beauty. He spoke for immortality, and therefore raised the pillars of his glory on the only solid foundation—the rock of nature.”

When Patrick Henry had urged Virginia to war, he uttered his celebrated comparison which was interrupted by cries of treason: “Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I. his Cromwell; and George III.”—(cries of “Treason! Treason!”)—he paused, and slowly glancing around the collected assembly said, “may profit by their example. If *this* be treason, make the most of it.”

In his famous speech in the Virginia Convention in 1775, he exclaimed: “There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston.” Then instantly added: “The war is inevitable, and let it come.” Sober, but not less effective, were such words as these: “I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer yourself not to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourself how this gracious reception comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? These are the implements of war and subjection, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sirs, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission?”

The speech that gave him his reputation as an orator was his celebrated one against the parsons. Unfortunately no copy was preserved, and only the representations of those who heard it and were impressed by it have kept the memory of its powerful effect. Wirt says: "I have tried hard to procure a sketch of this celebrated speech; but those of Mr. Henry's hearers who survive him, seem to have been bereft of their senses. They can only tell you that they were taken captive and followed whithersoever he led them, and that at his bidding the tears flowed from pity, or the cheeks flushed from indignation, and when it was over they felt as if they had awaked from an ecstatic dream, of which they were unable to recall or connect the particulars. It was such a speech as they believed had never fallen from the lips of man. And to this day the people of that county, when they wish to compliment a speaker, will say: 'He is almost equal to Patrick when he plead against the parsons.'"

There was a controversy between the clergy and the legislature. The Church of England was the established church, and by an Act of Assembly each minister was to have so many pounds of tobacco for pay, the price of tobacco being rated then at two pence per pound. In 1775 the crop was short and the price went up considerably, and the legislature passed an act for the clergy to be paid during the next ten months at the rate of two pence per pound. The clergy said nothing, but, when at the end of three years the same act was enforced, tobacco then selling for nearly eight pence per pound, the clergy became alarmed and assailed the Act by a pamphlet expressing indignation, entitled, "The Two-Penny Act." The clergy carried their case to court, and everything seemed favorable to them; indeed, they felt sure of success. In this emergency the defendants applied to Patrick Henry. It is said that when he arrived in the court-yard he found a crowd collected that would have appalled a stouter heart, and among the clergymen was his own and favorite uncle, Patrick Henry. He went at once to him

and begged that he would not remain to the trial, saying that he was afraid he might state some things hard for the clergy to hear. His uncle, after reproving him for being engaged on the wrong side of the question, and advising him not to say hard things of the clergy, as he would afterwards regret them, entered his carriage and drove home. But what was the young man's discomfiture to find, on entering the court-house, no less a person than his own father in the chair of the presiding magistrate. Mr. Lyons, the lawyer for the plaintiff, opened the case very briefly, and was followed by Patrick Henry. He had never spoken in public before and curiosity was on tiptoe to hear him. He rose very awkwardly and faltered in his exordium. The people hung their heads, the clergy exchanged sly, exultant looks, and his poor father almost sank from his seat in confusion. This lasted, however, but a short time, and these feelings gave way to others of a very different character. "His attitude became erect and lofty; the spirit of his genius awakened all his features; his countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur; there was lightning in his eye which riveted the spectator; there was a charm, a magic in his voice, which struck upon the ear in a manner which language can not describe. One who heard him on this occasion says: 'He made the very blood run cold and the hair to rise on end.'"

The people, in spite of cries of "Order!, Order!" from the sheriff, seized their champion and carried him upon their shoulders through the yard in "electioneering triumph." What a pity that this speech could not have been handed down to us!

Patrick Henry was married twice. His second wife was Miss Dorothea Spotswood Dandridge. He lived the life of a devoted Christian and left behind him a spotless record.

WORKS.

Speeches and State Papers

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia.

1743.

1826.

THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—EARLY WRITER
OF THE REVOLUTION.

“Thomas Jefferson, the first and greatest of American Democrats, in his lifetime as cordially hated by political enemies, as revered by political and personal friends, now stands before us as one of the roundest and fullest characters in American history.”—*Richardson*.

Thomas Jefferson, the third child of a family of ten children, was born in Albemarle county, Virginia. His father, Peter Jefferson, was of Welsh extraction, and married into the wealthy and influential family of the Randolphs.

He lived at the time of Thomas's birth in a plain but large farmhouse, traces of which still exist. Thomas inherited more of his father's than of his mother's qualities of mind and heart—an unusual fact, for sons are said to take by heredity the mother's gifts. At any rate, we find this son with a full measure of his father's bodily strength and stature, his father's inclination to liberal politics, his father's taste for literature and aptness for mathematics, but his mother's musical talent. The children of Peter Jefferson were all musical; the girls sang the songs of the time, and Thomas accompanied them upon the violin. He played wonderfully well, having practiced assiduously from boyhood. He was fourteen when his father died, but before his death he had not neglected to provide for the education of his only boy, for he left an injunction with his dying breath that Thomas should be educated at William and Mary College. His son always remembered this circumstance with gratitude, saying that if he had to choose between an education

and the estate his father left, he would take the education unhesitatingly. He became noted at school for good scholarship, and faithful performance of every duty. He was very shy and remarkably ugly—a tall raw-boned, freckled-faced boy with sandy hair, and large feet and hands, wrists very thick, and cheek bones and chin very prominent. We can scarcely recognize in this picture the handsome man of maturer years. Jefferson always carried himself well—was healthy, erect, and agile. He was noted for being the strongest man of his day, for his father in his last hours, realizing the importance of physical training, had charged his mother not to allow him to neglect the exercise requisite for health and strength. This was an unnecessary charge, for the boy had already accustomed himself to all kinds of manly sports; he was a keen hunter, and could outswim any one in all that country, besides being skilled in every athletic accomplishment of the day.

William and Mary College was not as well equipped in teachers then as it has been in later years. There was one professor, however, who left his impress upon each pupil's character. This was Dr. Small, the professor of mathematics, and a great lover of all the sciences. He possessed, in an unusual degree, the faculty of imparting what he knew. He was a man of very agreeable manners, with an enlightened mind. Jefferson tells us in his *Autobiography* that he it was who undoubtedly fixed the destinies of his life. The teacher and pupil became greatly attached and took daily walks together.

Jefferson gained from Dr. Small his views on scientific subjects, some of which were not always the soundest. Erasmus Darwin, the poet, was the professor's intimate friend, and it was his son Charles Darwin that in later years advanced the theory of our descent from the ape.

Thomas Jefferson was allowed to have his horse while at college, and here is a notable exception where this privilege did not ruin the student. He became an expert rider, but he did

not allow his pleasure to interfere with his studious habits. His violin, a loved companion from boyhood, was little by little neglected. An incident which will show his attachment to it occurred at the burning of his father's house. When he reached the place and found it in ashes, he asked: "Are all the books destroyed?" and an old negro standing near quickly replied, "Yes, massa, dey is, but we's saved de fiddle." The tone of the negro's voice indicated that he felt sure that this news would atone for all other losses to his young master. He studied fifteen hours a day, consequently had little time for recreation. It shows how much the physical development of early years tended to keep him well and strong at this period of his life.

As soon as he was graduated, he entered upon the study of law, and at twenty-one years of age assumed the management of his father's estate, and gave much time to the improvement of his lands, so that he gained the reputation of being an attentive, zealous, and successful farmer. When he was twenty-four he was admitted to the bar, and owing to the influential family connections on his father's as well as his mother's side, secured a large and lucrative practice at once. The first year he had sixty-eight cases in the general court of the province, and this number soon increased to five hundred.

Jefferson was not a fluent nor a forcible speaker, and he had a husky voice which was very detrimental to him as an orator. His power lay in his painstaking and attention to business. He entered public life at twenty-six, and made the resolution never, while in public office, to engage in any enterprise for the improvement of his fortune, nor to assume any character other than that of a farmer. This resolution he faithfully carried out, and it always enabled him to consider public questions apart from self-interest.

Before he was thirty he had married the beautiful widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton. He took her to his new home at Monticello a few days after the ceremony. Her father, John

Wayles, dying the next year, left her forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. This doubled Jefferson's estate, and enabled him to devote more time to the improvement of his land. It is said that he domesticated every tree and shrub, native and foreign, which could survive the Virginia cold.

Jefferson had many rivals in love as well as in law. The woman whom he honored by making his wife was very beautiful. She was only twenty years of age, above medium height, auburn-haired, and of a remarkably dignified carriage. She said that Jefferson's love for music and his skill as a violinist gave him precedence of his rivals. He retained a romantic devotion for her throughout his life, and refused many foreign appointments on account of her failing health. For four years before her death he was never beyond her call, and was insensible from grief many hours after she died. They had five children; two died in infancy; three, Martha, Mary and Lucy grew to womanhood; Lucy never married, and the other two with their families cared for their father after their mother's death. Martha was pronounced by John Randolph to be "the sweetest creature in Virginia," and Mary, "the best-bred lady in the land."

In 1775 Jefferson was elected to Congress, and reached Philadelphia on the very day that Washington was made Commander-in-chief of the army. The news came that Virginia was in favor of declaring for independence, so a committee of five was appointed to draw up the Declaration, and Jefferson, being chairman, was asked to write the document. Congress debated it for three days, July first, second and third, and Jefferson used to laugh and say that the warm weather and a swarm of flies made them adopt it as soon as they did. It was at his suggestion that "E pluribus unum" was accepted as a seal for the paper; it was he who drew up the bill for establishing courts of law in the State; he caused the capital to be removed to Rich-

mond; it was he who advocated a system of public education in the State; he founded the University of Virginia; he greatly improved William and Mary College; he proposed our present system of currency, dollars, cents and dimes; he was three times Minister to France; was Vice-President under Adams; and at the death of Adams became President of the United States.

After forty-four years of public service, he retired to private life, so impoverished that he feared he would be arrested for debt by his creditors, should he try to leave the capital.

He was eighty-three when he died, and was buried in his yard at Monticello. It is a singular coincidence that his death occurred on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and that John Adams, a former president, died a few hours later on the same day.

When it was discovered that Jefferson had left his daughter penniless, the legislatures of South Carolina and Virginia voted her ten thousand dollars, which gave her an ample support during the rest of her life. Her father's writings were ordered to be published by Congress. These consisted of treatises, essays, selections from his correspondence, official reports, messages, addresses, and his autobiography.

Jefferson held probably more offices under the government than any man before or since, except John Quincy Adams. He was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses; he was sent to Congress; he was Governor of Virginia; he was three times Minister to France; he was Secretary of State; he was Vice-President and President of the United States; he was a Democrat, the founder of Democracy, we may say, and maintained that "a government is best which governs least." The most important act of his administration was the "Purchase of Louisiana," which was bought from the French for about fifteen million dollars. This purchase made him very popular in the West, and he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

At his own request there was placed upon his tomb this inscription :

“THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.”

Unfriendly criticisms were made about the *Declaration of Independence* from a literary standpoint; that it lacked originality, that it was bombastic and its language pedantic; but, as Carl Holliday in his *History of Southern Literature* says, “Suppose Franklin, with his blunt, humorous, earthy way of saying things, had written the document it would never have brought conviction to earnest souls. It is founded on eternal principles; its power can not perish.”

Jefferson wrote a set of rules for practical life which it would be well for all to follow :

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

WORKS.

Autobiography.

Parliamentary Manual.

Notes on the State of Virginia.

Declaration of Independence.

Hamilton and Adams.

State Papers.

CHAPTER III.

The National and Constitutional Era.

1787—1861.

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CHAPTER III.

Writers of the National and Constitutional Era.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Frederick, Maryland.

1779.

1843.

THE NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

Francis Scott Key was born at Frederick, Maryland, in 1779, and died near Washington City in 1843. The old home in which he died (in that part of the city now known as Georgetown) is still pointed out. His college education was completed at St. John's, Annapolis. He studied law under an uncle, Philip Barton Key, and began to practice in Frederick county, where he became a well-known lawyer of the day. He later moved to Washington, and was made District Attorney for the District of Columbia.

His literary reputation rests chiefly upon his poem, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, although he wrote many short poems, which in 1857 were edited after his death by Chief Justice Taney.

The circumstances which led Key to write *The Star-Spangled Banner*, which has become our American national anthem, are very interesting. During the war of 1812, Dr. William Beanes, a friend of his, was taken prisoner. Admiral Cockburn was in command of the British fleet, and was threatening to lay waste Baltimore, Washington and Annapolis. The first object of this vindictive threat was Washington, the capi-

tal. He landed his forces at Benedict's, on the Patuxent, then marched through Nottingham and Marlborough. Dr. Beanes was a resident of the latter place. Several officers were quartered at his home, and while they were unwelcome guests he treated them very courteously. The Americans were defeated by Ross, who burned all the public buildings in Washington. Francis Scott Key, then a young aide-de-camp, was in charge of the American forces at that place. Ross, fearing that an army was being entrenched in his rear, felt it wise to withdraw his troops by forced marches from the capital, but a storm unexpectedly drove the British from the town, and the Americans were deceived and supposed they were retreating. Dr. Beanes with friends was celebrating this supposed retreat when some British stragglers stopping at his spring for water, were seized and confined by the Doctor. One escaped and reported the matter to the British cavalry, who rode at once to release the other prisoners, and rousing Dr. Beanes from his bed at night bore him captive to Admiral Cockburn. Every one supposed, of course, that he would be hanged, and doubtless he would have been but for the intervention of his friend Francis Scott Key, who went at once to President Madison and begged permission to attempt his release. He was given the vessel "Baltimore," with a flag of truce. This vessel was commanded by John S. Skinner. Admiral Cockburn was told that Dr. Beanes had not only treated the British officers who were his guests with great courtesy, but had given medical aid and skilful treatment to the enemy's wounded at Bladensburg. When this was learned Cockburn released the prisoner, but refused to let Key's vessel return until special permission had been granted. It was learned that the reason for this detention was the threatened bombardment of Fort Henry that very night. Cockburn thought the capture of the fort would be a very easy matter. One may imagine how excited Key, Skinner and Beanes were as they watched the firing and how greatly

distressed they were when they discovered that the forty-two pound guns with which the fort was armed could not reach the British fleet, but every time fell short of it. Key knew that the fate of Washington would be the fate of his beloved "Baltimore," and his heart sank within him. He was particularly concerned because his sister's husband, Judge Nicholson, was in charge of the fort. When night came the American flag still waved over the ramparts. Would it be there in the morning? This flag was believed to have been forty feet long and thirty wide. It had fifteen stripes, each two feet wide, and fifteen five-pointed stars—a star and a stripe for every State in the Union. The firing ceased after midnight, which meant, they supposed, that the fort had yielded. Sleep was impossible. An hour later the firing was renewed. When dawn came the smoke and fog obscured the fort, but by seven o'clock a rift showed the flag still floating and hope again filled their hearts. Key was so elated that he drew a letter from his pocket and on the back wrote the first verse of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

The enemy tried to steal up the channel and by a ruse take the fort, and so sure were they of success that they began to cheer derisively, but the cheers disclosed their purpose, and a small water battery unexpectedly opened fire upon them and soon put them to flight. In a small boat which took these Americans ashore Key finished the song, which he read to his brother-in-law that night. He saw its merits at once and took it to Benjamin Edes, a printer, who gave it to one of his apprentices in the office with directions to set it up in the form of a handbill; and in less than an hour these handbills were scattered all over the town. The Baltimore "American" reprinted it, and it was set to the tune "Anacreon in Heaven." It was called "Defense of Fort McHenry," and was played at the battle of New Orleans a few months later. No other nation has so noble an apostrophe to her flag, for it is a song that not only breathes patriotism, but appeals to the justice of God.

Francis Scott Key was a gentleman by birth and training and a Christian in faith and conduct. It has been said it was through his influence that John Randolph, who had become inoculated with the doctrines of Voltaire, returned to the faith of his father. He said on one occasion to Key: "Were I Lord Chancellor I would make you Archbishop of Canterbury."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
 Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freedom shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust"—
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

1780.

1851.

THE NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

John James Audubon was of French descent, and was born at New Orleans. His father had gone there to purchase land, and while there had met the Spanish girl whom he afterwards married. His grandfather, who was a fisherman of La Vendee, had twenty-one children; he gave each of the sons a suit of clothes, a blessing and a cane and sent him adrift. By the time John James's father was twenty-five he was captain and owner of his own boat, and it was in this boat that he sailed for America; then it was he met the beautiful and wealthy Anne Moynette and married her. She accompanied her husband to San Domingo, and during an insurrection of the negroes was murdered. She left three boys, John James being the youngest. The father married soon after, and this wife proved to be a good stepmother, and became greatly attached to John James and perhaps over-indulged him. When his father noticed that he was running wild in the fields and receiving no solid education, he insisted that he be placed in a school at Paris, and this was done in spite of tears and entreaties on the part of the stepmother. The best teachers were selected for him, and the great painter David became his instructor in drawing, so it is no wonder that Audubon's birds are so noted.

He was eighteen when he returned to America, and his father gave him a farm on the Schuylkill river. This offered a fine opportunity for him to carry on his work in natural history. For three weeks at a time, it is said, he would lie for the greater part of the day on his back with a field-glass to his eye, watch-

ing the birds and studying not only their habits but coloring and form; it was this experience that brought him fame in after years. Mr. Bakewell, his neighbor, became greatly interested in him, and used often to hunt and fish with him, and invited him to visit him at his home. He accepted the invitation, but upon reaching the house, discovered that Mr. Bakewell was absent. The servant, however, insisted upon taking him to the family sitting-room to await his master's arrival, and there he found Lucy Bakewell, the daughter, reading. The young people blushed upon this informal introduction, and instinctively felt an interest in each other at first sight. Their friendship grew and ripened into love, and finally into marriage, although Mr. Bakewell felt that Audubon had too little practical sense to support a wife, and he advised him to give up farming and begin merchandising. After his son Victor was born he took his father-in-law's advice, and he and his wife and child (accompanied by two men to row the boat) went down the Ohio river to Henderson, Kentucky. This was before steamboats had been placed upon the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. His wife was a woman of sound practical sense, and aided and encouraged her husband in his work, and was always a joy and inspiration to him. When he was inclined to give up she urged him on. He possibly would have ended his life as a merchant, however, had he not met Alexander Wilson, who came to Henderson soliciting subscriptions for his book of birds. Audubon was about to enter his name as a subscriber, when his clerk said to him in French: "Mr. Audubon, why do you subscribe for those birds when your own are so much finer?" Wilson evidently understood the clerk, for he asked to see Audubon's birds and had to acknowledge the truth—they were better than his. He became low-spirited at once and left Henderson in no pleasant frame of mind, saying that neither literature nor art had a friend in that place. This visit of Wilson's had aroused an ambition in the heart of Audubon, and he said: "If Wilson can publish a

book, why not I?" His wife said: "There is no reason why it can not be done." She returned to her father's home, and after many reverses of fortune began to teach. He went to Florida and roamed through the swamps and forests searching for new varieties of birds. On returning to his wife and children, he stopped at a cabin and in the night overheard the mother and son planning to kill him. He crept to the window and seeing them sharpening the knife for this purpose, seized his gun and prepared to shoot, if need be, but was providentially saved by the arrival of two other travelers, who came just in time to help him bind the would-be murderers.

He went into partnership in New Orleans with his brother-in-law and failed, and while there had all his money stolen from him. Then he borrowed enough to buy a mill, but had no practical knowledge as to how to run it, so it proved a failure; the money was lost and everything had to be sold to pay the creditors. Another calamity befell him at this time, for two hundred of his beautiful birds were destroyed by rats. Surely he had enough to discourage him! Added to this, the property his father left him was squandered by an agent in Richmond, Virginia, and he yielded all claim in favor of his sister Rose to what remained of the estate in France.

He determined to go to Europe in spite of all obstacles, but where to get the money was the question. His wife told him she had saved something from her teaching, and he should have that, because she had great faith in his ability and felt confident of his ultimate success. He sailed for England and there the most distinguished men of science met and encouraged him. Four hundred of his paintings were exhibited in Edinburgh, and Professor Wilson (Christopher North) said all hearts warmed to Audubon and were lost in admiration of a man who had so bravely borne such dangers and difficulties and finally triumphed over them. So encouraging was the outlook that without an advance subscriber he began to arrange for the publication of

his book, *Birds of America*, which was to cost one thousand dollars a copy. He said: "My heart was nerved and my reliance was on that Power on whom all must depend." He visited Paris and received there the homage of the most distinguished men, for kings and queens became subscribers to his book, and honors were thrust upon him. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London and Edinburgh, a member of the National Historical Society of Paris, and other scientific institutions honored him. Noted ornithologists could use no words of praise strong enough in commendation of his work. Cuvier said: "Audubon's works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honor of Ornithology."

While in London a nobleman called and asked the privilege of enrolling himself as a subscriber, saying: "I may not see the work finished, but my children will." Audubon was greatly touched by this and said the thought came to him that if he did not live to finish his work his sons would. But Audubon did live to see not only his *Birds of America* completed, but his *Quadrupeds of America* also, which is considered by many to be equally good.

Discouragement came to him, but it in no wise affected his faith in his work. Fifty-four subscribers withdrew their names in one day, because in the eight years that had elapsed financial reverses had made retrenchment necessary.

Audubon has an unquestioned place in literature, not because of his drawings of birds and quadrupeds, but because of the pen pictures so beautifully given. His style was graceful, clearly defined, and brilliantly colored, scarcely inferior to his pencil-drawings. His power of description was remarkable—one can see the waters dance to his words as to music; no author has more individuality.

He wrote his own life, which was left unpublished, and from this we have gained much information concerning this remarkable man, who died in 1851.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Abbeville, South Carolina.

1782.

1850.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

"His aspirations were high, and honorable, and noble."—*Daniel Webster.*

"He possessed an elevated genius of the highest order."—*Henry Clay.*

"Calhoun, Clay, Webster! Clay the leader, Webster the great orator, Calhoun the great thinker."—*Everett.*

"Calhoun, Webster and Clay formed the triumvirate of the Senate of 1833; they represented the three sections, South, East, and West; Calhoun engaged the attention of philosophers, Webster the ear of the lawyers, and Clay the sympathies of the people."

"By heredity, John Caldwell Calhoun was entitled to manhood from his race, to vigorous convictions in faith, and to patriotic devotion to liberty and right," for his father, Patrick Calhoun, distinguished for undaunted courage and perseverance, was by his resolute and active character enabled to render important services during the war for independence, while his mother, Martha Caldwell, a thoroughly religious woman, had early instilled into her boy those principles of faith which developed a love for the Bible and a devotion to duty. His father was quite a literary man, studious and thoughtful in habits, a Presbyterian by profession, who adhered rigidly to the Calvinistic doctrines of his fathers. He taught his son to love history and metaphysics, and so eager was the youth to learn, that he greatly impaired his health and at one time was forced to give up his studies.

He keenly felt the loss of this father, who died when the boy was only thirteen years of age. He continued his studies, and at the same time assisted his widowed mother in the management of her farm. His sister married Rev. Dr. Waddell, a

Presbyterian clergyman, and he it was who undertook to prepare the promising boy for Yale. He received the honors of his class, and President Dwight prophesied that he would reach the greatest eminence in life, and would in all probability fill the presidential chair of the United States, a prophecy which came very near being fulfilled, as he was Vice-President during Adams's and Jackson's administrations.

At eighteen years of age he returned to his native town, Abbeville, South Carolina, to practice law, and when thirty was elected to the Legislature. Few men were better trained for this career. Simple and sincere in his tastes, habits, and manners, strict and pure in his morals, incorruptible in his integrity, severe and logical in his style, analytical in his studies, he began, continued, and ended his life in the manifestations of those qualities which fitted him socially as well as politically to fill all the offices in the nation's trust with which he was honored.

He was elected to a seat in the United States Senate, where his genius and eloquence made his name familiar in every part of the Union. He strongly advocated States rights, and crossed swords in debate with that great Massachusetts orator, Daniel Webster, who was never able to answer his last speech on this subject. Their famous speeches, made at that time, are now read with interest. The active part Calhoun took against the tariff question gave him the name of the "Great Nullifier." He was conscientiously an advocate for slavery, and argued that the question was one to be settled by those personally interested and who would be affected by its abolition. He beheld the cloud gathering over the South on account of the growing bitterness at the North. His prophetic eye saw the danger and his voice proclaimed it. His *Address to the People of the South*, as a prediction of the results of abolition, seems startling to us now. Just one month before Calhoun died a friend asked him if nothing could be done to save the Union, saying, "Will not the Missouri Compromise do it?" He replied, his eyes

flashing with intensity of feeling that can never be forgotten, "With my constitutional objections I could not vote for it, but I would acquiesce in it to save this Union."

"In his private life as husband, father, friend, neighbor, and citizen, he was pure, upright, sincere, honest, and beyond reproach. He was simple and unpretending in manners, rigid and strict in his morals, temperate and discreet in his habits, genial, earnest, and fascinating in conversation, and magnanimous in his public and private relations. He was beloved by his family and friends, honored and almost idolized by his State, and died, as he had lived, respected and revered for his genius and his honorable life by the contemporaries of all parties. He was stainless in private and public life, as a man, a patriot, and a philosopher, and his name is a noble heritage to his country and to mankind."

It was urged by his enemies that he labored to destroy the Union that he might be the chief of a Southern Confederacy, since he had not succeeded in becoming the President of the Union; but this was so absurd that his friends did not even try to refute it, for that same spirit which made him willing even to acquiesce in the Missouri Compromise if it would save the Union ever characterized every action. It is true he did advocate the election of two Presidents, one by the free and the other by the slaveholding States, but the consent of both would have been requisite for the passing of any law.

In 1811 he married Miss Floride Calhoun, the daughter of a kinsman, John Ewing Calhoun, a former United States Senator from South Carolina, who brought him a considerable fortune. He had ten children; three daughters died in infancy and five sons and two daughters survived him. He was a true type of the Southern gentleman. His home at Fort Hill was open to all, and the family seldom took a meal alone. He argued that cheerfulness aided digestion, so he took the lead in promoting table conversation and gayety. There was a charm

in his manner and words not often found, and he particularly delighted in intercourse with young men. The hours between dinner and bedtime were devoted to his own family and spent in conversation, music, etc. He always rose early and devoted the morning hours to writing. After a light breakfast he rode, or more frequently walked about his plantation, superintending, to the minutest detail, everything about the place. His slaves were devoted to him, and he did all in his power to add to their happiness and comfort, and a rigid sense of justice regulated his conduct toward them.

He loved his home and was always impatient to return to it, and remained there just as long as it was possible for him to stay away from his public duties. His peculiar charm was utter forgetfulness of self, and deference to the feelings and wishes of others, which made him famed far and wide for his courtly manners. He died in Washington City, 1850.

The old home, Fort Hill, near Pendleton, South Carolina, was bequeathed to the State by his son-in-law, Mr. Clemson, and is now kept in a state of preservation to be shown to visitors. The State Agricultural College is there. There one may see the old family furniture and portraits, besides many valuable articles, which are highly prized, as they were once the property of General Washington. The South is justly proud of Calhoun the gentleman, Calhoun the statesman, and Calhoun the thinker.

His works consist of *Speeches*, *Reports* and *Public Writings*.

HENRY CLAY.

Hanover County, Virginia.

1777.

1852.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

"Of the great triumvirate of the Senate, Calhoun, Webster and Clay, respectively representing the South, East, and West, the last was the great master of feeling."—*Duyckinck*.

Henry Clay, the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," was born in Hanover county, Virginia, in 1777. He obtained this name when a little boy by running errands for his mother to and from the mill. "The Slashes," a low swampy district in the country, was the home of his father, the Rev. John Clay, a Baptist minister, who, dying when Henry was only four years old, did little towards the formation of his character or the direction of his tastes. His mother soon after married Captain Henry Watkins who proved a kind stepfather to him, and exerted himself to secure a good English education for the boy. He sent him to the log schoolhouse of Peter Deacon, where he remained until he was fourteen years of age, spending his spare time as a clerk in a country shop. When the family moved to Kentucky, Henry was sent to Richmond, Virginia, to be placed in a small retail store, but was soon promoted to a position in the office of Peter Tinsley, who was clerk of the High Court of Chancery. It was here that the boy attracted the attention of Chancellor Wythe, who appointed him his amanuensis, and directed his course of reading. He became a leading member of a debating society, and formed the friendship of many distinguished Virginians who proved lifelong friends to him. In 1796 he studied law under the Attorney-General of Virginia, and on being admitted to the bar moved to Lexington, Ken-

tucky, to practice. His interest in his debating societies continued, and thereby he attracted the attention of the lawyers, while his captivating manners and striking eloquence gained him many admirers and friends. His political career began almost as soon as he arrived in Lexington. Several of his speeches delivered in mass-meetings astonished his hearers by their beauty and force.

In 1799 he married Miss Lucretia Hart, a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Kentucky. A few years later he went to the Legislature and gained still wider fame as a debater. He introduced a resolution that all the members of the Legislature should wear clothes that were home-manufactured, which was the first encouragement given to home industry. Humphrey Marshall quarreled with him about this, a challenge was given and accepted, a duel was fought, and both parties were slightly wounded.

He was sent to the United States Senate to fill out an unexpired term, and there made another speech in favor of home industries. He advocated the raising of all necessary things, so that in time of war the country could be independent of any nation. He also advocated the calling out of volunteers to serve on land, and the maintaining of an efficient navy. Finally in 1812 war with Great Britain was declared, and Clay spoke at a large number of the popular meetings to fire the national spirit. His speeches electrified the country, and finally he was made a member of a commission to negotiate peace with Great Britain. He was known as the "Pacifcator" or peace-maker. Clay had wonderful personal address, and his bitterest enemies, when brought face to face with him, were completely changed. There is no doubt that his courteous manners won for him many a fight.

He went to Paris, and on his return refused the mission to Russia offered by the government. It was while in Paris he met Madame de Staël, then the reigning queen of society, and by far the most brilliant literary woman in France.

His next public measure was to support the South American States in a war of independence against Spain. Then he maintained the Missouri Compromise, and his opposition to slavery brought him into such prominent notice that he was three times candidate for the presidency, but failed every time to secure a sufficient number of votes to elect him. Clay threw his influence for Adams against Jackson; this cast an imputation of dishonesty upon Clay's character, as it was alleged that Adams had bought him over to his side by a promise of office under him. It did happen, unfortunately, that as soon as Adams was inaugurated Clay was made Secretary of State. The proceeding was termed "a combination of the Puritan (Adams) and the blackleg (Clay)." Clay felt that his honor demanded that he should challenge the man who thus insulted him, so Randolph and he fought the memorable bloodless duel, which is thus described:

"The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country had produced about to meet in mortal combat. On taking their position Mr. Randolph's pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down. Clay's friend called out he would instantly leave the ground if that happened again. On the word being given Clay fired without effect. Mr. Randolph discharged his pistol in the air. Instantly Mr. Clay approached Mr. Randolph with an emotion I can never forget: 'I trust in God, my dear, sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds.' "

His "Omnibus Bill" is said to have postponed the War between the States for ten years. This bill included the "Five Bleeding Wounds."

In 1851 Clay's health began to fail, and he visited New Orleans and Havana, hoping to regain his strength, but in vain. He gradually sank under the influence of a wasting disease, and died in Washington City at the age of seventy-five. He left a widow and three sons.

There were traits both feminine and manly in Clay's character; he united the gentlest affections of woman with the pride of the haughtiest manhood. He once said in a letter to some children of a friend what it would be well for the youth of the land ever to remember:

"During a long life I have observed that those are most happy who love, honor and obey their parents; who avoid idleness and dissipation, and employ their time in constant labor, both of body and mind; and who perform with regular and scrupulous attention all their duties to our Maker, and his only Son, our blessed Savior. May you live long, and prove a blessing to your father and mother, ornaments to society, and acceptable to God. Such is the hope of your father's friend, and although unknown to you, your friend."

He tells us himself to what he owed his success: "I owe my success in life to a single fact, namely, that at an early age I commenced and continued for some years the practice of daily reading and speaking the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were sometimes made in a corn-field; at others in a forest; and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my only auditors. It is to this I am indebted for the impulses that have shaped and moulded my entire destiny."

John C. Breckinridge said: "If I were to write Clay's epitaph, I would inscribe as the highest eulogy on the stone which shall mark his resting place, 'Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen.' " This was the man who when told that the Missouri Compromise would defeat him for the presidency said: "I would rather be right than President."

His works consist of *Speeches* and *State Papers*.

GEORGE TUCKER.

Bermuda Island.

1775.

1861.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

George Tucker, Jefferson's biographer and many years his junior, although born in the Bermudas, became a citizen of Lynchburg, and was identified with Virginia from the time he was twelve years of age. St. George Tucker, a relative, brought him from the Islands and had him reared and educated as a member of his own family. He was sent to William and Mary College, then studied law and began to practice in Lynchburg. Very soon he became a politician and was sent to the Legislature in 1819 and to Congress in 1823, but was diverted from political life by being chosen professor of moral philosophy and political economy in the University of Virginia. He held that position until 1845, when he moved to Philadelphia and became interested in literary work. He was a voluminous writer and treated many subjects. The best work was his *Life of Jefferson*, but he is known in literature by his romances *The Valley of the Shenandoah* and *A Voyage to the Moon*. These novels were written in his youth, and while they show a power of imagination they are not great books. Tucker was more a thinker than a dreamer and his more serious works, such as his *Essays on Morals*, should make his name live longest. *The Valley of the Shenandoah* had great praise abroad and was translated into other languages. It was a book of two volumes—a love story long drawn out. *The Voyage to the Moon* was a satirical romance; these romances are only valuable to us in noting the gradual development of Southern literature. In his *Life of Jefferson* Tucker relates an incident

which shows that Paris and its gayeties had little attraction for a man like this grand old Democrat. A baron told him of the great variety of pleasures which such a city presents, and one can imagine his disgust when Jefferson answered that he was savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds and the independence of his much loved Monticello to all the brilliant attractions of the gay metropolis of France, "For," said he, "though there is less wealth there, there is more freedom, more ease, and less misery."

This seems strange when considered from another point of view, for Jefferson was a man thoroughly capable of appreciating men of letters and science, and these he had better opportunities to meet in Paris than at home; and being a lover of music and the fine arts, painting and architecture being a delight to him, he had there every advantage of enjoying these, for they were put within his reach at the French Capital. That he was willing to renounce these for the joy and simple pleasures that his country life afforded is to be wondered at; it only emphasizes the force of habit and the importance of early home-training.

His works:

Essays in Old Bachelor Series.	Theory of Money and Banks.
Letters on the Conspiracy of Slaves.	Essay on Cause and Effect.
Letters on the Roanoke Navigation.	Association of Ideas.
Recollections of Eleanor Rosalie Tucker.	Dangers Threatening the United States.
Essays on Taste, Morals, and Policy.	Progress of the United States.
Valley of the Shenandoah.	Life of Dr. John P. Emmet.
A Voyage to the Moon.	History of the United States.
Principles of Rent, Wages, etc.	Banks or No Banks.
Literature of the United States.	Essays Moral and Philosophical.
Life of Thomas Jefferson.	Political Economy.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1779.

1843.

NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

"He was surpassed by no man of his age in artistic and poetic genius."
—*Coleridge*.

Washington Allston, a South Carolinian, born at Charleston, was descended from an eminent family, none of whom, however, is more noted than the painter and poet. His health was very poor when a boy, and his physician suggested that the climate of Rhode Island might benefit him, so he was sent to Newport, where he remained until he entered Harvard. His great delight as a child was to listen to the marvelous tales told by the negroes on his father's plantation, and the love for the weird and the traditional, and for all that was wonderful and terrible, continued throughout life.

While at Newport he became acquainted with Malbone, the painter, and this acquaintance directed his attention to art. He divided his time between books and painting. Just as soon as he graduated he returned to South Carolina, sold a part of his estate and arranged to go to Europe to study. He entered the Royal Academy in London. An American, Benjamin West, was then the president of the Academy, and with him Allston formed a lasting friendship. On account of his charming manners, brilliant conversation and ability as an artist, Allston had access to the homes of the great painters of the day, and was a general favorite with all.

He spent a few years in Paris, and then visited Italy. There it was that he met Thorwaldsen the Danish sculptor, and Coleridge of "Ancient Mariner" fame. He enjoyed nothing more in

Rome than the walks with Coleridge through the Borghese Villa, and he said that at such times he could almost believe that he was listening to Plato in the groves of the Academy.

He married in 1809 while in America, choosing as his wife a sister of Dr. Channing. After a few years of married life she died very suddenly, and Allston was cast into a state of the deepest melancholy and depression. Upon his return to London he had a severe attack of illness, and while recuperating wrote *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, in which spring, summer, autumn and winter are described, and other poems which were afterwards published in one volume.

In 1830 he married the sister of Richard H. Dana and spent the remainder of his life at Cambridgeport, near Boston. He was of the South, and yet not altogether Southern in his feelings. He died very suddenly in 1843 at the age of sixty-four. He had no superior, perhaps no equal, in his art in this country. One painting, upon which he worked for twenty years, "Belshazzar's Feast," was left unfinished.

Besides the poems already mentioned Allston wrote *Monaldi*, a story of extraordinary power and interest. He also wrote *The Two Painters*, a satire, and a series of discourses on art, which were printed after his death. Had he never painted, his literary work would have given him high rank among men of genius. A great painter, however, must necessarily be a great poet, and because he puts his poems into colors instead of into words should not detract from his poetic merit.

His personal appearance and manners accorded perfectly with his character. His form was slight and his movements active. He had a very high forehead, and large speaking eyes; his hair was long and white and this gave him a very striking appearance. When talking he was quite animated, but at other times he had an abstracted air. When the end came, so quietly did he pass away, and so natural were his features in death, that his friends and loved ones could not realize that he was really

dead. He was buried by torchlight at Mt. Auburn, and as Tuckerman, his friend, said, "There was something in his funeral that harmonized with the lofty and sweet tenor of his life."

THE ADDRESS OF THE SYLPH OF SPRING.

Then spake the Sylph of Spring serene:

"'Tis I thy joyous heart, I ween,

With sympathy shall move;

For I, with lively melody,

Of birds, in choral symphony,

First waked thy soul to poesy,

To pity and to love.

"When thou, at call of vernal breeze,

And beckoning bough of budding trees,

Hast left thy sullen fire,

And stretch'd thee in some mossy dell,

And heard the browsing wether's bell,

Blithe echoes rousing from their call

To swell the tinkling choir;

"Or heard, from branch of flowering thorn,

The song of friendly cuckoo warn

The tardy-moving swain;

Hast bid the purple swallow hail,

And seen him now through ether sail,

Now sweeping downward o'er the vale,

And skimming now the plain;

"Then, catching with a sudden glance

The bright and silver-clear expanse

Of some broad river's stream,

Beheld the boats adown it glide,

And motion wind against the tide,

Where, chain'd in ice by Winter's pride,

Late roll'd the heavy team;

"'Twas mine the warm, awakening hand,

That made thy grateful heart expand,

And feel the high control

Of Him, the mighty Power, that moves

Amid the waters and the groves,

And through his vast creation proves

His omnipotent soul.

“Or, brooding o’er some forest rill,
Fringed with the early daffodil,
And quivering maiden-hair,
When thou hast mark’d the dusky bed,
With leaves and water-rust o’erspread,
That seem’d an amber light to shed
On all was shadow’d there;

“And thence, as by its murmur call’d,
The current traced to where it brawl’d
Beneath the noontide ray,
And there beheld the checker’d shade
Of waves, in many a sinuous braid,
That o’er the sunny chancel play’d,
With motion ever gay:

“’Twas I to these the magic gave,
That made thy heart, a willing slave,
To gentle Nature bend,
And taught thee how, with tree and flower,
And whispering gale, and drooping shower,
In converse sweet to pass the hour,
As with an early friend;

“That made thy heart, like His above,
To flow with universal love
For every living thing.
And, oh, if I, with ray divine,
Thus tempering, did thy soul refine,
Then let thy gentle heart be mine,
And bless the Sylph of Spring.”

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

Dublin, Ireland.

1789.

1847.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

By rights Ireland should be credited with the genius of Richard Henry Wilde, for he was a native of Dublin and his parents were Irish-born, but America, proud of what he has accomplished, and anxious to claim him as a son, having nourished him from the age of eight, is loath to resign her claim to any other nation.

His father, Richard Wilde, was a Dublin hardware merchant, a patriotic man, who during the troublous times of 1797 was forced to leave kindred and friends and come to America. He left his unsettled business in the hands of a partner and took passage to Baltimore, bringing with him his wife and children, to whom he was spared only five years after landing on the shores of Maryland—too short a time to become well established in business, so that his death left his loved ones in almost destitute circumstances.

Richard Henry, the eldest son, then a boy entering his "teens," decided to go to Augusta, Georgia, where he had been offered a position as clerk in a dry-goods store. This was owned by Captain John Cormick, who had become interested in the fatherless boy. When fairly established in his work, Richard persuaded his mother to come South, for he thought by opening a small general store the family could be supported. Besides his mother, there were his three sisters and a brother James. Mrs. Wilde followed her son's advice, and although the business was at first conducted on a very limited scale, it was sufficient to maintain in a frugal manner the entire family. Richard attend-

ed to the business of the store in the day and studied every night. His mother belonged to the Newitts, very strong Royalists, so that her brother, who had established large flour mills on the Hudson several years before she came over to this country, as soon as the Americans declared their independence, sold out everything and returned to Ireland. When Mrs. Wilde felt able to take the trip she went back to Ireland, her old home, to endeavor to recover the property that her husband had left, but his partner had been unsuccessful and there was nothing gained.

It was to his mother that Wilde was indebted for his early education and for his poetical talent. The family long preserved the verses that she had written. Seven years after he moved to Augusta, Richard Henry, in whose breast the fire of genius burned, felt that he must make some greater effort to rise in the world. He had lost no time during all these years in reading and studying to repair the deficiencies of an early education, so that by the time he was eighteen he felt that he was ready to begin the study of law. He found a true friend in Joseph Hutchinson, Esq., who not only loaned him books from his own law library, but aided him with his counsel and instruction, and allowed him to study in his office. At the end of two years he was ready to stand his examination, but for fear of failing and mortifying his mother, he went to an adjoining county to be examined. The judges were enthusiastic in their praises of the young student, and he had no trouble in being admitted to practice law in any of the courts of Georgia.

The heavy strain placed upon brain and nerve caused his health to fail, but nowise daunted he pushed on and up until he acquired for himself a reputation not only for ability but for remarkable dignity and probity. At that time lawyers were restricted in their practice by certain laws passed by the General Assembly, which relieved debtors and allowed contracts to be easily broken. Wilde determined to have such laws repealed, and his efforts in this direction were publicly recognized. He

was given several offices of trust by the people—first, Attorney-General of the State, then, member of the National House of Representatives, and afterwards was sent to Congress and remained a member of the lower house until 1835. He became a candidate for the speaker of the House, but was defeated.

He was very attractive in personal appearance, being six feet one inch in height, well proportioned and graceful, a fine specimen of physical and intellectual manhood. His brow was very wide, his eyes bright and expressive, his hair black and generally worn long. His disposition was naturally cheerful; he was brimful of anecdote, quick at repartee, and eloquent in speech. His company was eagerly sought after in social circles, where he shone as brilliantly as in legislative halls and courts of appeal.

After his health failed he was very careful not to burn the midnight oil; his intellectual efforts were accomplished while the sun was shining. He laid aside all business cares as soon as he left the office and spent his evenings in social pleasures. He was accustomed to rise early and take a walk before breakfast, feeling that this would best fit him for the duties of the day. He was not a "popular politician," as the phrase goes, for he would not pander to fancies at the expense of honest convictions. He allied himself in 1834 with those opposed to the administration of President Jackson, because he firmly believed that the Force Bill would produce war. He felt sure that such a position would cause his defeat, yet he abided by his convictions. He was defeated at the next election, so he spent the two years following in traveling through Europe. The literature and art of Italy attracted him, and he passed one year in Florence for study and research. The very air of Florence is conducive to art, poetry, and music, so one can well see how she has produced so many noted artists, sculptors and musicians. Wilde surrendered himself to the study of the painting, statuary, monuments, traditions and history of this famous city.

The life of Torquato Tasso particularly attracted him, and it was while there that he collected the material for the two volumes he afterwards wrote concerning the mysterious life of this noted Italian poet. The publication of this work added greatly to the literary fame of Mr. Wilde, which up to this time rested upon his speeches, essays and fugitive poems. While in Italy he brought to light a portrait of Dante, and but for him we would not possess a likeness of this genius. Giotto had painted the poet on the walls of the Chapel of Bargello, but people unappreciative, or ignorant, had allowed the walls to be whitewashed, and so the portrait was covered. Wilde discovered in some way that this had been done, and gained permission to make an effort to find it. He had the whitewash carefully removed from two sides of the wall and had begun to be discouraged, but on the third side it was discovered, and thus the head was brought to light. He wrote a *Life of Dante*, which his son, who lived until 1890, intended to have published, but as it was not done before his death we fear it will never be done.

On his return from Europe, Wilde settled in New Orleans, Louisiana, and became associated with Mr. William Micon. He had married before leaving Augusta, and left his oldest son buried in the garden of their home at Summerville. It was on account of this little grave that he made the request to be taken there and laid by his boy's side. A monument was placed by the loving father's hand over the son's grave, but his own grave remained unmarked until a few years since the "Hayne Circle," composed of the literary people of Augusta, had his body moved to Oakland Cemetery with all due honors, and his grave marked with a marble slab on which his name is carved. The lot is carefully kept, and they hope soon to erect there a handsome monument to his memory, which should be done. Colonel Charles C. Jones, of Augusta, was the first to awaken interest in his memory, but there is little need

of marble to keep alive the *memory* of such a poet; he will live as long as the English tongue shall live. It is not Wilde the lawyer, the advocate, the statesman, the poet, nor the man of letters that will live, but Wilde the author of—

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die.
But on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless and soon to fade away.
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The wind bewail the leafless tree;
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, still as grieving to efface,
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none alas! shall mourn for me!

We have in literature many instances where one poem made the poet. If Wilde had not written another lines these three stanzas would have immortalized him. Byron upon reading them sat down and wrote a letter to Wilde congratulating him upon being the author of the "finest poem of the century."

The circumstances leading to its composition are interesting.

His brother James, then living in Florida, during a visit to his mother described in such glowing terms the orange groves, the transparent lakes, the St. Johns river, the swamps with their wonders, interspersing these narrations with stories and anecdotes relating to himself and his companions, making himself the hero always, that Richard Henry laughingly said: "James, I shall write an epic and immortalize your exploits." Accordingly the poem was begun and he intended to read the verses at the next family gathering—but this gathering never took place, for James was killed in a duel just a short time afterwards. *The Lament of the Captive*, beginning with the lines, *My Life is Like the Summer Rose*, was never finished. He read the poem to a few friends only and his immediate family, never intending to have it published, but Hon. John Forsyth pleaded so for a copy to send to a lady in Philadelphia that the request was granted, provided the lines should never be published. Neither the friend nor the lady betrayed the trust, but the musical composer to whom they were entrusted.

The verses became widely popular, and not until accusation of plagiarism was brought against the author did Wilde acknowledge them. Mr. Anthony Barclay, for his own amusement, in order to play a practical joke upon a friend, who was always boasting of his ability to recognize Alcaic Greek, had translated the verses into Greek. Some one saw the translation, mistook it for Alcaic Greek, and wrote an article to the "North American Review," charging the author with having plagiarized from a Greek Ode by Alcæus. The silly story was believed by many, especially as Barclay had changed *Tampa*, a desolate sea beach on the Florida coast, to *Tempe*, a lovely vale of Greece. It was not until Barclay, under the auspices of the Georgia Historical Society at Savannah, wrote his "Authentic Account of Wilde's Alleged Plagiarism" that the imposition was exposed. O'Kelly and the Countess Purgstall both claimed the poem, but could not satisfactorily substantiate their claims.

Colonel Jones, in writing of Wilde's former grave, said: "In a remote and cedar-shadowed spot in the beautiful village of Summerville, near Augusta, Georgia, rest the ashes of Richard Henry Wilde. Few among the living know even where he is buried. The place is voiceless, and Mother Earth gives no token of the precious dust committed to her keeping. Standing amid the loneliness of this forgotten spot, with what peculiar pathos does that plaintive song, which with prophetic lips he sang in the long ago, fall upon the attentive ear."

Many argued that the body should never have been moved, but when the property was sold and the spot became neglected, the "Hayne Circle" felt it was not a fit burial place for such honored dead.

His son, William Cumming Wilde of New Orleans, was also "a singer of sweet songs." He inherited from his father his love of study, and his power to express his thoughts in prose and poem. He married Miss Virginia Wilkinson, and their son, who was named for the distinguished grandfather, became a brilliant journalist, and their daughter quite an artist. His second wife was Miss Mary Goodale and he moved soon after this marriage to the country, "In order," as he expressed it, "to listen to the songs of the birds, and to let the eye rest upon an expanse of beauty as broad as its sight of heaven." He contracted pneumonia and died there from its effects.

Richard Henry Wilde's works are:

Researches Concerning Torquato
Tasso.
Life of Dante (unfinished).

Essay on Petrarch.
Hesperia (published since his death).

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

Baltimore, Maryland

1795.

1870.

WRITER OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

John Pendleton Kennedy and William Gilmore Simms were the first American writers that grasped the idea of an American romance, and proved by their writings that the scenery of the New World was just as capable of imaginative treatment as the Old. Joseph Rodman Drake had proved by his "Culprit Fay" that the scenery along the Hudson was just as full of poetic beauty as the Highlands of Scotland.

Kennedy was born at Baltimore in 1795. His parents believed in having him well educated, and had it not been that at the age of eighteen the War of 1812 attracted him to army life, he would have continued his studies until he was graduated.

At the close of the war he studied law, and became prominent in public life. He was a man of wide culture. He loved his native city, his native state and his country. He never grew fond of his profession, because his tastes were literary, and the office and the court-room proved too confining for him.

In 1818 he began to edit a periodical called "The Red Book." He was elected a member of the Maryland Legislature, then later was sent to Congress, then became Secretary of the Navy, where he was enabled to give encouragement to Perry, Lynch and Kane in their famous expeditions. Dr. Kane so appreciated his interest that he named Kennedy Channel in his honor. He traveled a great deal in Europe, and while there met many literary men of note. Thackeray became his personal friend, and had such confidence in him as a writer that he

asked him to write the fourth chapter in "The Virginians," describing Warrington's escape through the Cumberland Mountains.

He became one of the trustees of the Peabody Institute, and bequeathed his library and all unpublished manuscripts to that institution. He made a request that his manuscripts should not be published until 1900. At different times he edited various magazines. He always found time, however, in his busy life to encourage younger writers. Edgar Allan Poe was largely indebted to him for encouragement, especially as this came at a time when Mr. Allan, his adopted father, had turned his back upon him, and everything had a gloomy outlook. Mr. Kennedy, recognizing the genius in Poe, secured for him a position on the "Southern Literary Messenger," and it was not long before he became the editor. The reading public felt that there was a man of rare genius in the editor's chair, and the circulation of the magazine reached five thousand. Kennedy thus helped other young writers of the South, and did more than any other at this time to interest the Southern people in their own literature.

His novels attracted great attention when they were first published, and are not without readers to-day. His *Horse-shoe Robinson* has been pronounced the best novel written in the South before the war. It describes the battle of King's Mountain, and rarely can be found in any novel a better description of a battle than is given in the last chapter, for there the historic, the romantic, and the dramatic merge into a powerful climax. Possibly his *Swallow Barn* is best known, and will appeal to those who enjoy the quieter style of Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley" or of Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," for in this book quaint humor, happy descriptions, and quiet contentment are plainly shown. There can be found no better description of a country gentleman of the Old

South than that found in *Swallow Barn*. Then *Rob of the Bowl*, describing Maryland under the second Lord Baltimore, and a *Story of Rural Life in Virginia*, a simple tale of the olden days in Virginia, and a *Tale of Tory Ascendency*, all show the mark of a man of genuine ability.

There are faults in Kennedy's style, of course, and the present-day reader will exclaim "tiresome," "long drawn out." While it may be true that the plots are very slowly developed, still the homely life is so well portrayed, and the quaint customs and unrestrained freedom of environment all so tinged with romance, and so charmingly presented, that one can afford to be bored with the long descriptions.

His works, besides his novels, are *Life of William Wirt*, *Annals of Quodlibet*, *Mr. Ambrose's Letters*, describing events that took place during the War between the States, and many contributions to periodicals. All of his writings are distinctly Southern, and deal with subjects thoroughly familiar to him. In England Kennedy is widely read and greatly appreciated.

He died at Newport in 1870. His health was failing, and he hoped that it could be restored at this delightful watering-place. His body was taken home and buried in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore. Tuckerman has written a most charming life of Kennedy.

MIRABEAU LAMAR.

Louisville, Georgia.

1798.

1859.

NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

Mirabeau Lamar belonged to an old Huguenot family. An eccentric uncle on his mother's side claimed the naming of all the children, and named them for his favorite historical characters.

The subject of this sketch was called Mirabeau Buonaparte. The elder brother had been given the name of Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and was the father of the distinguished L. Q. C. Lamar who was Senator from Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior, and finally an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Mirabeau Lamar was at first engaged in agricultural and mercantile pursuits, then became interested in politics, and undertook the editing of "The Independent," a States right journal established at Columbus, Georgia. He afterwards established the "Columbus Enquirer," which is still the leading daily of that city. Mr. Lamar was twice married. His first wife was Miss Jordan and his second wife was Miss Henrietta Maffit, a daughter of Rev. John N. Maffit. She was much younger than her husband and died in 1892.

In 1835 he emigrated to Texas, and took an active part in the revolution to establish the independence of that territory, and when Texas was declared a republic, was chosen its second president. He was appointed Minister to the Argentine Republic in 1857, but did not accept the position. He did go, however, as resident Minister to Nicaragua and Costa Rica. While his life was spent in the active scenes of war and politics,

the quiet intervals were devoted to literature. In 1857 he published a book of poems entitled *Verse Memorials*, a collection written by him at intervals from his early manhood to the date of publication. In addition to this he left an album of manuscript poems many of which have never been published.

The Daughter of Mendoza did not appear in *Verse Memorials*. It was republished in the newspapers as late as 1883 and attracted favorable comment.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

Oh, lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains;
And lend to me your cadences,
Oh, river of the mountains,
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star,
The evening star how tender;
The light of both is in her eyes—
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their sight,
They were too dazzling for the light,
And when she shuts them all is night—
The daughter of Mendoza.

Oh, ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

What though, perchance, we meet no more;
What though, too, soon we sever;
Thy form will float like emerald light,
Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget

The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set,
Fair daughter of Mendoza.

The ease, beauty and lively fancy which characterize all his poems give him a reputation as a poet and entitle him to a place in American literature.

ABSALOM CHAPPELL, Hancock county, Georgia, 1801-1878, was the author of three books rarely found now, but much valued in their time. These books contained papers on *The Yazoo Fraud*, *The Oconee War*, *Middle Georgia and the Negro*, *General James Jackson* and *General Anthony Wayne*.

Colonel Chappell was educated at that well-known school at Mt. Zion under Dr. Beman of wide fame. He studied law in New York, graduating, however, from the law school of his own State college under the tutorship of Judge Clayton. He practiced first at Sandersville, then in Forsyth, afterwards in Macon, and finally settled in Columbus, Georgia. He married there Miss Loretta R. Lamar, the sister of the poet Mirabeau Lamar. He became active in politics and was twice elected to the Legislature and once to Congress. From his first entry into public life he took a deep interest in the development of his native State. No one can fully estimate the value of his services. In a series of articles on the *Representative Business Men of the Day* he did much toward developing the railroad interests of that time. While he was in Congress Professor Morse was meeting with discouragement from many; it was Colonel Chappell to whom the "committee of ways and means" referred the question, and he it was who alone prepared the report, going into the details of the wonderful advantages and possibilities of the telegraph system.

He was always remarkable for perfect purity and simplicity of character. He was grave, thoughtful, and in his habits methodical, painstaking and laborious. His career was an instructive one, and eminently useful in his day and generation. He died in Columbus, Georgia, in 1878.

He left a wife and four children. His wife died in 1906 at Columbus, Georgia.

His son J. Harris Chappell became the president of the State Normal and Industrial School at Milledgeville, Georgia. He was also a writer of marked ability, and delivered several lectures on the military heroes of the War between the States. His *Stonewall Jackson* could hold an audience for hours. He died in 1906, broken in health, leaving a wife and three children.

The Alumnae Association of the State Normal at Milledgeville before his death collected in 1905 his *Baccalaureate Addresses* and published them. These addresses had meant so much to them that they desired others should reap the benefit. They are:

"What More Could be Done Unto My Vineyard that I Have Not Done Unto It?" (1892.)

"What Good Thing Can You Show Us?" (1893.)

Music of the Spheres. (1894.)

Higher Education. (1895.)

"Freely Have Ye Received, Freely Give." (1896.)

The Threefold Education. (1897.)

Deep Calls Unto Deep. (1898.)

A Still Small Voice. (1899.)

"Sweet Influences of the Pleiades." (1901.)

"Thy Gentleness Hath Made Me Great." (1902.)

"Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit." (1904.)

Miss Julia A. Flisch, a Georgia teacher and authoress and a member of Professor Chappell's faculty, wrote the *Preface* or *Introduction*, and pays this tribute to him: "Probably no man more deeply influenced the character of the young womanhood of the State than Dr. Chappell. He has touched hundreds of young lives, and by his earnest, faithful labors, his sympathetic interest, and his high ideal of womanhood, he has exerted a mighty power for good."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Boston, Massachusetts.

1809.

1849.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

"The Prince of American Literature."—*Victor Hugo*.

"The stray child of Poetry and Passion."—*Mrs. Osgood*.

"There is not an unchaste suggestion in all his writings."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman*.

"He had an ear for rhythm unmatched in all the ages."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"Not the 'Prince of American Literature,' for princes govern as well as dazzle, but he is one of the world's men of genius."—*Richardson*.

The world will come to a truer knowledge of Poe some day, when prejudices and jealousies are laid aside and the genius, not the failings, of the man is most apparent.

Unfortunately Rufus Griswold was his earliest biographer, and he gave the keynote from which others have taken their tone. He wilfully misrepresented Poe, and so artfully did he conceal the good, and so glaringly did he portray the bad, that it has taken years to efface the impressions these misrepresentations have caused. Of Southern parentage, he was born at Boston, Massachusetts, as he tells us himself, January 19, 1809. His father, David Poe, was a lawyer of Baltimore, and becoming infatuated with a pretty little actress, Elizabeth Arnold, married her in spite of the protestations of his family against what they thought a fearful *mésalliance*. They became reconciled to the marriage afterwards, and received his wife into their circle. He adopted acting as his profession also, but having no natural gift for it, proved only a second-rate actor. Little or nothing was made by either, and they were miserably poor. The brave little wife had need for courage, as the chil-

children came crowding into the home-nest. She had belonged to the stage from earliest youth, and had never known a sheltered home, nor a mother's love, nor one day of careless pleasure. None had guarded with watchful care her health or manners, so her nature became warped. She had her share of the frowns and curses from the older actors, and abuses and threats from the ill-natured manager. She had not even inherited her mother's gift for acting, but she conscientiously performed the parts assigned her, and all who knew her private life esteemed and loved her. It is sad to think how often paint hides traces of tears, and artificial smiles a breaking heart!

While in Richmond, Virginia, Mrs. Poe's health failed rapidly. She left the stage and was forced to appeal to the public for charity. The good people gave the help, but it came too late—the spirit of the little variety actress had passed beyond the gates. Strangers cared for the three motherless ones. The father lost his life when the Richmond Theater burned. Some relatives cared for two, William Lennox and Rosalie. Mrs. John Allan, a wealthy and childless lady of Richmond, much against her husband's judgment, adopted Edgar and gave him Allan as his middle name. Mr. Allan considered this a foolish fancy of his wife's, but he afterwards became very much attached to the boy, and grieved because of his waywardness.

The child was beautiful and precocious, and attracted the attention of all who saw him. When he was eight years old, he was placed at school in Richmond, Virginia, and was introduced to the teacher, Professor Clarke, by Mr. Allan as "my adopted son Edgar." The boy had no fondness for mathematics, but his compositions were admitted to be the best. He was always ambitious but never studious. In his bearing towards his schoolmates he was noted for being just, which endeared him to all. He had a sensitive, tender heart, and felt no service too great for a friend. His nature was free from selfishness, a prominent trait in boyhood. He was known as

the "swiftest runner," the "best boxer," and the "most daring swimmer."

When Edgar was ten years old, Mr. Allan carried to Professor Clarke a volume of verses written by this youthful poet, and asked the teacher's advice about publishing it. His reply was that it would be very injurious to a boy of his excitable temperament and self-esteem to be flattered and talked about as the author of a printed book, and so it happened that this book was never published.

Mrs. Allan took him to Europe and kept him at school at Stoke Newington for several years, then returned to America to have him complete his education in his native country. He was sent to a classical school to be prepared for college. His disposition, inclined to be moody, made him few friends. He entered the University of Virginia at seventeen, and it was while there that he acquired the habit of drink. He was naturally of an excitable nature, and allowed the seeds of future woe to be sown. Drink naturally led to gaming, and in a short time he was so heavily in debt, that Mr. Allan refused to advance any more money, and Poe was forced to leave college. He went to Boston to try to seek his fortune there. The college authorities have, time and time again, asserted that not a mark for disorder or failure in duty is found against him upon the records; he simply left on account of his debts incurred from gaming, and was not expelled for drunkenness as his enemies have represented. He was on the contrary a good and exemplary student in other respects, for he carried off the prizes in Latin and French. Poe, angry with Mr. Allan for not advancing the money, determined to assert his independence, and published a volume of poems for private circulation. One of these, *Al Aaraaf*, he many years afterwards read before the Boston Lyceum. When his *Raven* appeared it was so undoubtedly a literary success, that this club, for the first time acknowledging any ability in the struggling writer, invited him to deliver a

poem before them. Poe accepted the invitation but forgot all about it, and when the time came *repeated the juvenile production Al Aaraaf*, which justly offended the members of the Lyceum when they found it out. Poe declares that when he read it his audience applauded it "three times three," especially those knotty points which he didn't understand himself, and that they did not; and that they didn't know of the hoax until he, Poe, divulged the secret to Whipple and Cushing one day, and told it as a great joke on literary Boston that this was a poem he had written when only ten years of age. The Bostonians severely commented upon this uncavalier treatment, and Poe declared in the "Broadway Journal" that he did it as an intentional insult to the *genius* of the "Frog Pond." This, added to a statement in a New York journal that he was "born at Boston, a fact he was very much ashamed of, but for which he was in no wise responsible," was enough for the Bostonians, who did not love him before, and of course loved him less now. Poe, to increase his unpopularity there and elsewhere, wrote his sketches *The Literati of New York*, which caused a flutter never equaled save by Dicken's "Notes on America." He had offended Stoddard also by doubting his veracity, which naturally called forth unkind criticisms from him.

His *Juvenile Poems* was not a financial success, so he enlisted in the army under the assumed name of Edgar Perry. Here he won the esteem of all the officers, and was rapidly promoted, but Mr. Allan heard of his whereabouts and had him appointed to a cadetship at West Point. We find no authority for his desertion from the army, as recorded by his biographers. There seems to be some doubt about his trip to Greece—a possible confusion of himself and brother. He did not like the rigid discipline at West Point and begged to resign, but his foster-father steadily refused. At last finding he could carry his point by no other means he purposely neglected his studies, drank to excess, was court-martialed and expelled;

this made Mr. Allan indignant; he refused to have anything further to do with him, turned him out of his house, and dying soon afterwards made no mention of him in his will. The first Mrs. Allan had died some time before and the second Mrs. Allan did not like Poe.

Poe remembered his father's widowed sister Mrs. Clemm, who lived in Baltimore, and there it was he went in 1833 to find a home. She lived with her daughter Virginia in a very humble way, but she gave Poe a cordial welcome, and said she had little to offer, but they could all struggle together. Virginia was then only eleven, a beautiful and refined child, and she and Mrs. Clemm proved the truest and best friends to him. There was little for Mrs. Clemm to give save motherly kindness, but this proved a priceless boon to Poe.

He tried not to drink, and made every effort to secure literary work. It was while living in Baltimore that he played a practical joke which cost him a deal of trouble. "He announced that on April first he would, with the help of his newly-invented flying machine, fly from one shot-tower to the other, a distance of about three hundred feet. The announcement excited great expectations among the simple-minded and unsuspecting. An immense throng assembled to witness the feat, but Poe did not appear. In the afternoon he published a card of regrets, stating that he could not keep his engagement, because unfortunately one of his wings had gotten wet. The disappointment roused the ire of the rabble, and grave threats were made of personal violence." Poe was the only one who enjoyed the April fool.

He soon secured a position on the "Southern Literary Messenger" through the kind offices of Mr. Kennedy. The circulation of the paper increased from seven hundred to five thousand subscribers. A prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor," was gained by his *MS. Found in a Bottle*. By this stroke of good fortune, followed

by his connection with the "Messenger," he felt able to marry his cousin Virginia, to whom he had become tenderly attached. Mrs. Clemm, who loved Poe dearly, could find no obstacle to the marriage except Virginia's age—she was just thirteen—and so persuaded him to wait a year longer. This love for Virginia was the one bright and beautiful thing in Poe's life, and he remained passionately devoted to her as long as she lived, and no matter how many love verses he may have written to others after her death, or how many promises of marriage may have been given, there can be no doubt of his true devotion to her. He was a kind and good husband; she worshiped him and was blind to every fault. The honeymoon seemed never to end, and through all their sorrows their love continued as at the first. Poe gave Mrs. Clemm all that he made, and she expended it in her own way. She had the faculty of making "much of nothing," so that their home even when they were poorest looked comfortable. She never reproached him for his shortcomings; she pitied him, and like Virginia she worshiped his genius.

Poe was very proud of his beautiful wife, and delighted to have strangers meet her. She possessed a voice of exquisite sweetness and sang beautifully. In their prosperous days they owned a harp and a piano. One evening while singing Virginia burst a blood vessel. Poe thought she was going to die and no words can describe his agony. He strove to drown his grief in drink, and in speaking of it afterwards he said, "I drank, God knows how much. My enemies referred the insanity to drink rather than the drink to insanity." His wife was the Annabel Lee of his poem—

And we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee.

Virginia improved slowly, and Poe took her to New York. He wrote to Mrs. Clemm describing their luxurious boarding-

house: "I wish Catrina the cat could see it; she would faint. No fear of starvation here. Diddie had a hearty cry last night because you and Catrina were not here. We hope to send for you."

Soon after his marriage they moved to Richmond, where he wrote chiefly critical reviews for the magazines; then he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," receiving a salary of ten dollars a week, but he criticised the American poets too severely, and this arrangement was soon broken up. He was not dismissed from the "Messenger" for irregularities as has been stated, but because he had the offer of a more lucrative position in Richmond. From Richmond he moved to New York on account of his wife's health, and while there wrote the caustic article about Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," for which article Griswold retaliated by writing Poe's biography.

Graham engaged him as editor of his magazine, but the slashing criticisms brought this engagement to an end very soon. Godey, of "Godey's Lady's Book," although threatened by withdrawal of patronage and libel suits, if Poe's criticisms did not cease, had manliness enough to stand by his contributor.

Poe as a critic was to American literature what Jeffrey was to English literature. He accomplished a reformation in America, the issues and points of which we have not yet fully realized. But after all Poe's permanent renown will not rest on his success as a critic, nor on his skill as a romanticist, but on his ability as a poet. America has never produced another such poet. He has not written a great deal, but what he has is of superb quality and is artistic in execution. As the years go by the world will recognize the truth of Victor Hugo's statement that he was the "Prince of American literature."

Poe said: "Poetry is a rythmical creation of beauty; its highest object pleasure, not truth." As a poet he possessed two fundamental attributes, melody and imagination, and he possessed these in a supreme degree.

He had an idea that no poem should exceed two hundred lines—hence we find only short poems issuing from his pen. His *Bells* was originally two short verses; he afterwards changed it. One verse is given to show its style:

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night,
 How they ring out their delight!—
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the future!—how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

By far his best effort is *The Raven*. The circumstances under which this was written will be interesting. He had engaged rooms in a boarding-house on the Bloomingdale road, then in the suburbs of New York, but now within the limits, hoping the rest and quiet would restore to health his idolized Virginia—the Lenore of the poem. His expectations were disappointed; she steadily grew worse, and when one stormy December night he saw her pale, pulseless, and apparently dead—in despair, half crazed from grief—not drink—he wrote the noted poem.

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore!

Then we can see how the raven, bird of despair, by continually croaking his "Nevermore" would goad the agonized spirit almost to frenzy—would goad even to desperation a man without religious faith to sustain him in the hour of death.

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night, Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken;
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

The change, as we have seen, did not benefit Virginia, and she failed rapidly. Poe himself was sick, and starvation stared them in the face. It is stated that they became so reduced in circumstances as to have nothing left them but a straw bed, counterpane and sheets. Virginia was in the last stages of consumption and in order to secure necessary warmth to prolong her life he wrapped his overcoat around her and placed her ever-faithful cat upon her breast. Every effort was made to increase the circulation of the blood which flowed so feebly, but all in vain—the poor child soon passed away beyond the home of suffering and want.

Poe, crushed in mind and heart, tried to bear up for Mrs. Clemm's sake, but finally his old enemy drink prevailed, and some even have unjustly accused him of eating opium to drown his sorrows.

Poe was not a hard drinker; a single glass of wine would reverse his whole nature and make him as one insane. Had he been the "dissipated, dissolute man" some would fain make us believe him to have been, would Mrs. Clemm have consented so readily to his marriage with her daughter, and continued her affection for him even after that daughter's death? He was refined in every instinct, gentlemanly in his bearing, and loving and winning in manner. He had a peculiar and irresistible charm in the tender reverence with which he approached women, which invariably won their love and respect.

While in Baltimore he was drugged and carried to the polls, and then left upon the streets as dead. He was taken to the hospital, where fever ensued, and died October 7, 1849, when only thirty-eight years of age. A friend who was with him at the time gives this as a truthful statement regarding him, and yet his enemies insist that he died of delirium tremens.

Let us throw the mantle of charity about him and try to forget his weaknesses while dwelling on his genius. He said: "I bitterly regret my follies, but my soul is not capable of dishonor."

The life of Poe is incomplete without reference to his prose writings. His *Tales* contain nothing refreshing, nothing morally uplifting, nothing humanizing. "The sunshine is not the sunshine of the fields, for it comes through dense foliage or colored glass. The winds blow from caverns and vaulted tombs. The color on the cheeks is hectic, the mirth hysterical. Everywhere are grief, madness, disease and death." While this is said there is a charm in the language itself—something swift and strong; there is a fascination ranging from terror to beauty and sublimity; there is a magic touch which removes all his scenes into the enchanted realm of the supernatural, and invests them with a sacred awe. One can not explain how the effects are produced, but that they are produced can not be denied. One of the defects, however, of his tales is that his char-

acters are not real human beings and never enlist sympathy no matter what agonies they suffer, nor does one feel disgust—because moved only by the horror of the situation. *The Black Cat* is possibly the best known of all his Tales; the underlying motive is the accusing conscience. His detective stories are good, especially *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*; so also are his tales of adventure. In *The Gold Bug* the climax is reached when the cryptogram is deciphered, and not when Captain Kidd's treasure is found. There have been in the literature of all nations tales in prose, tales in verse, tales legendary, romantic and humorous, but never any tales quite like Poe's. He was a genius of a rare order. When his *Murders of the Rue Morgue* appeared it was hailed with delight on both sides of the Atlantic, and it was translated into many languages. The "Revue des Deux Mondes" warmly endorsed it, and Dickens wrote the author a highly complimentary letter. Richardson, in his *American Literature*, places him in the front rank of American romanticists. The best English authorities have pronounced him "the greatest American genius," and Germany, Spain, and Italy have ratified this decision.

"Physically Poe was small—with a lofty forehead, and side head well developed. His eyes were large and lustrous; his dress was always scrupulously neat, and his whole bearing graceful and dignified. He was as courtly as Chesterfield in manner, and as knightly as Sir Philip Sydney in spirit. In domestic life he was as tender as a woman, and as a husband he was above reproach. Those who knew him longest and best assert that he was the soul of honor, having all the instincts of a gentleman." He never resorted to artificial stimulants to aid his literary labors, as other noted writers have done, but he drank only to drown disappointment and grief. Drinking deprived him of his intellect—did not whet it. Had his surroundings been different, had there been no necessity for struggling,

had he lived to have been appreciated, we know not what his life would have been.

In the words of Helen Whitman let it be said :

“Sleep restfully after life’s fevered dream—
Sleep, wayward heart, till on some cool bright morrow
Thy soul refreshed, shall bathe in morning’s beam.

Tho’ clouds and darkness rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time as a birthright shall restore thy glory
And heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.”

His works are :

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| Al Aaraaf, and Minor Poems. | The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym. |
| Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. | The Raven. |
| Eureka, a Prose Poem. | The Gold Bug. |
| The Fall of the House of Usher. | The Murders of the Rue Morgue. |
| The Purloined Letter. | A Descent into the Maelstrom. |
| The Facts in the case of M. Valdemar. | The Bells. |
| Annabel Lee. | The Philosophy of Composition. |
| The Mystery of Marie Roget. | The Haunted Palace. |
| To Helen. | Lenore. |
| Essays, Criticisms, and Short Poems. | Black Cat. |
| Cask of Amontillado. | Critical History of American Literature. |
| Critics and Criticism. | Hans Pfaal. |
| Israfel. | Literary Life of Thingum-Bob. |
| Masque of the Red Death. | Never Bet the Devil Your Head. |
| Poetic Principle. | Spectacles. |
| Tale of Jerusalem. | The Tell-Tale Heart. |
| Tamerlane and Other Poems. | Ulalume. |
| Tale of the Ragged Mountain. | The Power of Words. |
| | The Spirits of the Dead. |

EDWARD COATES PINCKNEY.

London, England.

1802.

1828.

NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

Edward Coates Pinckney was the son of William Pinckney, of Baltimore, Maryland, and in a History of Southern Literature can not be lightly passed by, for had he written nothing except *A Health* he would have ranked among the true poets of our land, as quality not quantity should be the test of genius.

He was born in London, while his father was Minister to England, and his first eight years were spent there. He then returned to Baltimore and entered St. Mary's College and remained until he decided to become a midshipman in the United States navy. After his cruise in the Mediterranean he returned to Baltimore to study law, and was admitted to the bar in 1824, but his habits of life did not fit him for legal investigations, and his poetic temperament did not harmonize with court-room contentions, so of necessity his practice was never lucrative. His health had been undermined by dissipations so that even in early youth he was a wreck physically.

He married the lady to whom his *Serenade* was addressed, and gave up law for literature. He was made professor of belles-lettres at the University of Maryland, and at the same time became editor of "The Marylander" in Baltimore. This brought him in a large income and an opportunity to exercise his talents.

His most ambitious effort was *Rodolph*, a poem in two cantos, written while he was cruising in the Mediterranean. The *morale* of this poem is decidedly questionable. It is a great pity that one of such genius should have so abused it. All

through his poems one finds a sullen, melancholy tone—dissatisfied with self and world. This probably came from his failure to secure some appointment which he wished under Commodore Porter.

At the time of his death, however, he was esteemed one of five best poets of America.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The carnage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—
The idol of past years.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health; and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

AMELIA WELBY.

Saint Michaels, Maryland.

1819.

1852.

NATIONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ERA

Amelia Coppuck was born at Saint Michaels, a small village on the Miles river, an arm of the Chesapeake Bay. While still an infant her father moved to Baltimore, where her early school days were passed. She was fifteen when her family moved to Louisville, Kentucky, and began to write poetry when quite a young girl. While her education had never been beyond the ordinary, her poems showed perfect rhythm and harmony, and were rarely blemished by any fault of rhetoric or grammar. These early efforts in the literary field were published in the "Louisville Journal," George D. Prentice then being editor. He was a man of keen appreciation of what was best in literature, so he recognized at once the ability of this young girl, and encouraged her to persevere. She sang her songs as the birds sing, and they came forth free and melodious without effort, because they came from the heart, therefore they were natural and reached other hearts. Edgar Allan Poe was a very severe critic, and never hesitated to point out faults in friend or foe. He had naught but praise for Amelia Welby, and writing of her said: "She had nearly all the imagination of Maria del Occidente, with more refined taste, and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear, and, what is surprising, equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her in the true poetic qualities," and adds further, "and few of our poetesses approach her." When it is taken into consideration that Amelia Coppuck had had no training in the nice distinctions that men and women of to-day have, and that her gift

of poetry was a God-given gift, her genius appears to be all the greater.

She was only eighteen or nineteen when she married George B. Welby, a merchant of Louisville, Kentucky, a man of wealth, culture and refinement, well-fitted to be the husband of a poetess. He took great pride in his beautiful, attractive and gifted wife. Beautiful she was said to be, yet there was some defect in her upper lip, and while it detracted from the otherwise beautiful outline of features, it gave a piquancy and charm to her expression that added to, rather than detracted from her beauty. Her hair was of exquisite shade, and regardless of any fashion she arranged it to suit her own fancy, and what she considered to be most becoming to her. While she had the manners of a child, simple and trusting, she was often impulsive and at times wilful and obstinate, but could always be controlled through her affections. Her friends idolized her, and wherever she went she was courted and flattered.

Her poems were collected and published in 1844 in Boston, and so popular were they from the first that four large editions were called for in four years. Another edition appeared in 1850 in New York, just two years before her death.

In the "Louisville Journal" there had appeared some beautiful poems by a Connecticut woman, Laura M. Thurston, signed *Viola*. Amelia, struck at once by the poetic genius of the writer, opened a correspondence with her, and they recognized in each other the congenial spirit. Whether they ever met is not recorded, but this much is known, that when she died in 1842 Amelia grieved for her as for a very dear loved one, and wrote those beautiful lines which were so applicable to her own life:

She has passed like a bird, from the minstrel throng,
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong.
Light as a bird were her springing feet,
Her heart as joyous, her song as sweet;
Yet never again shall that heart be stirred

With its glad wild songs like a singing bird.
 Never again shall the strains be sung
 That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue;
 The music is o'er, and Death's cold dart
 Hath broken the spell of that free glad heart.
 Oft at eve when the breeze is still,
 And the moon floats up by the distant hill,
 As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers
 And wreath my locks with the sweet wild flowers,
 I will think of the time when she lingered there
 With her mild blue eyes and her long fair hair;
 I will treasure her name in my bosom's core,
 But my heart is sad—I can say no more.

One of the gems among her poems is *Twilight at Sea* —

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
 As lightly and as free;
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand in the sea:
 For every wave, with dimpled face,
 That leaped into the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace
 And held it trembling there.

Amelia Welby's muse was a sad muse after this sorrow came to her. Her friends and loved ones noticed that a change had come over her, and after her death it seemed that it had been really a premonition. She had one child, a little boy, born two months before her death. She was only thirty-three when she died. *The Mountain Heart*, written a short while before this, shows how hard it was for her to throw off the gloom that had settled on her life.

Her pen was a ready pen, whether writing poetry or prose, and many extracts from letters to friends are given showing the care and grace with which she wrote. Coggeshall gives an illustration of this in an extract from a note, an answer to one purporting to be from Hamet Ali Ben Khorassan, Pasha of Turkey. A band of masqueraders had visited her home, and the leader had written her a note in true oriental style, and she answered it in the same way.

In her poetry she was never over-ambitious in the choice of subjects. She chose lowly themes because she knew them in the every-day experiences of life, and thus she touched other hearts. Publishers vied with each other in securing the privilege of publishing her poems, and seventeen editions were soon called for, showing that the volume found ready sale.

RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the raindrops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold,
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment uncloset
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow has passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by.
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

CHAPTER IV.

PART I.

The Later National Era

and

Early Days of the Republic.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET	1790-1870
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CHARLES ETIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRE.....	1805-1895
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS	1806-1870
MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.....	1806-1873
THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS.....	1806-1858
ROBERT MILLEDGE CHARLTON.....	1807-1854
ALBERT PIKE	1809-1891
OCTAVIA LE VERT	1810-1877
FRANCIS ROBERT GOULDING.....	1810-1881
ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.....	1814-1865
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THEODORE O'HARA	1820-1867

CHAPTER IV.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET.

Augusta, Georgia.

1790.

1870.

WRITER OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"His pen was never idle."

Longstréet is an old Dutch name. The Langstraats first came to America about 1657. They were always known as an ingenious and energetic people. The mother of Augustus Baldwin Longstreet had Norman blood in her veins, and could trace her lineage to 1607; so the sturdy Dutch and the vivacious, high-spirited Norman mingled in the blood of the boy. The outcome was a many-sided man—strong, courageous, humorous, and devout. It was from the mother, Hannah Longstreet, that the boy received his rich inheritance of physical and moral capabilities. The law of heredity is that great men have great mothers; like Hannah of old, the prayers of this faithful mother were answered in the career of the illustrious son. The boy was not happy at school, for he did not like to study, and he tells us himself that his teachers thought him a dunce, and treated him accordingly. Those were the days of brutalities and dunce-blocks. The boy was perched upon a stool and made to stand there for hours with a paper cap upon his head. One can imagine the mortification this must have brought to a timid, shrinking nature. A happy time

came when his father moved to Edgefield District, South Carolina. He revelled then in the freedom of the country. His highest ambition was to "outrun, outjump, outshoot and overthrow any man in the district." After two years he went back to the Richmond Academy, which he always called "that hated penitentiary." An incident, however, occurred at this time which changed his whole life. By some good providence George McDuffie was his room mate and bed fellow. George devoured with greediness every paper and book that he could lay his hand upon, and as he supposed his room mate would be as eager for knowledge as he himself, he always read aloud. It was thus that Longstreet acquired his first taste for reading. He noticed that his room mate knew twice as much as he did after the reading of the same books and papers. A determination seized him to rival him, if possible, and he began reading with care and studying what he read, and the result was marvelous.

After two years he left Richmond Academy and was put under the guidance of Dr. Moses Waddell, in South Carolina. His mental development was rapid and steady during these years. No one can estimate the influence of this Christian teacher upon the mind of the youthful pupil. The fragrance of his noble and beautiful life still lingers in the circles where he was known.

His stay in Carolina was productive of growth in political opinions as well as in character and book-learning. Taking sides with the States Rights party at this time, he never left it. He was public-spirited and intensely patriotic, and when in after years the battle waxed hot, he was restive until he entered the lists.

In 1811 he joined the junior class in Yale. He had been so well prepared by Dr. Waddell that he had no difficulty in taking the prescribed course there. He said that the two years spent there were the happiest of his life. He not only loved all

the professors at Yale, but he had a tender regard for all the people of New Haven. "That the young Georgia student who was all his life so intense in his Southern feelings found the people of New Haven so congenial to him—just like the people he had loved all his life—is not at all strange, for ignorance is the mother of prejudice."

After graduation he entered the law school in Litchfield, Connecticut. While there he "sat under the ministry" of Lyman Beecher, that giant in his day. No doubt he was one of the architects of Longstreet's character and career. He frequently alluded, with tears in his eyes, to the romance connected with his classmate, Alexander Fisher, and one of the daughters of Dr. Beecher. They were engaged to be married, and were in every way congenial. Fisher was sent to England on business connected with the college, and on his return was shipwrecked and lost. This strange providence really made Longstreet doubt the existence of God.

Returning to Georgia, he commenced the practice of law in 1815. His success was very rapid, and the people of the State soon realized that they had among them a young man endowed with genius of the highest order, and they took him to their hearts at once. Georgia has always been a good mother to her children, and when young Longstreet began to show the material of which he was made, he found himself enveloped in an atmosphere of warm and friendly feeling.

His reputation soon filled the State, and he was known as a finished and eloquent orator. His quick sympathies and generous nature made him very zealous and effective in the defense of all cases, but especially so in criminal cases. He identified himself so fully with his client that he usually won judge and jury to him. It is related of him that on one occasion he was defending a poor half-witted fellow, the son of a widow, for stealing sheep. The proofs of the client's

guilt were so plain that the only hope was to work upon the sympathies of the jury. He pictured the idiot most eloquently and pathetically as a fatherless youth, deprived of all parental guidance or discipline, the only support of his poor widowed mother—her last hope, and her only remaining comfort in the world. He pictured the sorrows and the hardships of that mother, if the boy should be convicted. The presiding judge, the jury, and the spectators were greatly moved at this overwhelming appeal. Longstreet himself was so wrought up by the sympathy he had enlisted that he exclaimed, "Look, gentlemen of the jury, look at my client as he sits there bathed in tears. You hold his fate in your hands." Turning as he spoke, the eyes of all in the court-room followed him, and there, behold! his client sat with a vacant stare munching a huge ginger cake! The court-room became convulsed with laughter, and Longstreet lost his case. The next year, 1822, he was made a judge, and it is as Judge Longstreet we know him best. His irrepressible humor, while it relieved the tedium of the court-room, never exceeded the bounds of judicial decorum and good taste.

It was while in Greensboro, Georgia, on professional business that he met Miss Frances Eliza Parke. This was a case of love at first sight, and the young lawyer set about winning this gentle, sweet-faced maiden. It was not a long courtship, for he was too ardent a lover for that, and she too little a coquette. They were married in 1817, when he was twenty-seven, and she a few years younger. They lived together fifty-one years, and after her death in 1878 he paid this tribute to her: "During all these years she never uttered one word or did one thing to wound my feelings." Judge James Jackson said she was a serious but a cheerful person, and not only looked like an angel, but ministered to her husband as only an angel could. After marriage they lived in Greensboro twelve years, and there their

oldest son was born and there he died. His mother-in-law died at the same time, and her husband's resignation at her death proved to Longstreet that there was something in religion which brought a comfort of which he knew nothing. He began at once to question about it, and did not rest until both his wife and himself became Christians. He gave up all chances and prospects of earthly preferment and joined the Methodist Conference to devote his life to the cause of his Master. He was first stationed in Augusta and was there during the scourge of yellow fever in 1828, and was untiring in his attention to the sick, the dying, and the dead. His daughter married L. Q. C. Lamar, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was some years after this, in 1840, that he became a teacher. It is strange to think of him in that capacity, as it was so contrary to all natural expectations, or to any plan or purpose of his own; but the Methodists felt the need of a college in the State under the control of their denomination. They knew there was a risk to run in calling Longstreet to the presidency of Emory, but it proved, however, that teaching was a gift with him. He did in that line the best work of his life, and his influence over his students can not be estimated. He not only affected the intellectual and moral development of those under his charge, but directed their political opinions as well. Georgia would have been a different Georgia without him. He was a Nullifier, standing with Calhoun on extreme States rights doctrine against the official head of the Democratic party at that time. He was also President of the Centenary College, Louisiana, and the University of Mississippi, and the South Carolina College, at Columbia.

It is Longstreet the writer that we should deal with in this sketch. He was always full of humor, and caught all that had fun in it. There lived in Georgia an element, which was scat-

tered throughout the South, called "crackers" or "po' white trash" by the negroes. These people were well-behaved and honest, but very ignorant, and have always been held in contempt by the negroes, and this contempt has increased as the negro has been educated above them. They had a dialect of their own—a dialect which still lingers in the rural districts of Georgia. Sketches of these people were brought out by Judge Longstreet, and the book was called *Georgia Scenes*. These scenes will be laughed over in Georgia as long as any memory of this class of people exists. Harper Brothers issued the book, and it had a wonderful sale, but after the author became a minister of the Gospel he was very much ashamed of these *Scenes* because of the coarse expressions contained in them, and tried to destroy all traces of the work.

At an early age he began to write for the press, and he was known for his aptness at "speech-making." His pen was never idle, and after he moved to Augusta he contributed to the "Augusta Sentinel," which was consolidated with the "Chronicle." His chief periodical contributions are to be found in "The Methodist Quarterly," "The Southern Literary Messenger," "The Southern Field and Fireside," "The Magnolia," and "The Orion."

As the author of *Georgia Scenes* and *Master William Mitlen* he was the first in the South to seize the comic aspects of life. When the articles which had appeared in magazines were collected and published in book form, the Harpers said that no more popular book had ever issued from the press than *Georgia Scenes*. His friends urged him to let them revise and republish it, but he refused. In spite of this they did it, and the Harpers sold eight thousand copies in a very short time. He was also noted for his letters, and ranks among the best in this delightful accomplishment.

Judge Longstreet was notoriously ugly, and it is related of

him that when he went to Litchfield to attend the law school he was immediately presented with the "big-horn knife." It seems that the custom of the college was to give this knife to the ugliest boy, so very soon after his arrival a student stepped up to him and handing him the knife said, "Look here, man, this knife belongs to you." "No," said Longstreet, "I never saw that knife before." "However," retorted the boy, "before you came it was mine, but I swear you are uglier than I am; take it."

In 1870 the genial writer, the Christian minister, the successful teacher passed away full of years and honors.

In the February, 1906, number of the "Bookman" attention is drawn to the unmistakable similarity (too close for an accident) in Thomas Hardy's "Trumpet Major" and Longstreet's "Militia Drill." The two are given there in parallel columns.

A SAGE CONVERSATION.

(Three old women over their pipes.)

MRS. SHAD: The old man likes a joke yet right well, the old man does; but he's a mighty good man, and I think he prays with greater libity than most any one of his age I most ever seed—don't you think he does, Mis' Reed?

MRS. REED: Powerful.

MRS. BARNEY: Who did he marry?

MRS. SHAD: Why, he married—stop, I'll tell you directly—why, what does make my old head forget so?

MRS. BARNEY: Well, it seems to me I don't remember like I used to. Didn't he marry a Ramsbottom?

MRS. REED: No, stay, I'll tell you who he married presently. Oh, stay! Why, I'll tell you who he married! He married old daddy Johnny Hooer's da'ter, Mournin'.

MRS. SHAD: Why, la! messy on me, so he did!

MRS. BARNEY: Why, did he marry a Hooer?

MRS. SHAD: Why, to be sure he did—you knew Mournin'?

MRS. BARNEY: Oh, mighty well; but I'd forgot that Brother Smith married her. I really thought he married a Ramsbottom.

MRS. REED: Oh, no, bless your soul, honey, he married Mournin'.

MRS. BARNEY: Well, the law me, I'm clear beat!

MRS. SHAD: Oh, it's so, you may be sure it is.

MRS. BARNEY: Emph, emph, emph, emph! And Brother Smith married Mournin' Hooer! Well, I'm clear put out! Seems to me I'm gettin' mighty forgetful somehow.

MRS. SHAD: Oh, yes, he married Mournin', and I saw her when she joined society.

MRS. BARNEY: Why, you don't tell me so!

MRS. SHAD: Oh, it's the truth. She didn't join till after she was married, and the church took on mightily about his marrying one out of society. But after she joined, they all got satisfied.

MRS. REED: Why, la! me, the seven stars is 'way over here!

MRS. BARNEY: Well, let's light our pipes, and take a short smoke, and go to bed. How did you come on raisin' chickens this year, Mis' Shad?

MRS. SHAD: La messy, honey! I have had mighty bad luck. I had the prettiest pa'sel you most ever seed till the varment took to killin' 'em.

MRS. REED and MRS. BARNEY: The varment!!

MRS. SHAD: Oh, dear, yes. The hawk caught a powerful sight of them; and then the varment took to 'em, and nat'ly took 'em fore and aft, bodily, till they left most none at all hardly. Sucky counted 'em t'other day, and there warn't but thirty-nine, she said, countin' in the old speckle hen's chickens that just come off her nest.

MRS. REED and MRS. BARNEY: Humph-h-h!

MRS. REED: Well, I've had bad luck too. Billy's hound-dogs broke up most all my nests.

MRS. BARNEY: Well, so they did me, Mis' Reed. I always did despise a hound-dog upon the face of the yea'th.

MRS. REED: Oh, they are the bawllinest, squallinest, thievishest things ever was about one; but Billy will have 'em, and I think in my soul his old Troup's the beat of all creators I ever seed in all my born days a-suckin' o' hen's eggs. He's clean most broke me up entirely.

MRS. SHAD: The lackaday!

MRS. REED: And them that was hatched out, some took on takin' the gaps, and some the pip, and one ailment or other, till they most all died.

MRS. BARNEY: I reckon they must have eat something didn't agree with 'em.

MRS. REED: No, they didn't; for I fed 'em every mornin' with my own hand.

MRS. BARNEY: Well, it's mighty curious!

A short pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Barney with: "And Brother Smith married Mournin' Hooer!"

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

Preston, Connecticut.

1802.

1870.

WRITER OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

George Prentice, though by birth a Northern man, moved to the South and became so thoroughly identified with her interests that it would seem amiss to omit his name in a history of Southern literature.

He was educated at Brown University, and, while entering upon the profession of law, soon saw that his tastes were more for literature, and so began in 1828 to edit the "New England Review" at Hartford. This paper was turned over to Whittier in 1830.

Greatly admiring Henry Clay, he came to Kentucky to gather materials for his life. He had no intention of remaining in the South, but so pleasant were his surroundings, and so charming did he find the Southern people, that he decided to make his home among them and settled in Louisville, where he established "The Courier-Journal." This paper soon became a power in Southern politics, in advancing the cause of Southern education and fostering the social interests of the South. Like Kennedy, Prentice began to encourage Southern writers by showing them their own possibilities. He was himself, at the same time, a writer of prose and poetry. These articles were witty, effective and always interesting.

His poems were collected and published in a volume by John Piatt. *Prenticeana* were witty, pungent paragraphs collected in book form. This and his volume of poems and *Life*

of *Clay* constitute his published work, except the newspaper editorials.

His best known poem is *The Closing Year*, which is rather somber in tone, but how could a poem on such a subject be anything but somber to one looking back upon lost opportunities, and unable to redeem the time. The poem reminds one of Bryan's "Thanatopsis," which is one of America's greatest poems, and it has also been compared to "Young's Night Thoughts."

When the War between the States came on, Prentice's Northern training was put to the test. He had bitterly opposed secession, and did not hesitate to say so, and had refused to side against the Union, and remained throughout loyal to it. He was obliged to suffer in many ways on this account, daily facing dangers, taunts and failures.

He died in 1870. There stands to-day in the Courier-Journal building in Louisville a fine statue of him, and his name will ever be remembered in journalism. Henry Watterson, his able successor, has given a beautiful memorial address, picturing in vivid colors the life and work of the founder of Kentucky's greatest journal.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train

Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe

In mournful cadences, that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
 Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time

For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
 Still chambers of the heart a specter dim.
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away—
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
 The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters the dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year

Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
 The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
 Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity. On, still on
 He presses and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar

Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries;
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train, `
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path.
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

CHARLES ETIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

1805.

1895.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The Patriarch of Southern Letters."—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

"He has the taste, faithfulness, and candor that characterized the Chevalier Bayard. He is a gentleman of the old school, *sans peur et sans reproche.*"—*E. T. Kaye.*

Charles Gayarré was born in New Orleans in 1805. His maternal grandmother was the daughter of Destréhan des Tours, Treasurer of the Louisiana colony while under the Dominion of France. His mother was Marie Elizabeth, a daughter of Étienne de Boré, who was one of the household troops of Louis XV.—a position of high honor, as only a patrician could aspire to membership in this corps. He it was who first introduced the sugar culture in Louisiana, and his portrait now adorns the walls of the New Orleans Sugar Exchange. Among the other ancestors of the historian may be mentioned the Grandprés who were among the founders of Louisiana. So much for a brief genealogical sketch of one who boasts "a lineage stainless and well-nigh princely"—in whose veins the best blood of France and Spain commingles.

He was educated in New Orleans at a college, in its day the finest in Louisiana, but which no longer exists. His college life is described in his *Fernando de Lemos*; fictitious names are used, of course, but easily recognized. He describes the peculiarities of his professors, the mode of instruction and discipline, the young boy equally devoted to study and fun—one instant deep in the translation of Tacitus or Livy, the next quite as deep in the quagmire of some boyish scrape.

When barely twenty-one he went to Philadelphia to study law. William Rawle, the author of a work upon the Constitution of the United States, was the acknowledged head of the bar in that city. Rawle's book on the Constitution was used as a text-book at West Point, and studied by Davis, Lee, Johnston and other Confederates. It taught them loyalty to the State when the Union was dissolved. Shortly after Gayarré returned to New Orleans he published a noteworthy contribution to the literature of that State, *An Historical Essay on Louisiana*. This was written in French, and attracted considerable attention; it was highly commended for its style.

In 1830 he was elected to the Legislature to represent his city, and, while a member of that body, was instrumental in preventing the passage of a bill to expel all free negroes from the commonwealth. He afterwards was appointed United States Senator from Louisiana. The Legislature had a Whig majority and no Democrat could be elected to the Senate without its support. It was discovered that Gayarré could get three Whig votes on personal grounds and was the only Democrat who could, and so it happened that he was elected. He was unfortunately prevented from serving his term on account of ill health. He sailed for Europe, and as three eminent French physicians had told him the return voyage would kill him, he resigned the senatorship and remained there eight years. During these years he was not idle, but busied himself with collecting material for his history (in French) of Louisiana. Beyond all controversy this *History of Louisiana* is the most valuable and attractive contribution to the literature of that State, and received the highest commendation from French writers of that day.

Judge Gayarré married a native Georgian, though at the time the lady was a resident of Columbus, Mississippi. He was on the eve of going to Europe with his bride when the war

clouds burst, and he then felt it his duty to remain and aid his country. He boldly gave utterance to his views on the subject of secession and maintained the correctness of the doctrine received from and held by his preceptor, William Rawle, the constitutional lawyer, of Philadelphia. It was argued that Louisiana could not withdraw from the Union, as she had been bought by the United States government. This question being brought to Judge Gayarré's attention, he demonstrated in a clear and satisfactory manner that the original States were not vested with any rights which Louisiana did not subsequently possess. "Sovereignty once acquired can not be lost, except by complete and permanent subjugation or by voluntary abdication," he contended. In his *Address to the Confederate Congress* he urged the arming of slaves, and a conclusion of a treaty with England and France, recognizing the independence of the Southern States, based upon the gradual emancipation of the slaves. The plan was favorably received, but it was thought best to wait a little longer, and thus was lost the opportunity of putting out the only "plank which might have floated their section out of the engulfing waves of the revolution."

His writings are numerous, but we must mention here only the articles by which he effectually demolished George Cable's "Freedman's Case in Equity." By these articles he gained for himself the appellation of "The Champion of the South." His *Creoles of History and Creoles of Romance* were also written to refute unjust and untrue accusations made by the same writer.

Judge Gayarré lived to be ninety years old; his mental activity was remarkable, and his interest in all vital questions of the day undiminished to the day of his death. He was a gentleman of the old school, marked by courtesy, dignity, affability and independence of thought. He was greatly honored in the community where he so long resided.

His two novels *Fernando de Lemos* and *Aubert Dubayet* contain interesting incidents pertaining to Louisiana life, sometimes pathetic and sometimes humorous; for instance the humor is seen when Judge Papillon decides his case with the help of two peas which he drew from his pocket—"black for defendant, white for plaintiff."

In *Aubert Dubayet* there is a picture of both the French and the American revolutions, and a fitting tribute is paid to that Louisianian who shared with Kléber the honor of defending Mayence.

He died in 1895, and was buried in New Orleans.

His works are:

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| An Historical Essay on Louisiana. | Dr. Bluff in Russia; or the Emperor |
| History of Louisiana (French). | Nicholas and the American Doctor. |
| Romance of the History of Louisiana. | The History of Philip the Second of |
| The School for Politics; a Dramatic | Spain. |
| Novel. | Fernando de Lemos. |
| The Influence of the Mechanic Arts | Aubert Dubayet, or the Two Sister |
| on the Destinies of the Human | Republics. |
| Race. | Biographical Sketch of Governor John |
| Addresses and Lectures. | Rutledge of South Carolina. |
| A Sketch of General Jackson, by | The Southern Question. |
| Himself. | Historical Sketch of the Two Lafittes. |
| Address to the Confederate Congress. | Historical Sketch of Washington's |
| Oaths, Rebellion and Amnesties. | Surrender at Fort Necessity to |
| The Creoles of History and the Cre- | Francois Coulton de Villiers. |
| oles of Romance. | |

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1806.

1870.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The best novelist America has produced since Cooper."—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

William Gilmore Simms, one of the greatest and most prolific writers the South has produced, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806. His mother died when he was an infant, and his father was called to fight the Seminoles, so the child was left to his grandmother's care. This devoted guardian spared neither time nor pains in training him. Her means were limited, so that she could not give him the educational advantages that she desired, but what personal oversight could do—this she freely gave. His father, removing to Mississippi, wished to take his only child, and a lawsuit followed which resulted in William Gilmore's staying in Charleston, according to his own wishes. His genius early developed, for at seven he wrote verses, and at nineteen he had published a book—his *Monody on Pinckney*. He acted as clerk for a short time in a drug-store, and afterwards studied law, but by the time he was twenty-one he had fully made up his mind that law was not his forte, his tastes being more for literary work; realizing this, he bent all his energies in that direction. Volume after volume issued from his brain, reminding one of Scott. He wrote too rapidly to write carefully, although Poe called him the best novelist America had produced after Cooper; but his style lacked finish, elegance, and accuracy. There is no doubt that "he possessed immense fertility, a vivid imagination, a

true, realistic handling of whatever he touched." He has done more than any other writer to preserve the early history and local traditions of his native State. His novels are almost wholly Southern, and most of the scenes are located in Carolina; some are historical, but all serve to reproduce Southern and Southwestern life. He became editor and part owner of the "Charleston City Gazette," which took the Union side in politics in Nullification days. After a struggle of five years the paper failed and all the money invested, of course, was lost. This left him in poverty. He felt it necessary now to work, and to work hard and fast. Then began that long series of volumes which never ceased until three years before his death. It was said his "pen was never idle." He is known chiefly as a writer of fiction. His best novel is generally conceded to be *Yemassee*, and his best known poem is *Atalantis, a Tale of the Sea*, which is the longest of his poetical works. His *Song of the Zephyr* is very fine. His home was in Charleston, but half of the year was spent on his plantation near Midway, South Carolina, which he called "Woodlands." The place was a beautiful one, surrounded by live-oaks and long-leaf pines—trees peculiar to the Southern States, from which hangs in festoons that beautiful, long gray moss. He here dispensed a wide hospitality, and did most of his writing. He was for many years a member of the South Carolina Legislature, and came within one vote in 1846 of being elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State. The University of Alabama conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In the War between the States Simms joined the Secessionists, and his property suffered great damage from the Federal troops when they entered Charleston.

He was twice married. His first wife lived a very short time; he then married Miss Roach, the daughter of a wealthy planter of the Barnwell district in South Carolina.

His position in connection with the press gave him an oppor-

tunity to aid other writers, which he freely did. Nor was this kindness confined to his own section—to all he lent a helping hand. Although his writings are so numerous there is not one which does not present some worthy and truthful quality. His *Donna Florida*, a tale of Spanish life, was severely criticised, and said to be on the “Don Juan” style, but although it was written when the author was quite young, and may have been “modeled after the ‘Don Juan’ style,” there is nothing vicious or wicked in it.

The German author Leatsfield copied from his works, and the pages translated from *Guy Rivers* have been praised abroad as superior to anything else done by Americans in describing their own country.

“His novels may be divided into four classes, those of a purely imaginative character, those founded on general history, the series of revolutionary stories, and the romances or border tales.” No American author has drawn more frequently from local or revolutionary history to give interest to his narratives.

His works are:

Monody on General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney,	Lyrical and other Poems,
Three Days of Blood in Paris,	Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal,
Atalantis, a Story of the Sea,	Donna Florida, a Tale,
Southern Passages and Pictures,	Arcytos, or Songs of the South, 1846,
Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies,	The Eye and the Wing,
Lays of the Palmetto,	The Cassique of Accabee, a Tale of Ashley River,
Poems, Chiefly Imaginative,	Michael Bonham, or the Fall of the Alamo,
The City of the Silent,	The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of the Congaree,
Norman Maurice, or the Man of the People,	The Sword and the Distaff,
Katherine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester,	Richard Hurdis, a Tale of Alabama.
Woodcraft or Hawks about the Dovecote,	Mellichampe, a Legend of the Santee,
Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia,	The Partisan, a Tale of the Revolution,
Border Beagles, a Tale of Mississippi,	War Poetry of the South,

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| The Yemassee, a Romance of
Carolina, | Beauchamp, a Tale of Kentucky,
Helen Halsey, or the Swamp State of
Conelachita, |
| The Golden Christmas, a Chroni-
cle of St. John's, Berkeley, | Pelayo, a Story of the Goth, |
| The Lily and the Totem, or the
Huguenots in Florida, | Carl Werner, Confession of the Blind
Heart, |
| The Wigwam and the Cabin,
Marie de Berniere, or a Tale of the
Crescent City, | Castle Dismal, or the Bachelor's
Christmas, |
| South Carolina in the Revolution,
Life of Francis Marion, | History of South Carolina,
A Geography of South Carolina, |
| The Life of Chevalier Bayard, | The Life of John Smith, |
| The Book of My Lady, | The Life of General Greene, |
| Father Abbot, or the Home Tour-
ist, a Medley, | Views and Reviews of American His-
tory, |
| The Morals of Slavery, | Egeria, or Voices of Thought and
Counsel, |
| The Social Principles, the True Se-
cret, of National Permanence, | The Pro-Slavery Argument,
The True Sources of American Inde-
pendence, |
| The Battle of Fort Moultrie, | Poetry of the Practical, |
| The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and
other Poems, | The Moral Character of Hamlet. |

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR SPIRIT.

I have come from the deeps where the sea-maiden twines,
In her bowers of amber, her garlands of shells;
For a captive like thee, in her chamber she pines,
And weaves for thy coming the subtlest of spells;
She has breathed on the harp-string that sounds in her cave,
And the strain as it rose hath been murmur'd for thee;
She would win thee from earth for her home in the wave,
And her couch in the coral grove, deep in the sea.

Thou hast dream'd in thy boyhood of sea-circled bowers,
Where all may be found that is joyous and bright,—
Where life is a frolic through fancies and flowers,
And the soul lives in dreams of a lasting delight!
Wouldst thou win what thy fancies have taught to thy heart?
Wouldst thou dwell with the maiden now pining for thee?
Flee away from the cares of the earth, and depart
For her mansions of coral, far down in the sea.

Her charms will beguile thee when noonday is nigh,
The songs of her nymphs shall persuade thee to sleep,
She will watch o'er thy couch as the storm hurries by,
Nor suffer the sea-snake beside thee to creep;
But still, with a charm that is born with the hours,
Her love shall implore thee to bliss ever free;
Thou wilt roam with delight through her crystalline bowers,
And sleep without care in her home of the sea.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

Spottsylvania County, Virginia.

1806.

1873.

WRITER OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Matthew Fontaine Maury came from old Huguenot stock. His ancestors settled in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, and there Matthew Fontaine was born in 1806. His early education was acquired as was that of all children upon Southern plantations, that is, by a mother's instruction first, and by a private tutor afterwards. If Maury attended college later the sketch of his life in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* does not mention it. He was nineteen years of age when he became a midshipman in the American navy, and but for an accident in 1839, that so badly lamed him as to make an active life impossible, he might have ended his days in the navy, and we would never have known him as the "Geographer" and scientific writer, and so it may truly be said that "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." His experience as a traveler while in the navy gave him much of the material which he used afterwards in his writings. He encountered in his cruises experiences with cyclones, hurricanes and fierce north winds, and being of a turn of mind to investigate the causes of such things he gave to the world the result of most of the investigations. Currents and other nautical phenomena have been presented by him in his *Treatise on Navigation*. He was a very practical man, and always strove to render navigation more secure and economical. This book of his was for a long time used as a text-book in naval academies. He wrote a *Physical Geography of the Sea*, but so much has been discovered since Maury's time that this book is no longer used as a reference.

After his lameness had unfitted him for active service he was placed in charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments, and from this has grown the United States Naval Observatory and Hydrographic Office. He was tireless in his efforts to make his work while there practical, and prepared log-books which he gave to captains of vessels that they might daily record their observations concerning the winds and currents. In nine years sufficient material had thus been collected to make two hundred manuscript volumes. These investigations led to an international conference held at Brussels in 1853. One of the results of this conference was the establishment of the Meteorological Department by the British Board of Trade.

He published his *Letters on the Amazon and the Atlantic Slopes of South America* in 1855. His own country appreciated his genius. He was promoted in his work and held in very high esteem. In 1861 the War between the States occurred, and Maury left his post in the Naval Observatory and came South to give his services to his own State. Flattering offers came from foreign governments, but all were patriotically rejected. He was elected Commodore in the Confederate navy. He was later sent abroad by the Confederate government in the interest of submarine experiments. When the war ended and everything that he had invested had been swept away, he decided to go to Mexico, and there he became a member of the cabinet of the ill-fated Maximilian. When his fall came, Maury went to England and resided there until 1868. A handsome testimonial raised by public subscription was presented to him upon leaving. Louis Napoleon was very anxious to put him at the head of the Imperial Conservatory at Paris, but this he declined in order to accept the Chair of Physics at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, Virginia, and he began to study the physical resources of his own beloved Vir-

ginia. His *Physical Geography* appeared in 1864 and his *Manual on Geography* in 1871. This last has been very widely used in all schools in the South. His other works are *Astronomical Observations* and *Letters Concerning Lines of Steamers Crossing the Atlantic*. When the discussion came up about laying the cable across the Atlantic, it was Matthew Maury who presented the plan that was accepted and which solved the problem. He died at his home in Virginia, 1873.

Humboldt says Maury was the founder of a new science. Millard Fillmore in his second annual message pays the following tribute to him: "The advantages of science in nautical affairs have rarely been more strikingly illustrated than in the fact stated in the report of the navy department that by the means of the wind and current charts, projected and prepared by Lieutenant Maury, the superintendent of the naval observatory, the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ports of our country has been shortened by about forty days."

Mrs. Corbin, his daughter, wrote a life of her father called *Life of Commodore Matthew F. Maury*.

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS.

Wilkes County, Georgia.

1806.

1858.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Thomas Holley Chivers, a Georgia poet, was born in Wilkes county in 1806. He was graduated by private tutors in his father's family, then was sent to Yale to complete his studies. After graduation there he studied medicine, and received his diploma, although he did not become a practicing physician, because he was a man of large means and felt little the necessity to work for the money it would bring.

While at Yale he met the young lady who afterwards became his wife. He went to New York to begin his literary career. His poems *Fiat Justitia* and *To Allegra Florence in Heaven* appeared as early as 1839, and in 1842 his first volume, *The Lost Pleiad and Other Poems* (which included these two poems) was published. While in New York Dr. Chivers met Edgar Allan Poe and the two became warm personal friends. Poe at this time was editing "The Broadway Journal," and when Dr. Chivers's poems were published he wrote the following criticism about them:

"The volume before us is the work of that *rara avis*, an educated, passionate, yet unaffectedly single-minded and single-hearted man, writing from his own vigorous impulses—from the necessity of giving utterances to poetic passion—and thus writing not to mankind, but solely to himself. The whole volume has, in fact, the air of a rapt soliloquy. The poems are numerous and the thesis is one—death. The poet seems to have dwelt among the shadows of the tombs until his very soul has become a shadow. The composition is a marvel, and as a mar-

vel we commend it to our readers. It is a marvel in this respect that any poet can write sixty or seventy poems and in them can be found no trace of Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge or Tennyson."

In 1897 his daughter, Mrs. Louise T. Hodges, wrote an article in answer to some inquiries about her father, and quoted from an old scrap book, her object being to show that Poe evidently received his idea of the "Raven" from her father's *To Allegra Florence in Heaven*.

TO ALLEGRA FLORENCE IN HEAVEN.

"Holy angels now are bending
To receive thy soul ascending
Up to heaven to joys unending,
And to bliss which is divine;
While thy pale, cold form is fading
Under death's dark wings now shading
Thee with gloom which is pervading
This poor, broken heart of mine.

"And as God doth lift thy spirit
Up to heaven, there to inherit
Those rewards which it doth merit,
Such as none have reaped before;
Thy dear father will, to-morrow,
Lay thy body with deep sorrow
In the grave which is so narrow,
There to rest forevermore."

The similarity in meter may be striking in the two poems, but not sufficient to prove that Poe was guilty of plagiarism. There is a sad note, as Poe said, in all that Dr. Chivers wrote, but there was a reason for it, because it came from a sad heart. His first six children one after the other were taken from him by death, so the poet literally did live "in the shadow of the tombs."

His poems, *Isabel*, *Rosalie Lee* and *Isadore*, have the meter

and ring of Poe's writings, but the question is which were written first. Mrs. Hodges says her father's poems antedated Poe's. Dr. Chivers died in 1858 at his home, "Villa Allegra," in Decatur, Georgia.

ISADORE.

While the world lay round me sleeping
 I, alone, for Isadore,
 Patient vigil lonely keeping—
 Some one said to me while weeping,
 "Why this grief forevermore?"
 And I answered, "I am weeping
 For my blessed Isadore."

When the voice again said, "Never
 Shall thy soul see Isadore!
 God from thee thy love did sever—
 He has damned thy soul forever—
 Wherefore, then, her loss deplore?
 Thou shalt live in hell forever!
 Heaven now holds thine Isadore.

"She is dead—the world benighted—
 Dark for want of Isadore!
 Have not all your hopes been blighted,
 How can you be reunited?
 Can mere words the dead restore?
 Have not all your hopes been blighted?
 Why, then, hope for Isadore?"

"Back to hell, thou ghostly horror!"
 Thus I cried, dear Isadore.
 "Phantom of remorseless sorrow,
 Death might from thee pallor borrow—
 Borrow pallor evermore—
 Back to hell again! To-morrow
 I will go to Isadore!"

ROBERT M. CHARLTON

Savannah, Georgia.

1807.

1854.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Robert M. Charlton, the son of Thomas U. P. Charlton, of South Carolina, was born in Savannah in 1807. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty and became a brilliant lawyer; he was sent to the Legislature in 1828, became district attorney, became judge of the Supreme Court at the age of twenty-seven, afterwards twice mayor of Savannah, and United States Senator from Georgia, filling the place made vacant by John McPherson Berrien. He was a poet of unusual ability, and his poems appeared at intervals in the home papers, and then were collected in book form in 1838 under the title *Leaves from the Portfolio of a Georgia Lawyer*. He married in 1829 Miss Margaret Shick, the daughter of a large capitalist of Savannah. He also wrote several books of prose. He was a polished speaker and was called on for many literary addresses. He died in Savannah, 1854, leaving four children, Robert Milledge, prominent in Confederate service; Mary, who married Julian Hartridge, a distinguished lawyer of Savannah; Margaret, who married Captain Charles P. Hansell, of Thomasville, and Walter Glasco, who married Mary Walton, the eldest daughter of Richard Malcolm Johnston. This last and youngest son has inherited in great measure his father's literary abilities. He is a prominent lawyer of Savannah, and has made literary addresses sufficient to fill many volumes. He has been greatly interested of late in the erection of the monument to General Oglethorpe, the founder of the Georgia colony, and his address upon that subject is a literary gem well worth preservation.

BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

A child sat by a limpid stream
And gazed upon the tide beneath;
Upon her cheek was joy's bright beam,
And on her brow a blooming wreath.
Her lap was filled with blushing flowers,
And as the clear brook babbled by,
She scattered down the rosy showers
With many a wild and joyous cry,
And laughed to see the mingling tide
Upon its onward progress glide.

And time flew on, and flower by flower
Was cast upon the sunny stream;
But when the shades of eve did low'r,
She woke up from her blissful dream.
"Bring back my flowers," she wildly cried,
"Bring back my flowers I flung to thee!"
But echo's voice alone replied,
As danced the streamlet down the lea;
And still amid night's gloomy hours
In vain she cried, "Bring back my flowers!"

Oh, maiden! who on time's swift stream
Dost daily see thy moments flee,
In this poor child's delusive dream
An emblem thou may'st find of thee.
Each moment is a perfumed rose,
Into thy hand by mercy given,
That thou its fragrance might dispose,
And let its incense rise to heaven;
Else, when death's shadow o'er thee lowers,
Thy heart will wail, "Bring back my flowers!"

ALBERT PIKE.

Boston, Massachusetts.

1809.

1891.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

The parents of Albert Pike while not possessing much of this world's goods did possess what was much better, an appreciation of education, and so their boy was encouraged to pursue a course at the public school which fitted him to teach so that he might later secure the means for further advancement at Harvard. Albert inherited a native talent and love for learning, and received his A.M. degree from Harvard University with apparently little difficulty. At twenty-five years of age he went to Little Rock, Ark., and there began his literary career, writing articles for different periodicals. While practicing law, he tampered with politics and became a well-known States rights politician. When the war with Mexico began he was made captain of an Arkansas cavalry company, and proved a fearless soldier. In the War between the States he was made brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and distinguished himself for bravery. When the war ended and there was nothing that could be done in the law, he was forced to turn again to literature for a support, and began writing for the papers, and finally became the editor of the "Memphis Appeal." In the later years of his life his attention was turned more to things of interest in connection with the Masons. He held a high position among them, and moved to Washington City where he became the head of the Free Masons of the South.

Albert Pike had a very striking personality. He was quite tall, several inches over six feet in height, and had size to cor-

respond. His face was handsome, lighted up usually with a bright smile. He made friends wherever he went.

He was a true poet, as his *Every Year* will show.

He had many eccentricities, and one was in regard to chickens; he petted them and studied them, and said a hen and a woman were very much alike. He carried a wagon-load of chickens through the war, turning them loose in the camp, not fearing that they would wander off or be enticed for a soldier's bill of fare. In Washington, as soon as he made a home for himself, he bought a wagon-load of young chickens for his farm yard.

In such high esteem was he held by the Masons they wished him to travel through Europe to bring about closer relations between those of the Scottish rite there and those in our country. As a representative of the great South he was unwilling to go unless he could travel in a style befitting the people. The sum of ten thousand dollars was necessary to carry out his plans, but as this large amount could not be so quickly raised, the scheme failed.

He died at the advanced age of eighty.

EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness	It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;	Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness	As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year.	Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,	I care not now for dancing,
Nor do autumn fruitage thicken,	Or for eyes with passion glancing,
As they once did; for they sicken	Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.	Every year.
Life is a court of losses	The days have less of gladness,
Every year;	Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses	The nights have more of sadness,
Every year;	Every year.
Lost spring, with sobs replying,	Fair springs no longer charm us,
Unto weary autumn's sighing,	The wind and weather harm us,
While those we love are dying,	The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.	Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,	To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;	Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,	And the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;	Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,	Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
The ghosts of changed friends	In the evening's <u>dusk</u> they greet us,
haunt us,	And to come to them entreat us,
And disappointments daunt us,	Every year.
Every year.	
Of the loves and sorrows blended,	"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;	"Every year."
Of the charms of friendships ended,	"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;	"Every year."
Of the ties that still might bind me,	"You can win no new affection,
Until time and death resign me,	You have only recollection,
My infirmities remind me,	Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.	Every year."
Our life is less worth living,	Too true! Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;	Every year;
And briefer our thanksgiving,	And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;	Every year;
And love, grown faint and fretful,	Old places, changing, fret us,
With lips but half regretful,	The living more forget us,
Averts its eyes, forgetful,	There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.	Every year.
Ah! how sad to look before us,	But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;	Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er	And its morning-star climbs higher,
us,	Every year;
Every year;	Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
When we see the blossoms faded,	And the heavy burden lighter,
That to bloom we might have aided,	And the dawn immortal brighter,
And immortal garlands braided,	Every year.
Every year.	

Thank God, no clouds are shifting,
 Every year;
 O'er the land to which we're drifting,
 Every year;
 No losses there will grieve us,
 No loving faces leave us,
 Nor death of friends bereave us,
 Every year.

TO THE MOCKINGBIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world I hear
 Thy many voices ringing through the gloom
 Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
 Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
 And floods the heart. O'er the sphered tombs
 Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide;
 No light from History's star-lit page illumines
 The memory of these nations; they have died;
 None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
 O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
 Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
 The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
 Where none in other's honesty believe,
 Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
 Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
 Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
 Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
 Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
 No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
 Among the sweet musicians of the air
 Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
 Goes floating through the tangled passages
 Of the still woods, and now it comes again,
 A multitudinous melody—like a rain
 Of glassy music under echoing trees,
 Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
 With a bright harmony of happiness,
 Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
 Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become
 With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
 And part like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I can not love the man who doth not love,
 As men love light, the song of happy birds;
 For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
 To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
 Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
 Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun
 Into the depths of heaven's blue heart, as words

From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I reveled in such songs, and sorrowed when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with Nature—but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow-checkered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliancy of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard;
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illumine.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and, from thy swelling breast,
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

Bellevue (Near Augusta), Georgia.

1810.

1877.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Octavia—what—the Eight? If Gracious Heaven
Hath made eight such—where are the other seven?" -

—*John Pierpont.*

The "Sweet Rose of Florida," as Fredrika Bremer called Madame Le Vert, was born near Augusta, Georgia, in 1810. She was perhaps in her day more widely known than any other woman in America. She acquired with great facility the languages and idioms of different nations, so that she was perfectly at home in any group whether the representatives were of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, or of her own country.

George Walton, the grandfather of Madame Le Vert, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was a native of Virginia but early moved to Georgia and became thoroughly identified with all the interests of that State, and when the siege of Savannah took place was found leading his regiment, and received a wound in the service of his country.

He became a member of the first Congress that convened at Philadelphia, and afterwards was made Governor of Georgia and Judge of the Supreme Court. He had married an English woman, Miss Camber, and at the beginning of the Revolution she was anxious to go back to her old home, but when she found her "rebel husband" would not leave his country in her hour of need, she remained by his side, and with true womanly devotion followed him through all the perilous days which succeeded. She was taken prisoner and carried to the West

India Islands, and her little granddaughter, the subject of this sketch, listened with delight to the thrilling narratives with which she charmed her childhood days. She always kept as cherished mementos letters from General Washington, Lafayette, Adams, and Jefferson, which this grandmother gave her.

Madame Le Vert was the daughter of George Walton, the second son, who married Miss Sally Minge Walker, of Georgia. Octavia was born at Belle Vue, near Augusta, Georgia, but, her parents removing soon afterwards to Florida, all her early associations were connected with the sunshine and flowers of Pensacola. This city was the rendezvous of the United States vessels of the Gulf Station. The well-educated and chivalric officers formed a large element in the society to which our authoress was accustomed. This gave her an ease of manner which was remarkable in one so young. At twelve she could converse in three languages with facility, and was often taken to her father's office where, seated upon a high stool, she would interpret with the greatest ease and correctness his foreign dispatches.

When the seat of government was moved to Tallahassee, Octavia begged to call the new capital by the Indian name which means *beautiful land*. The old Indian chief Neamathla became very fond of her, and called her the "White Dove of Peace."

Lafayette on his visit South wrote to Octavia's grandmother to meet him in Mobile, but on account of her old age and infirmities she knew this would be impossible, so she sent her little granddaughter to represent her. When the old hero saw the child he burst into tears and caught her to his heart, exclaiming, "The living image of my brave and noble friend!" He held her upon his knee, listening spellbound to her fluent use of his native tongue. He folded her again to his heart

and blessed her fervently, and said when she left the room: "A truly wonderful child! I predict for her a brilliant career."

Octavia was never a pupil of any school; her mother and grandmother, both women of intellect and culture, vied with each other in developing her in early life, and private tutors were provided for her in later years. She and her brother had an old Scotch teacher, who was a fine classical scholar and linguist. Then travel did much towards her education—she made a tour of the United States, having *entrée* to the most select circles of each city of the Union. Everywhere she was a reigning belle.

The mode of travel in those days was by stage. It happened that during one of the journeys a strange gentleman took a seat in the coach, and became greatly interested in the conversation of the young girl and her brother. Good breeding forbade that they should ask each other's names, and yet curiosity was rife. He commenced describing graphically a bullfight that occurred in Spain, with some incidents peculiar to that particular occasion. Octavia exclaimed, "Oh, where have I heard that before?" "I am sure that you can not have heard it before," said the narrator, "for it has never been recorded, and you have never been to Spain."

Octavia stopped a moment to think, then her whole face brightened and she said, "You are Washington Irving," "And pray why do you think I am Washington Irving?" he replied. "Oh!" she answered, "because, whoever told me of this incident said Washington Irving was by his side when it occurred."

A friendship sprang up between the two, and once and again Octavia Walton was the guest at "Sunnyside," and the host said upon her leaving, "I feel as if the sunshine were all going away with you, my child." Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were her personal friends, and she frequently heard their speeches in the Senate during Jackson's administration. Henry Clay said of her, "She has a tongue that never spoke an evil word of any one."

It was in 1836 that she married Dr. Henry Le Vert, of Mobile, Alabama. He was the son of the Dr. Claude Le Vert, who was the fleet surgeon that came over with Lafayette. In the palace of Versailles is a large painting representing a reception given by Washington and his officers to Rochambeau. The fine head and commanding person of Dr. Le Vert is quickly recognized. Dr. Henry Le Vert's mother was related to Admiral Vernon, for whom Lawrence Washington named "Mount Vernon," and this Madame Le Vert, the granddaughter of George Walton, was largely instrumental in having Mount Vernon built. It was while visiting among the poor in Mobile that Octavia Le Vert met the kind-hearted and handsome physician. She who was then called "The Belle of the Union" knew as well how to minister to the sick and suffering as to preside in a fashionable drawing-room.

Thirteen happy years of married life passed and sorrows came which saddened and depressed this cheerful nature; she lost her much-loved brother and two of her children in the same year. Friends persuaded her to visit Europe in 1853, upon an invitation from the Duke of Rutland, and in 1855 she went again. It was on her second visit that she wrote her *Souvenirs of Travel*. This book excels in descriptive power. We feel in reading it as though a fairy had spirited us over the sea, and were leading us by the hand through fairyland. She next translated Dumas's "Musketeers" and "The Pope and the Congress." She had planned *Souvenirs of Distinguished People*, but a painful accident prevented its accomplishment. It was Lamartine who first suggested her becoming a writer. Madame Le Vert was describing her sojourn in Spain to him, and he exclaimed, earnestly, his poet eye beaming with conviction, "Madame, you have a gift of which you are unaware. You are a natural *improvisatrice*. Now, because you are not an Italian you can not be an *improvisatrice*, but you can be a *writer*; you can fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation by

describing what you have seen to them, as you are now delighting me. Will you remember, Madame, when your tour is over, to give to the world souvenirs of your European travel?"

No sketch of her is complete unless special mention is made of her devotion to her mother. The filial relation was never more fully exemplified. It was frequently the case that mother, daughter, and granddaughter attended the same party, and danced in the same quadrille. Nor must the devotion of mistress and maid be overlooked, for Betsy the mulatto attendant seemed really to live for no one else than her much-loved "Mistress Octavia." After her slaves were freed they begged her to allow them to stay and work for her as they had always done. "We do not want freedom," they said, "if it takes us from you." Betsy never left her.

Madame Le Vert died in 1877. Her mother and husband had died before, the former in 1860, the latter in 1864. Crushed by these sorrows she led a quiet and secluded life for many years. Afterwards friends urged her to go North with her two daughters, and there in New York she was the center of a literary and fashionable circle.

Her descriptive powers are best shown in her *Moonlight in Venice*, *The Way Over the Simplon*, *The Ascent and Eruption of Vesuvius*, and *The Golden and Silver Illuminations*.

Virginia French in writing of her said, "She writes as the bird sings, because its heart is gushing over with melody; she writes as the flower blooms, because it is bathed in dew, fanned by the breeze and kindled by the sunshine till it bursts its inclosing petals, and lavishes its fragrance and sweet life upon the air."

Prejudiced by no sectarian dogmas, influenced by no sectional jealousy, she opened wide the portals of her heart, and folded the whole world of humanity in her loving and kindly embrace.

FRANCIS ROBERT GOULDING.

Liberty County, Georgia.

1810.

1881.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC

The writer of *Young Marooners* has done for American literature what Daniel DeFoe has done for English literature. He wrote a book that every boy and girl delights to read, and one confesses himself ignorant of juvenile literature by acknowledging that he has not read it; and like "Robinson Crusoe" one can read it, and read it again with renewed interest. It is a helpful and charming story, well told and in the main truthfully told, for it is founded upon facts connected with the life of the author and his own family. Robert and Frank were his own sons, and Mary that "scalded the bear" was his daughter, now Mrs. Helmer, of Macon, Georgia. The incident about "Blue-eyed Mary" happened to his own wife when she was a child. Harold was his nephew, for many years an inmate of his family, and his real name was Jett Howard. Judy the faithful old servant is drawn from life, and lived until her death in 1894 in Atlanta, Georgia, on Piedmont avenue; "Betsy Rucker, the church's mother," she was called. She was as loyal to the family to the last as she was in the days of *Young Marooners*. When the Federal troops took possession of Macon she left her own children, then quite young, and hurried to the hospital where Miss Mary Goulding was acting as matron, and with arms clasped around her young mistress stood guard until she knew all danger had passed. Afterwards she begged to be allowed to give all her wages to the support of the family who were then impoverished by the war, and was really grieved when this request was denied her.

The encyclopædias give very little of the life of Dr. Goulding. From acquaintances and friends of the family, the following facts have been gained :

His father was Rev. Thomas Goulding, D.D., a Presbyterian minister, and the first of that denomination that was a native of Georgia. He was also the first President of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina. He was descended from the old Puritan Colonists, who founded Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1630, and who subsequently settled Dorchester, South Carolina, and the Midway district in Georgia. Such a strong love of liberty had been handed down to these settlers in Georgia that, before the colony had declared its independence, the Parish of St. John, into which the Midway district had been merged, sent Dr. Lyman Hall to the First Continental Congress. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and in commemoration of this the county was called Liberty. This was the birthplace of Francis Robert Goulding, but his early childhood was passed upon the sea-coast near Savannah, Georgia.

His mother was Ann Holbrook, of Walcott, Connecticut, the daughter of Nathan Holbrook of Revolutionary fame, who bravely fought from the battle of Bunker Hill to the surrender at Yorktown.

When Frank was only ten years old his parents moved to the up country, near Lexington, Georgia. He was sent to Athens to enter a preparatory school; there he remained until fitted for Franklin College, afterwards the University of Georgia. He entered the sophomore class in 1827, taking a high stand, and was graduated in 1830. After this he took a two years' course in the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, his father having founded the institution. Graduating in 1833 he married Miss Mary Wallace Howard, of Savannah. She proved a helpmeet indeed for him, for becoming

interested in Foreign Missions she expressed a willingness to go with her husband to this field of labor, if he thought that his duty called him there. At her request Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was set to music by Dr. Lowell Mason. She had a fine soprano voice, and it is said that when she sang it in the choir of the Independent Presbyterian Church at Savannah, it was its first presentation to the world. Physical infirmities prevented her and her husband from undertaking the missionary work; but has she not accomplished by this song much good, since it has echoed from every quarter of the globe where American missionaries have gone?

Dr. Goulding entered upon his ministerial work, taking charge of the churches at Concord and Harmony in Sumter county, South Carolina. During the first year he had calls from Columbus and Greensboro, Georgia. He declined the former in favor of his father, but accepted the latter, where he remained two years and then went to Washington, Georgia. Becoming an agent for the Bible Society soon after, he had ample opportunity for the study of nature, and for acquiring those habits of observation which enabled him to write so helpfully afterwards.

In 1842, while in Eatonton, Georgia, he conceived the idea of the sewing machine, and to this Georgian is due the first practical sewing machine that was ever known. During 1845 the year before Howe's patent was issued, or Thirmonnier had patented his, Goulding's sewing machine was in use. He said in his journal, "Having satisfied myself about this machine, I laid it aside that I might attend to other and weightier duties," and thus it happened that no patent was applied for.

In 1843 he took his family, now consisting of six children, to Bath, a small village near Augusta, Georgia; he spent eight happy and useful years there, and as his pastoral duties

were very light he devoted his leisure time to writing. In 1844 he published *Little Josephine*, a story of the early piety of a little girl, Josephine Anderson, whom he knew in Washington, Georgia, and then he began his *Young Marooners*, upon which his fame chiefly rests. It was the habit of the author to read aloud to his wife and children what he had written during the day, profiting by his wife's literary culture, and revising what the critical jury of the little people found difficult to understand, and cutting out those portions which tired and failed to interest them.

The book was first called *Robbins and Cruisers Company*, afterwards *Robert and Harold, or the Young Marooners*. Three years were spent in revising and correcting it, and it was originally much longer than it is now. The family has always regretted that it was not published as it was first written. The manuscript was burned during the war. In 1852 William Martin & Co., of Philadelphia, consented to publish it. The manuscript was first sent to a New York house, but rejected, and finally it was sent to Philadelphia; the reviewer glanced at it, then listlessly put it aside for another review. Later listlessly picking it up again he handed it to his little daughter, who literally devoured it. He, like Louisa Alcott's publisher, argued that what will interest one child will interest many. Then he read it himself and, becoming interested in it, could not lay it aside until long after midnight; early in the morning he hurried to the publishers, and insisted upon the book being brought out at once. Three editions followed rapidly the first year, and it was reprinted in England and Scotland. He reserved the copyright until 1887, when Dodd & Mead, the present publishers, bought it. Dr. Goulding always tried to teach good, practical lessons in his writings. For instance, after reading *Young Marooners*, one never forgets what must be done in case one is struck by lightning, or what to do in

case of impure air, or if no fresh water is near how the salt water may be made fresh; how to treat a drowning person; how to relieve a burn, and how to cure a snake bite—all instruction of real benefit to mankind.

His wife's health failed, and in order to restore it Dr. Goulding moved his family to Kingston, Georgia, hoping that the mountain air would benefit her. In the summer of 1853 she died, leaving six children. Her husband then opened a select school for boys in Kingston, devoting his leisure moments to notes on the *Instincts of Birds and Beasts*. He knew Professor Agassiz, and frequently conferred with him upon this and kindred subjects.

In 1855 he married Miss Matilda Rees, the daughter of Ebenezer Rees, of Darien. His wife owned a beautiful home in Darien, so they moved there soon after their marriage, as his heart had longed to return to the scenes of his boyhood. He resumed his pastoral duties, alternating for six years between Darien and Baisden's Bluff. He spent many years studying the subject of Light, corresponding with Faraday and other scientists. The result of these researches was his paper on *What is Light?*

Broken down by study and malaria, he was forced every summer to seek the air of the mountains to recuperate. When the War between the States began, he took measures to relieve the sick and suffering soldiers that were encamped around Darien. In 1862, when the town was evacuated and burned by the Federal forces, Dr. Goulding's library was totally destroyed, and he went to Macon, and opened a select school for young ladies. There, too, he ministered to the sick and suffering soldiers in the hospitals around Macon.

Friends urged him to revise *Young Marooners*, which he did, and had an edition published in Macon. Then he compiled a *Soldier's Hymn Book* for use in the Confederate army,

and afterwards sent articles to the Army and Navy Journals entitled *Self Helps and Practical Hints for the Camp, the Forest, and the Sea*.

The war ended—the financial resources of the South were completely exhausted—his own resources were entirely gone, so his pen was all that was left with which to obtain a support for his family. He became a contributor to the various literary journals and moved to Roswell, near Atlanta. The scenery in this beautiful hill country of upper Georgia he has graphically described in his later works. Friends urged him to write a sequel to *Young Marooners*, which he did and called it *Marooner's Island*. *Frank Gordon* followed; this contained scenes from his childhood upon the seacoast. Lorenzo Woodruff, his dearest boy friend, upon whose memory he delighted to dwell, is described in the *Woodruff Stories*.

His last years were a struggle for life, on account of asthma. His sufferings were intense. He felt that death was inevitable, and he was prepared for it. In the early morning of August 22, 1881, he calmly passed away. He is buried in the little cemetery at Roswell.

Of his first family he left two sons and two daughters, and of the second a widow and two daughters. His personal appearance was not unattractive; he was of medium height, and was well proportioned; he had a genial, winning manner, and a wonderful fund of information. His love for young people led him to devote his time to works that would give them pleasure, rather than to the domain of science, which would have given himself a greater literary reputation as well as more pleasure. Combining with unselfish traits of character unaffected piety, his life proved one of unusual usefulness.

His other works are:

Sapelo, or Child Life in the Tide- Tahlequah, or Life Among the Cher-
water, okees,

Nacoochee, or Boy Life from Home.

EXTRACT FROM YOUNG MAROONERS.

Toward the close of the week, the weather gave indications of a change. A heavy looking cloud rose slowly from the west, and came towards them, muttering and growling in great anger. It was a tropical thunderstorm. The distant growls were soon converted into peals. The flashes increased rapidly in number and intensity, and became terrific. Mary and Frank nestled close to their father; and even stout-hearted Harold looked grave, as though he did not feel quite so comfortable as usual.

"That flash was uncommonly keen," Robert remarked, with an unsteady voice. "Do you not think, father, it was very near?"

Instead of replying, his father appeared to be busy counting; and when the crash of thunder was heard, jarring their ears, and making the earth quiver, he replied:

"Not very; certainly not within a mile."

"But, uncle, can you calculate the distance of the lightning?" Harold asked.

"Unquestionably, or I should not have spoken with so much confidence. Robert imagined, or most people do, that a flash is near in proportion to its brightness; but that is no criterion. You must calculate its distance by the time which elapses between the flash and the report. Sound travels at the rate of about a mile in five seconds. Should any of you like to calculate the distance of the next flash, put your finger on your pulse, and count the number of beats before you hear the thunder."

An opportunity soon occurred. A vivid flash was followed after a few seconds by a roll, and then by a peal of thunder. All were busy counting their pulses. Mary ceased when she heard the first roll, exclaiming, "Five!" The others held on until they heard the loud report, and said "Seven." Dr. Gordon reported only six beats of his own pulse, remarking: "That flash discharged itself just one mile distant. Our pulses are quicker than seconds, and yours quicker than mine. Sound will travel a mile during six beats of a person of my age, and during seven of persons of yours."

"But," father," argued Mary, "I surely heard the thunder rolling when I said five."

"So did I," he answered, "and that proves that although the lightning discharged itself upon the earth at a distance of a mile, it commenced to flow from a point nearer overhead."

The young people were so deeply interested in these calculations that they felt less keenly than they could have imagined possible the discomfort of the storm. This was Dr. Gordon's intention. But at last Mary and Frank winced so uneasily when flashes of unusual brightness appeared, that their father remarked:

"It is a weakness, my children, to be afraid of lightning that is seen and of thunder that is heard—they are spent and gone. Persons never see the flash that kills them—it does its work before they can see, hear or feel."

At this instant came a flash so keen that it seemed to blaze into their very eyes, and almost simultaneously came a report like the discharge of a cannon. Dr. Gordon's lecture was in vain; all except Harold and himself started to their feet. Frank ran screaming to his father. Mary rushed to a pile of bedding and covered herself with the bed-clothing. Robert looked at Mary's refuge with a manifest desire to seek a place beside her. Harold fixed his eye upon his uncle, with a glance of keen inquiry.

"This is becoming serious," said the doctor anxiously. "Something on the premises has been struck. Stay here, children, while I look after the servants. *Your safest place is in the middle of the room*, as far as possible from the chimney and walls along which the lightning passes."

Just then William rushed in to say that the horses had been struck and killed.

"Call all hands," said the doctor. "Throw off the shelter instantly and let the rain pour upon them; and bring also your buckets and pails."

The children crowded to the door to see what damage had been done, but he waved them back, saying that during a thunderstorm an open door or window is one of the most dangerous places about a house. They quickly retired; Mary and Frank going to the bed and Robert taking a chair to the middle of the room, drew his feet up from the floor—Harold's remark was characteristic:

"I wish uncle would let me help with the horses. I am sure that is the safest place in this neighborhood, for I never saw lightning strike twice at the same spot."

One of the horses was speedily revived by the falling rain. The other continued for an hour or more to all appearance dead. The servants continued to pour buckets full of water upon the lifeless body until it was perfectly drenched. The servants would have ceased their efforts had it not been for the master's decided "Pour on water! Keep pouring!"

"Hurrah, boys! he's coming to," called out William.

"Take strips of blanket and start the blood to flowing more rapidly," said Dr. Gordon.

Two of the servants continued to pour on water and the others violently rubbed the head, neck, legs and body. As soon as the animal was able to swallow Dr. Gordon ordered a drench of camphorated spirits and left him in the care of the servants.

"I have shown you," he said upon leaving, "how to treat a horse struck by lightning; treat a person the same way. Pour on water by the bucketful; then rub hard, and then give some heating drink. *Don't give up trying for half a day.*"

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

Columbia, South Carolina.

1814.

1865.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Alexander Beaufort Meek was born at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1814, and when quite a small boy his father, Dr. Samuel Meek, moved to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and so it happened he was educated at the University of Alabama, but later was graduated from the University of Georgia law school at the age of twenty-one. He studied law under Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin in Athens, who was a member of the faculty in the law school connected with the University, and it meant a great deal to have as an instructor such an eminent man as Judge Lumpkin. He returned to Tuscaloosa to practice and was very successful. He was persuaded to take the place as editor of "The Tuscaloosa Flag of the Union." This brought him not only into politics, for he held many positions of trust in his State, such as judge, member of the State Legislature, Speaker of the House and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but in spite of these honors it allowed him time and gave him encouragement to "dabble" in literature; songs and poems kept appearing over his name, not only in "The Tuscaloosa Flag," but in "The Southern" and the "Mobile Register," which he later edited. Then other papers and magazines copied these songs and poems and solicited more.

In 1857 he collected these children of his muse and published them under the name of *Songs and Poems*. His *Red Eagle*, an Indian poem, had appeared in 1855 and received praise from eminent critics, but his later work was received with even greater enthusiasm. Had not the war cloud interfered with literary aspirations one can not estimate what the encourage-

ment given to these two volumes of poems might have meant and perhaps greater fame still would have been granted to the poet.

Alexander Meek possessed many qualities that make a great man. He was an orator and knew how to sway men with his words; he was a historian and knew how to search for and record facts; he was a poet and could court the muse in a very entertaining way; he was an editor bringing forth stirring editorials that roused his people to do and dare. There seems to be no question in regard to his being responsible through his pen and personal influence for the establishment of the public schools in the State of Alabama; then he was a patriot, for when his country needed him in the Seminole War he was active in responding and became lieutenant in that service. No doubt his poem *Red Eagle* was suggested at this time, for it is an Indian tale. *Red Eagle* was an Indian chief, and the traditions concerning him are most interesting. This story was included in *Romantic Passages in South-Western History*, and this book is full of romantic and marvelous incidents of the early history of Alabama, such as DeSoto's march to the Mississippi, the Battle of Mauville, and the defeat of the great Indian king, Tuscaloosa, or Black Warrior, the Canoe Fight of Dale, or Sam Thlucco, or "Big Sam," as he was called by the Indians, and the attack on Fort Mims. Besides this work he left unfinished a poem, *Pilgrims of Mount Vernon*, and a *History of Alabama*.

Meek's poetry possessed sweetness and fine lyric quality and often one finds true harmony, but there is found also lack of finish and in many respects the work of an amateur only; when this is said, however, one must remember he was comparatively young when his work was done, and his poems were written under the stress of political and newspaper engagements. All the poets of the South at this period had much to contend with, and excuses for unfinished work at this time may be accepted that would not be tolerated at a later date. His

best known poems are *The Battle of Balaklava*, *The Land of the South*, and *The Mocking Bird*.

He died at his home in Columbus, Mississippi, where he had moved after the War between the States. He lived a while in Washington City when he was Secretary of the Treasury, then when President Polk gave him the position of attorney for the Southern district of Alabama, in 1845, he moved to Mobile, Alabama, and lived there twenty years and edited while there "The Mobile Register." His lifelong friend was William Gilmore Simms, and together they loved to discuss and plan literary work.

BALAKLAVA.

O the charge at Balaklava!
 O that rash and fatal charge!
 Never was a fiercer, braver,
 Than that charge at Balaklava,
 On the battle's bloody marge!
 All the day the Russian columns,
 Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
 Poured their dread destructive volumes
 On the French and English ranks—
 On the gallant allied ranks!
 Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
 By the loud, incessant thunder!
 When a strange but stern command—
 Needless, heedless, rash command—
 Came to Lucan's little band;
 Scarce six hundred men and horses
 Of those vast contending forces:
 "England's lost unless you save her!
 Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge!
 Far away the Russian eagles
 Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
 And their hordes, like howling beagles,
 Dense and countless, round them yell!
 Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
 Sweep the field in every quarter!
 Never, since the days of Jesus,

Trembled so the Chersonesus!
 Here behold the Gallic lilies—
 Stout St. Louis' golden lilies—
 Float as erst at Ramillies!
 And, beside them, lo! the Lion!
 With her trophied cross, is flying!
 Glorious standards! shall they waver
 On the field of Balaklava?
 No, by heavens! At that command—
 Sudden, rash, but stern command—
 Charges Lucan's little band!
 Brave six hundred! lo! they charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
 Where the crowded cannon play—
 Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
 Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli—

Down the gorge they swept away!
 Down that new Thermopylæ,
 Flashing swords and helmets see!
 Underneath the iron shower,

To the brazen cannon's jaws!
 Heedless of their deadly power,
 Press they without fear or pause—

To the very cannon's jaws!
 Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
 At the field of Roncesvalles,
 Dashes down the fatal valley.
 Dashes on the bolt of death,
 Shouting with his latest breath,
 "Charge then, gallants, do not waver,
 Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
 Rend that little band asunder,
 Steed and rider wildly screaming,
 Screaming wildly, sink away;
 Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
 Now but lifeless clods of clay—
 Now but bleeding clods of clay!
 Never, since the days of Jesus,
 Saw such sights the Chersonesus!

Yet your remnant, brave six hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,
Till they storm the bloody pass—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass,
Sab'ring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli;
In that wild shot-rended valley—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass at Balaklava!
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back,
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave two hundred!
Thrice your number lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep;
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire—
That tempestuous storm of fire—
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod the field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava—
Honor to each hero's name!
Yet their country long shall mourn
For her ranks so rashly shorn—
Gallantly, but madly, shorn
In that fierce and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

Land of the South! imperial land!
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam,
Thou hast a dearer spell to me—
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
 Unequaled, to the sea—
 Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
 And green with verdure be!
 But not for thy proud ocean streams,
 Not for thine azure dome—
 Sweet Sunny South! I cling to thee—
 Thou art my native home!

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
 Beloved of tale and song—
 On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
 Where nature's wonders throng;
 By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
 Where gods, of old, did roam—
 But ne'er have found so fair a land
 As thou, my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories, too,
 Than nature ever gave—
 Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
 And Freedom's pinions wave—
 Fair science flings her pearls around,
 Religion lifts her dome—
 These, these endear thee, to my heart—
 My own, loved native home!

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine—
 God bless thy rosy girls!
 Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine—
 Their hearts are pure as pearls!
 And grace and goodness circle them,
 Where'er their footsteps roam—
 How can I then, whilst loving them,
 Not love my native home!

Land of the South! Imperial land!
 Then here's a health to thee—
 Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
 May'st thou be blest and free!
 May dark dissension's banner ne'er
 Wave o'er thy fertile loam—
 But should it come, there's one will die
 To save his native home!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

Martinsburg, Virginia.

1816.

1850.

WRITER OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Philip Pendleton Cooke was born at Martinsburg, Virginia, October, 1816. He was graduated at Princeton, and studied law with his father. Like his younger brother, John Esten Cooke, he had little taste for the profession and devoted himself more to literature and field sports. He was known as the greatest huntsman of the Shenandoah Valley. He was a brilliant talker, and impressed every one with whom he came in contact by his dignity of carriage and intellectual ability. His only literary work that took book form was *Froissart, Ballads, and Other Poems*, although he contributed regularly to the "Knickerbocker" and "Southern Literary Messenger." His *Florence Vane* is more widely known than any of his other poems, although others that attracted attention are *To my Daughter Lily*, and *Rosa Lee*. He wrote also in prose, the best of his tales being *John Carpe*, *The Crime of Andrew Blair*, and *The Gregories of Hacknow*. He was writing a novel, *Chevalier Merlin*, which was appearing in serial form, at the time of his death in 1850.

John Pendleton Kennedy was a first cousin of John Esten and Philip Pendleton Cooke, and was a writer of known ability.

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plane—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

'Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
'Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

THEODORE O'HARA.

Danville, Kentucky.

1820.

1867.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Theodore O'Hara was the son of an Irish political exile noted for piety and learning. He was twenty-six when he entered the United States army; he served through the Mexican war, and was made major for gallantry there. As soon as the war ended he commenced the practice of law in Washington City, but when the trouble in Cuba began, with other Kentuckians he "embarked in that ill-fated enterprise." He commanded one of the regiments, and was badly wounded in an engagement.

Upon his return to the United States he entered the field of journalism and for a time was connected with the "Mobile Register," the "Louisville Times" and the "Franklin Yeoman." He was peculiarly fitted for an editor; his knowledge was deep, and his "glowing sentences flashed like jewels from his gifted pen."

It was while connected with the "Mobile Register" that his *Bivouac of the Dead* appeared. The Legislature of Kentucky caused the dead of that State who had fallen at Buena Vista to be brought home and buried at Frankfort, where a monument was erected to their memory. O'Hara was chosen as the orator and poet of that occasion. The eulogy he delivered then is sufficient to immortalize him. It was written in 1853.

In 1861 O'Hara drew his sword in defense of the South. After the war ended he found himself penniless, and moved to Columbus, Georgia, to engage in the cotton business. In 1867 he died near Guerrytown, Alabama.

Upon the Crimean battlefield, the resting-place of English heroes, there stands a great monument on which shine O'Hara's matchless words, copied from *The Bivouac of the Dead*, and yet England did not know from whom she borrowed. Perhaps the anonymous character of the poem has caused it to be used in memorializing the dead of the Union army, for it is to be doubted if the Grand Army of the Republic would have been so lavish in the use of these lines had it known that they were written by one who was an officer in the Confederate army. Over the National Cemetery at Washington the first stanza appears, and at Antietam and other national cemeteries the entire poem, stanza by stanza, is reproduced on slabs along the driveway.

O'Hara lies in the burying-ground at Frankfort, Kentucky, but not a line of his noted poem is upon the slab above him. He died just across the Chattahoochee River, on the Alabama side, in 1867. By an act of the Kentucky Legislature his body was removed to Frankfort, but this action was prompted more on account of the part he bore as hero in the Mexican war than because he was the author of an elegy written about that war.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight hours
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife

The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;

The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them, here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
Where many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

CHAPTER V.

Women Writers of the National Era, and Era of the Early Republic.

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN.....	1794-1888
CAROLINE LEE HENTZ	1800-1856
LOUISA SUSANNAH M'CORD.....	1810-1880
ANN ELIZA DUPUY.....	1814-1881
MARY BUNCE PALMER (SHINDLER)	1814-1833
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EMMA DOROTHY SOUTHWORTH.....	1818-1899
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SALLY ROCHESTER FORD.....	1828-1903
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LEE COHEN HARBY.....	1849

CHAPTER V.

Women Writers of the National Era,

and

Era of the Early Republic.

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

1794.

1888.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Caroline Howard, the daughter of a Boston shipwright, was born in Boston, 1794. She was left an orphan at three and her mother moved to the country, and it was there her early childhood was spent. She was a very precocious child, far too precocious sometimes, to credit the statements made, for it is stated that she remembered her baptism which occurred when she was five weeks old, could describe the aisle of the church, the minister bending over her and touching her with his wig, the cold November day, and other points that were startlingly true. Possibly it is the most wonderful instance of infantile memory recorded. She was writing verses at ten, and was only sixteen when her *Jephthah's Rash Vow* was written.

In 1819 she married Rev. Samuel Gilman, pastor of the Unitarian church of Charleston, South Carolina, and that city was afterwards her home. She became thoroughly identified with the South, and hence is claimed as one of the Southern writers.

She started a paper for little children, *The Rose-Bud*, in 1832, the first child's paper ever published in America, not forgetting *Youth's Companion* for children of older growth established by Willis's father in 1827. It later became *The Southern Rose*, and was a helpful, useful paper in its day. Her genius was mainly directed to the entertainment and instruction of children. During the War between the States she spent much time in the country on one of the large plantations there. She pictures this life in a poem called *The Plantation*.

Life wakes around,—the redbird darts
Like flame from tree to tree;
The whippoorwill complains alone,
The robin whistles free.

The humming-bird with busy wing,
In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet blossom floats,
And sips the tube he loves.

The myrtle tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

There towering with imperial pride
The rich magnolia stands;
And here in softer loveliness
The white-bloomed bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully;
Idly I twine its wreaths,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air
The frequent blossom breathes.

One familiar with Southern scenes can picture each object as she describes it—the chinquapins, chestnuts, and hickory-nuts ripe, and all the songs of the birds so often seen in this sunny clime. She was in Charleston when the invading army passed through, and her *Letters from Eliza Wilkinson during the Invasion of Charleston* were written soon after; the scenes described were witnessed by her own eyes.

Her works are *The Ladies' Annual Register for 1838*, *Ruth Raymond or Love's Progress*, *The Poetry of Traveling in the United States*, *Recollections of a Housekeeper*, *Recollections of a New England Bride*, *Recollections of a Southern Matron*, *The Rose Bud Wreath*, *Verses of a Lifetime*, *Gift-book of Stories and Poems for Children*, *The Humming-bird*, *The Little Wreath*, *Oracles from the Poets*, *Sibyl: or New Oracles from the Poets*, *Oracles from Youth*, *Stories and Tales for Children*, and *Tales and Ballads*.

Her daughter, CAROLINE HOWARD JERVEY, born in Charleston, 1823, was also a writer of tales, poems and novels.

She married first Mr. Glover, and then in 1865 Mr. Jervy. During the War between the States she was a widow and lived with her mother in Charleston.

All that she wrote was full of cheer, lively fancy and graceful thought. She was not her mother's peer in literary achievements. She published *Vernon Grove* and *Helen Courtenay's Promise*.

Spring-time is one of her best poems. One verse is:

"Last eve the moon on modest twilight smiled,
And told the stars 'twas spring;
She swept the wave,—deliciously it gleamed;
She touched the birds, and woke them as they dreamed,
A few soft notes to sing."

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Lancaster, Massachusetts.

1800.

1856.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Caroline Lee Whiting, the daughter of Colonel John Whiting, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, was born there in 1800, and married in 1824 a lawyer of Metz.

She was a very popular writer of romances—real love stories, the best of which was *Ernest Linwood*. Her husband, Professor N. W. Hentz, a teacher of reputation, moved to Alabama in 1834. She had before this written for magazines, and her poem, *De Lara, or The Moorish Bride*, a tragedy in five acts, won the prize of five hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Pelby of the Boston Theater.

Although of Northern birth, so thoroughly did Mrs. Hentz become identified with the South, and so perfectly has she portrayed the habits and customs of her adopted land, that she can only be regarded as one of this section. She was one of the few writers to lay the scenes of her romances in Alabama. She loved that State, and delighted to portray it.

Her husband taught with George Bancroft, the great historian, in his school at Metz. Then he decided to move to North Carolina, later to Cincinnati, later still to Florence, Alabama, and at all of these places he and his wife taught. For nine years they remained in Florence, and in 1843 Professor Hentz accepted the position of president of a school for girls in Tuscaloosa. Two years later he moved to Tuskegee, Alabama, and finally to Columbus, Georgia.

Her works are very numerous, and one is surprised that she could accomplish so much in a literary way while so employed as mother and teacher.

In 1856 she visited her son, Dr. Chas. A. Hentz, of Marianna, Florida. There she arranged for the publication of her last and best novel, *Ernest Linwood*. She died while on this visit, and never realized the great success of the book.

It is not only as a writer that Mrs. Hentz should be esteemed, but as wife, mother, teacher, friend; she brightened the pathway of all wherever she went by her womanly and motherly acts of devotion. She left two daughters, Mrs. George P. Keyes and Mrs. Branch, of Montgomery, Alabama, and two sons in Marianna, Florida.

Her husband was also a writer, the author of *The Valley of the Shenandoah, or Memorics of the Graysons*.

Mrs. Hentz's works are:

Robert Graham,	A Legend of the Silver Wave,
Linda, or the Pilot of the Belle Creole,	Helen and Arthur, or Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel,
Aunt Patsy's Scrap Bag,	Wild Jack or the Stolen Child,
The Mob Cap,	The Banished Son, and Other Stories,
The Planter's Northern Bride,	Courtship and Marriage,
Lovell's Folly,	Eoline or Magnolia Vale.
Marcus Warland,	
Rena,	

LOUISA SUSANNAH McCORD.

Columbia, South Carolina.

1810.

1880.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

Louisa Susannah McCord, born at Columbia, South Carolina, 1810, was the daughter of Langdon Cheves, a very prominent statesman of South Carolina. She was educated at Philadelphia in the best schools of that city. In 1840 she met David James McCord, who was the law partner of William C. Preston, of Columbia, who was a very noted orator and lawyer of that day, rivaling, it was said by some, his uncle Patrick Henry as a speaker. Mr. McCord was a very genial man, had an inexhaustible stock of amusing anecdotes, was an omnivorous reader, and always the life and pervading spirit of any circle in which he was found. He had frank, attractive manners, rendered even more engaging because he was so strikingly handsome. He had at first formed a partnership with Henry Junius Nott, who was bent more on literature than on law, so McCord dissolved this partnership and formed the connection with Preston. But the literary inclinations of his former partner had influenced him somewhat in the direction of letters, and very soon his heart acknowledged a divided allegiance. It was then that he made the acquaintance of Miss Cheves, and her literary tastes and inclinations harmonizing with his own, they found mutual interests which later ripened into love and marriage.

Their home was a large plantation, "Langsyne," near Fort Motte on the Congaree. Mrs. McCord was a model wife and mother. She conducted a hospital for the negroes on this plantation, where she personally attended to the wants of her slaves, setting a fractured limb, or administering medicines as needed. She also directed the education of her children, and kept in

touch with literary men and women through their writings, and at the same time studied the modern European languages.

Later in life her husband retired from active practice and spent his leisure moments among his books, enjoying the delightful association of friends and the dear ones of the home circle. When he held the office of State Reporter his work consisted of published law reports. He died in 1855.

Louisa McCord was a remarkable woman in her day and generation. She was a strong character, capable of accomplishing deeds worthy of the other sex, but she realized woman's power lay in her home. She wrote an article on *Woman's Duty*, which appeared in the *Southern Quarterly Review* in 1852. The article was headed *Enfranchisement of Woman*, and she answered some strong points that had been urged in favor of Woman's Rights. She said, "Woman will reach the greatest height of which she is capable—the greatest, perhaps, of which humanity is capable—not by becoming *man*, but by becoming more than ever *woman*. By perfecting herself, she perfects mankind. She has no right to bury her talent beneath silks or ribands, frippery or flowers; nor yet has she the right, because she fancies not her task to grasp at another's, which she imagines is easier. She has no need to make her influence felt by a stump speech, or a vote at the polls; nor has she need to be gratified with a seat in Congress or enter the scuffle for presidential honors. She may find duties enough, cares enough, thought enough, wisdom enough, to fit a martyr for the stake, a philosopher for life, or a saint for heaven. Woman's condition certainly needs improvement, but all improvement must be brought about by working with, not against, Nature's laws. Woman, seeking as a woman, may raise her position—while seeking as a man will degrade it."

Her works left on record are *Caius Gracchus: a Tragedy*, *My Dreams* (poems), *Sophisms of the Protective Policy* (French), and *Magazine Articles*.

She died in 1880.

ANN ELIZA DUPUY, born at Petersburg, Virginia, of an old Huguenot family, was the author of *The Conspirator*. Her father's death left her in reduced circumstances, and she became a governess in the family of Mr. Ellis, of Natchez, Mississippi. It was while there that she met Catharine and Eleanor Ware, afterwards Mrs. Warfield and Mrs. Lee. These literary friends made her desire to write, and her story of Aaron Burr was published under the title of *The Conspirator*. It was such a success financially that she felt it was no longer necessary to lead the confining life of a governess, and she gave her entire time to her literary work. She wrote very systematically—four hours in the morning, then rested, and spent the afternoon in revising her morning work. She moved to Flemingsburg, Kentucky, and entered into a contract with the New York Ledger to furnish one thousand pages of manuscript annually.

Miss Dupuy's writings are of the sensational order, and filled with murders, robberies, madness, corpses, and all other horrible things. Especially is this true of *The Planter's Daughter*, a story of Southern life, in which the scenes are laid near New Orleans.

Her other works are *Meeton, a Tale of the Revolution*, *Celeste*, *The Separation*, *The Divorce*, *The Coquette's Punishment*, *Florence, or the Fatal Vow*, *The Concealed Treasure*, *Ashleigh, a Tale of the Revolution*, *Emma Walton*, *The Country Neighborhood*, and *The Huguenot Exiles*.

MARY BUNCE PALMER (MRS. SHINDLER).

Beaufort, South Carolina.

1814.

1883.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Mary Stanley Bunce Palmer, born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1814, was the daughter of Rev. Benjamin Palmer, D.D., an author himself, and a very noted divine. Mary Stanley was born while her father had charge of the Independent Presbyterian church at Beaufort, South Carolina. She was educated in Charleston by the Misses Ramsay, daughters of the well-known historian, David Ramsay. In 1835 she married Charles E. Dana, of New York, and lived there. A fever proved fatal in 1838 to her husband and child, so she returned to her father in Charleston.

It was these sorrows that first called forth the songs in her heart, and *The Southern Harp* was given to the public; this was followed by *The Northern Harp*, *The Parted Family and Other Poems*, *Charles Morton, or the Young Patriot*, *The Young Sailor*, and *Forecastle Tom*.

Mrs. Dana became a Unitarian, and her *Letters to Relatives and Friends* was written to explain her doubts concerning the Trinity, but in 1848, under the influence of an Episcopal minister, Rev. Robert D. Shindler, her views changed, and she was received into the communion of the church, and later married Dr. Shindler.

Dr. Shindler accepted a professorship in Shelby College, Kentucky, and later moved to Texas.

Her best known poem is *Pass Under the Rod*, written when sorrow was so great and faith so strong:

"I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array;

And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay:
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two;
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe.
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm in the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of a God:
I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod."

Then she pictured the young mother bending over her dead boy, and the fond brother seeing his sister fade and pass away, and the father and mother bending over their grown boy's grave in the agony of bereavement, and the closing lines are:

"But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderest care;
And He showed them a star in a bright upper world,
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
'They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:
I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod!"

CATHERINE ANNE WARE, a daughter of Major Nathaniel Ware, Secretary of State, was born at Natchez, Mississippi, in 1816, and died at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1877. Her mother was Sarah Ellis, who dying early left two young girls to the father's care. He moved to Philadelphia to educate them.

The elder, Catherine, married Elisha Warfield, of Lexington, Kentucky, and moved to Louisville, which was thereafter their home. The younger, Eleanor Percy, married Henry Lee, of Virginia, and moved to Hinds county, Mississippi. She was a victim to the yellow fever scourge of 1849, and left a husband, a daughter and two sons to mourn their loss.

The two sisters published together a volume of poems entitled *The Wife of Leon, and Other Poems*. So encouraged were they at the favorable reception of this their first effort that in 1846 they issued another volume entitled *The Indian Chamber, and Other Poems*.

When Eleanor died Catherine continued to write, and attempting a novel, *The Household of Bouverie* was the result, which met with decided success. Her other works that followed were *The Romance of the Great Seal*, *Miriam Montfort*, *Hester Howard's Temptation*, *A Double Wedding*, *Sea and Shore*, *The Romance of Beauseincourt*, *Ferne Fleming*, and *The Cardinal's Daughter*.

EMMA DOROTHY SOUTHWORTH.

Washington, D. C.

1819.

1899.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA

Emma Dorothy Eliza Neville, the eldest daughter of Captain Charles L. Neville, of Alexandria, Virginia, and Susan Wailes, of Maryland, was born in Washington, D. C., 1819, and died in 1899. She married Frederick H. Southworth in 1840, taught a school for five years and then began to write. Her novels number sixty or more, and are on the sensational order. Many of them were translated into French, German, and Spanish.

She tells us that she was a child of sorrow from the first year of her life. She was thin and dark with no beauty, except large eyes which were almost destroyed by an inflammation that ended in temporary blindness. She had a sister who was very beautiful, and every one seemed to delight in drawing a contrast between them, and so she became jealous of this sister and jealous of the love of all for her. Her father was her only comfort and he soon was taken from her. She spent her time in the kitchen with the negroes listening to ghost stories and old legends, while her pretty sister Lotty was in the parlor, pleasing and delighting all.

The mother married soon after Mr. Joshua Henshaw, of Boston, and he became greatly interested in the education of the girls, especially of the unhappy Emma Dorothy. He aroused an ambition in her to be something in a literary way, and so she began to study and to read. Her girlhood and her womanhood were anything but happy, and her marriage was a failure, for she was left very soon with two children, a widow

in name but not in fact. She began to teach from necessity, and had a school of eighty pupils. While she taught she was sending contributions to the papers. Her first stories were *The Irish Refugee*, *the Wife's Victory*, and *Sybil Brotherton, or The Temptation*. All might have gone well had not one of her children fallen ill. Her school was neglected, parents became insulting, and her publishers began complaining at delayed manuscript, and all these worries, added to anxiety about her ill child, made life a misery. Her boy recovered as by a miracle, and her literary labors began to be rewarded, for Harper Brothers in 1849 published her *Retribution*. From that time on her success was assured. Then followed *The Deserted Wife*, *Shannondale*, *The Mother-in-law*, *Children of the Isle*, *The Foster Sisters*, *The Curse of Clifton*, *Old Neighborhoods and New Settlements*, *Mark Sutherland*, *The Lost Heiress*, *Hickory Hall*, *The Lady of the Isle*, *The Haunted Homestead*, *Rose Elmer*, and *Capitola*.

Her best works are *Retribution*, *Unknown*, *The Family Doom*, *The Mother's Secret*, *An Exile's Bride*, *The Irish Visitor*, *The Hidden Hand*, *Gloria*, *Trail of the Serpent*, and *Near-est and Dearest*.

ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM, born in Scott county, Kentucky, 1824, was a teacher, lecturer and author. She married Mr. Bradford when in her teens. Girls in the South before the war married when they were much younger than they do now. This husband died in a few years and she married Mr. Ketchum, who was killed in one of the battles of the War between the States. Just at the opening of the war a fire destroyed her home and all her personal property, and the Northern army during the war destroyed what remained. She began to teach in 1855, and was principal of the Memphis High School until 1858. During the war many poems by her appeared, and every one will remember *Benny's Christmas* when all others have been forgotten. Benny was her little boy, and the joy of her widowed heart. In 1867 when grown to manhood he became a victim to the cholera that prevailed along the Southern coast. This loss seemed more than she could bear, and her life was despaired of, but she recovered and has comforted many sorrowing hearts since by her poems.

In 1888 her volume of *Christmas Poems* appeared, then her novels, *Nellie Bracken*, *Rilla Motto*, and another volume of poems, *Lotus Flowers*.

BENNY'S CHRISTMAS.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
 As he sat upon my knee,
 Holding fast his little stockings,
 Stuffed as full as full could be,
 And attentive listening to me,
 With a face demure and mild,
 That good Santa Klaus, who filled them,
 Does not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder,"
 And from off my lap he slid,
 Digging deep among the goodies
 In his crimson stockings hid;

While I turned me to my table
Where a tempting goblet stood
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor,
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You sall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look, alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then as from a sudden impulse
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf:
"Santa Klaus! come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney
Mewing on the gallery roof.

Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they played beneath the liveoaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister,"—then a pause,
And his sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Klaus!"

He is sleeping. Brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears, oh, undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!

ROSA VERTNER (JOHNSON) JEFFREY was born in Natchez, Mississippi, in 1828. In 1850 there appeared frequently in the Louisville Journal under the pen-name "Rosa" poems of merit far beyond the average. Every one wished to know who the author was, and only the most intimate friends knew that they were written by Rosa Griffith, of Natchez. In 1857 there appeared her first volume entitled *Poems by Rosa*, then *Woodburn* (a novel), followed by *Daisy Dare and Baby Power*, *The Crimson Hand*, and *Other Poems*, and a novel, *Marsh*.

Her maiden name was Griffith, and her father was a literary man and a very cultured writer of prose and verse. Her mother died when she was nine months old, and an aunt adopted her, giving her the name of Vertner. She lived with this adopted mother in Burlington, Mississippi, where her childhood was spent. Later in order to have her more thoroughly educated she moved to Lexington, Kentucky, and placed her at the best school in that city. At fifteen she had written her well-known poem, *Legend of the Opal*. In 1845 she married Claude M. Johnson, of Louisiana, who lived but a few years. She then returned to her adopted parents in Lexington, Kentucky. Later she married Alexander Jeffrey, of Rochester, New York, and was at the North during the War between the States. She thus had a better opportunity to publish her first novel, *Woodburn*. She was the first Southern woman whose literary work attracted wide attention throughout the United States. She has written several dramas of real merit.

FAITH'S VISTA.

When from the vaulted wonder of the sky
The curtain of the light is drawn aside,
And I behold the stars in all their wide
Significance and glorious mystery,
Assured that those more distant orbs are suns
Round which innumerable worlds revolve,

My faith grows strong, my day-born doubts dissolve,
And death, that dread annulment which life shuns,
Or fain would shun, becomes to life the way,
The thoroughfare to greater worlds on high,
The bridge from star to star. Seek how we may,
There is no other road across the sky;
And, looking up, I hear star-voices say:
"You could not reach us if you did not die."

SALLY ROCHESTER FORD was born in Rochester Springs, Boyle county, Kentucky, in 1828, and was educated at the Female Seminary, Georgetown, Kentucky. She edited with her husband, Rev. Samuel Howard Ford, *The Christian Repository*, a religious monthly, and the *Home Circle*. She was always a great missionary worker, and was honored by being made president of the Woman's Missionary Union at the South.

Her works are *Grace Truman*, *Mary Bunyan*, *Romance of Freemasonry*, *Morgan and His Men*, *Evangel Wiseman*, and *Earnest Quest*.

Grace Truman came out as a serial in *The Christian Repository*, and this story undoubtedly made the reputation of the magazine. It presents in a clear, forceful way the distinctive tenets of the Baptist denomination. The sales of this book reached thirty thousand in three years.

VIRGINIA FRENCH.

Eastern Shore of Virginia.

1830.

1881.

WRITER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Virginia Smith was born in Maryland in 1830 at the home of her great-grandfather, Captain Thomas Parker, an officer of the Revolution. She lost her mother at a very early age, and with her sister was sent to their grandmother, who was living in Washington, Pennsylvania, and there was educated. It was most fortunate that the sisters were entrusted to her care, for she was a very wise woman and knew how best to direct their education. When the school days were over, they returned home, but their father had married again and they were not happy with their stepmother, so determined to go to Memphis, Tennessee, to teach.

Virginia began to write poetry, and sent *The Lost Louisiana* to a paper in New Orleans. Whatever literary merit it had, it was the means without a question of gaining for its author a very fine husband. The circumstances were these: The poem appeared signed "L'Inconnue". John L. French, a very wealthy planter of Louisiana, was standing in the door of one of the large hotels in New Orleans when a newsboy in passing called out the name of the poem, *The Lost Louisiana*. The week before he had lost very heavily when the "Louisiana" collided with the "Belle of Clarkesville," so he was naturally attracted by the cry of the boy. He bought the paper, read the poem, cut it from the page and put it into his pocket, wondering who the Unknown could be, never realizing that in the future she would be very closely identified with his life. A short time after he was in a bookstore in Memphis, Tennessee,

where he had gone for a few hours' stay, intending to take the return boat home, when some one asked the name of the lady passing on the street. The answer was "L'Inconnue." Remembering the poem in his pocket, and the queer signature, he hastened to the door just in time to catch a glance from a pair of very pretty blue eyes, belonging to a very attractive young woman. To make a long story short, an introduction was sought, the two became mutually interested and the owner of the blue eyes finally became his wife and went to McMinville to live.

Mrs. French continued to write poetry, contributing to magazines both North and South. She succeeded Mrs. Mary E. Bryan as editress of "The Crusader," Atlanta, Georgia, and was associate editor of the Southern Lady's Book, published in New Orleans.

Some of her poems to attract attention were *The Legend of the Infernal Pass*, *The Lost Soul*, *Alone*, *The Ghouls*, *The Miserere of the Pines*, *Unwritten Music*, *One or Two*, *The Long Ago*, and *The Little Brothers*.

FRANCES HARRISON MARR, Warrenton, Virginia, 1835. Miss Marr is of French and Scotch descent. Her father was noted for his integrity and uprightness of character; her mother for her intellect, ready wit and clear judgment. Owing to her delicate health the daughter had only four years of school life. She taught for several years after the war, and then began to write, more for amusement than from any other motive. She won the prize offered by a Georgia paper. Her poems, *Heart Life in Song*, were first collected in book form in 1874. In 1881 her *Virginia and Other Poems* appeared, followed in 1888 by *Songs of Faith*. Her poems are full of faith and trust and love. Her religious ones are "pure and tender, and they have comforted the mourning and soothed the dying." Miss Marr still resides near where the old home once stood that was owned by her grandfather over a century ago.

ANNE PEYRE DINNIES, the daughter of Judge Shackelford, was born in Georgetown, South Carolina, 1816, and contributed to very many of the Southern periodicals. She is best known by her *Floral Year*, a collection of one hundred poems arranged in twelve groups, typifying bouquets of flowers, to represent the twelve months of the year. Many of her poems appeared during the War between the States, and William Gilmore Simms in his "War Poetry of the South" attributes *The Conquered Banner* by Father Ryan to her. As that poem first appeared without a name, many ascribed it to her, and she was not given the opportunity to deny it before Simms's book appeared in 1867.

She married in 1830 John C. Dinnies, of St. Louis, Missouri, and just before the War between the States they moved to New Orleans. She wrote under the *nom de plume* "Maina." Her husband was the editor of the *Catholic Standard*, and she contributed a series of articles under the name of *Rachel's What-Not*, and another called *Random Readings*. Three of her poems that attracted most attention were *The Wife, Wedded Love*, and the *Greek Slave*.

LILLIE (DEVEREUX) (UMSTEAD) BLAKE, born in Raleigh, North Carolina, 1835, was a great advocate of Woman's Rights, a very unusual position for a Southern woman to take. She was twice married—first to Frank G. Umstead, and then to Grenfil Blake. Her works are *Southwold*, *Rochford Fettered for Life*, and *Woman's Place To-day*. This last was a reply to Dr. Morgan Dix's "Lenten Lectures on Women," and the controversy attracted much attention.

ELIZABETH WHITFIELD (CROOM) BELLAMY was born at Quincy, Florida, 1839. Her *nom de plume* was "Kamba Thorpe." Her works were *Four Oaks*, *Little Joanna*, *Old Man Gilbert*, and *The Luck of the Pendennings*.

SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Hanover County, Virginia.

1835.

WRITER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Susan Archer Talley, poet, author and artist, was born in Hanover county, Virginia, 1835. Her grandfather Talley was of old French Huguenot descent, and served in Lee's legion during the Revolutionary War. Their home was his—a large Virginia plantation. Her father inherited fine talents and literary tastes, and seemed in every sense a "born lawyer." Her mother was Miss Archer from one of the old Virginia families of Norfolk. Until Susan was eight years old she enjoyed the freedom and delight that came from plantation life. Her father then moved to Richmond, Virginia, in order to educate her. At ten years of age she was attacked with scarlet fever, and one of the ill results was deafness. Fortunately her quickness of intellect had made her acquire during those two years more than ordinary children usually acquire, so she was enabled to supplement her education by extended reading. Then her deafness led her to learn to draw for a diversion, and she developed such talent that her father took pains to cultivate it; her miniature portraits became noted for execution and finish; her skill in water colors and oil painting was just as great. She had a cousin who was a noted sculptor, and visiting his studio one day he handed her a block of plaster, and so delighted was he with a head which she cut from it with a penknife that he took it to Europe to show Greenough, the American sculptor then studying in Italy. Greenough begged her father to allow her to devote herself to sculpture, but her tastes

seemed more for poetry. At eleven she had written verses which had been published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

During the War between the States the family moved near Richmond, and it happened that they were exposed in many ways to the raids of the enemies' forces. Their home was seized to convert into fortifications for the defense of Richmond, and the home given them was between the two opposing armies. For some time the soldiers of one side would be encamped around them, and then the soldiers of the other. For a time she held a clerkship in the War Department at Richmond. It happened that being at the most impressionable age, and thrown with these soldiers in their regimentals, she lost her heart to one of them, a Union soldier—indeed, one of the officers, a German, Colonel Von Weiss, and she married him. The marriage was a hasty one and did not prove to be a happy one; a divorce quickly followed. Mrs. Weiss was forced to sue for the possession of her child, and gained the suit; alimony was offered her, but she rejected it, so was forced to work in order to gain a support for herself and son. Then it was she accepted the place of clerk. The war had deprived her of all her possessions.

She began contributing to the New York papers, Harper's, Scribner's, and other leading magazines. Her work was most favorably received. In 1859 her first volume of poems appeared, and editors and critics gave very flattering notices of the little book. She had a second edition ready, many of the poems having appeared in the Richmond papers during the war, but she was never able to have them published in book form. She made her home after the war in Richmond with her son.

Her poem to attract most attention was *Ennerslie*. Many said it reminded them of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott." There was a great similarity to Requier's "Legend of Tremaine."

SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT, Lexington, Kentucky, 1836, is a poet well known. The sad tone of her early work is due to circumstances associated with her childhood days. Her mother died when Sarah was only eight, leaving two daughters. At first these children remained at the old home near Versailles, in Woodford county, but later their father placed them in an aunt's care. This aunt, Mrs. Boone, a relative of Daniel Boone, lived at New Castle; there the children attended school and were graduated from the Henry Female College. The loss of her mother, together with a very sensitive disposition, made the child reserved and sad. She liked to read more than she liked to play. Her favorite authors were poets, and soon she began to aspire to be a poet herself. She sent some verses to the "Louisville Journal," then edited by George D. Prentice. He recognized her poetic ability at once, and predicted great success for her. In 1861 she became the wife of John James Piatt. It was not until after her marriage that her best work was done. Her husband is quite a distinguished man, and was sent as Consul to Cork in 1882. Their home at that time was at Queenstown. He aided his wife greatly in all her literary work. Her *Children Out of Door, a Book of Verses by Two in One House*, is a joint volume of hers and her husband.

She has written *The Children of the Poets*, *The Nests at Washington and Other Poems*, *A Woman's Poems*, *A Voyage to the Unfortunate Isles*, *That New World*, *Poems in Company with Children*, *Dramatic Persons and Moods*, *An Irish Garland*, *Selected Poems*, *In Primrose Time*, *The Witch in the Glass and Other Poems*, *An Irish Wild Flower*, and *An Enchanted Castle*.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

Lyons, New York.

1836.

1901.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mary Ashley Von Voorhis, born in Lyons, New York, 1836, was long associated with the New Orleans Delta, and often signed herself "Xariffa." She had many *nom de plumes*; some were "Mary Ashley," "Henry Rip," "Crab Crossbones," and "Michael O'Quills."

She began to write when very young and continued to write until her death. Her first novel was *The Brother Clerks: a Tale of New Orleans*.

She married Gideon Townsend, a very wealthy banker of New Orleans, and resided there. Her home was ever the center of culture, and a delight to her literary friends. She had three daughters—one married Edwin M. Stanton.

Mrs. Townsend devoted herself to the highest and best in literature, and her work was always for the uplifting of her fellow man. In 1870 her popular poem, *A Georgia Volunteer*, appeared and was copied all over the land. Her *Creed* made her a name abroad; it was copied in many of the papers of England. It first appeared in the New Orleans Picayune.

She was selected to write the poem for the New Orleans Cotton Exposition. She visited Mexico several times, and was asked to become a member of the "Liceo Hidalgo," the most famous literary club in Mexico, numbering among its members the most brilliant literary men of the country. She was the first American woman who was ever honored in this way.

Mrs. Townsend had great masculine strength of intellect, and many of her articles were attributed to prominent literary men of the day; while this is true, yet she was altogether

womanly in manner and heart. She could be pathetic, witty or satiric by turns. Her *Penny Dip*, a prose sketch, is said to have been the best satire we have in Southern literature, and the wittiest plea for babies that is known.

Like Charles Egbert Craddock, she was known for her bold and striking handwriting, and her manuscripts were models of neatness and finish.

Her other works are a dramatic poem called *The Captain's Story*, and *Down the Bayou and Other Poems*.

She died in 1901.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

Far up the lonely mountain-side
 My wandering footsteps led;
 The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
 The pine sighed overhead.
 The trace of a dismantled fort
 Lay in the forest nave,
 And in the shadow near my path
 I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
 Upon the lowly mound,
 The simple headboard, rudely writ,
 Had rotted to the ground;
 I raised it with a reverent hand,
 From dust its words to clear,
 But time had blotted all but these—
 "A Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the toad and scaly snake
 From tangled covert start,
 And hide themselves among the weeds
 Above the dead man's heart;
 But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
 Unheeding, there he lay;
 His coffin but the mountain soil,
 His shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
 Along the vale below,
 I saw the Alleghanies rise
 Towards the realms of snow.

The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind,—
Its leader's name—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say?
Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
Her hair which he held dear?
One lock of which, perchance, lies with
The Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long watching eyes
And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up
But one of many a scar
Cut in the face of our fair land
By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore
Are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not e'en a name!
That he fought well and bravely, too,
And held his country dear,
We know, or else he had never been
A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows ere this whose cause was just
In God the Father's sight.
He wields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust,—
Who but a coward would revile
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,
Adown thy rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
A Georgia Volunteer.

LOU SINGLETARY BEDFORD, born and educated in Kentucky, was the great-granddaughter of Hon. Amos Singletary, of Massachusetts, and prominent during the War of the Revolution. Her father went to Virginia about 1810 and married there. He was a teacher and his daughter was educated by him. She was always ambitious to write and her compositions were in verse. She married early, and for fifteen years her pen was laid aside because home cares demanded all her time. Her husband's health became so delicate it was deemed advisable to buy a home, Bay Cottage, at Milton, Florida, and they spent a number of years there.

While Mrs. Bedford had contributed many poems to magazines, she began her active literary work while living at Milton. Her husband was editor and proprietor of "The Milton Standard," and she had charge of the literary department of that paper. In 1881 she issued a volume of poems called *A Vision and Other Poems*, and then *Gathered Leaves*, another volume, appeared in 1888. In 1893 she published *Driftwood and Driftings*. This last book contained not only poems, but short prose sketches as well. Mrs. Bedford has in manuscript a poetical romance called *Forrest Dayre*, which she hopes to publish soon.

From Florida they moved to Dallas, Texas, and that has been her home ever since. At present she is in New York, but she claims Dallas as her home and wishes to be identified with Texas.

When her first book, *A Vision and Other Poems*, appeared, Paul Hamilton Hayne wrote commending *A Vision* where she speaks of the liberality of the North to the South during the yellow fever scourge.

"When wrapt in sackcloth in the dust we lay
With golden armor thou did'st slay the fiends—
Want, Famine, Hunger, Dishonor and Dismay—
That follow in the wake of Pestilence;
Lightened the pangs of grief; awakened hope

Within the breasts of those who courted death;
Quickened to newer life the languid blood
That palsied coursed along the sluggish veins
And held at bay the monster Plague, until
The rustling pinions of its deadly Foe,
The great Frost-King, was borne upon the blast,
When drooping its foul head with folded wing,
But slow retreating steps, it disappeared."

He also commended the poem from which these lines are taken :

"Our works imperfect are at best; and by
Impartial minds the errors best discerned."

When her *Gathered Leaves* appeared many notices commending the poetic merit of the book appeared in various periodicals, speaking always of her as "our gifted Texas Poetess."

MARY ELIZABETH LEE was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1813, and died there in 1849. She belonged to one of the old aristocratic families of South Carolina, and was educated with the greatest care. She was not allowed to go to school until she was ten years old, and then was sent to one of the best private schools in the city. She began to write articles for "The Rose Bud" when quite young. *Correggio's Holy Family* was one of her best, but possibly *The Hour of Death*, *The Death Bed of Prince Henry*, and *The Blind Negro Communicant* will better show her characteristics as a writer.

She published in 1883 *Historical Tales for Youth*, and a volume of *Poems* was edited by Dr. Gilman after her death.

MARY EDWARDS BRYAN.

Fonda, Jefferson County, Florida.

1844.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mary Edwards Bryan is the daughter of Major John D. Edwards and Louisa Crutchfield Houghton. She was born at Fonda, in Jefferson county, Florida, 1844, and was a very precocious child, reading Shelley and Byron at seven, and reciting Shakespeare at nine. Her education was received at Fletcher's Institute, Thomasville, Georgia. She was only fifteen when she married Mr. Bryan, a very wealthy planter of Louisiana. Feeling greatly the need of further education, she studied privately and received upon examination a degree from the College Temple, Newnan, Georgia. Becoming greatly interested in the temperance cause, she sent articles regularly to the Literary and Temperance, a paper published at Penfield, Georgia. Later she moved to Atlanta, Georgia, to edit the literary column of "The Crusader," also a temperance organ. In 1867 she edited with Mr. Duplex a paper in Mississippi or Louisiana, and then became associate editor with Mr. Seals of The Sunny South in Atlanta, and has been largely responsible for the wide circulation of this weekly paper, and through its columns has done much to honor our writers of the South. Mrs. Bryan is best in her poetry, literary articles and short stories. Her novels are of the sensational order, but have been well received and are very popular. The best known are *Manch*, commended by Alexander Stephens, of Georgia: *Wild Work*, *Kildee*, *Nan Haggard*, *The Bayou Bride*, *Uncle Ned's White Child*, *Stormy Wedding*, *Ruth—an Outcast*, *My Sin*, *The Girl He Bought*, *His Legal Wife*, and *A Fair Judas*.

Her poems began to appear as early as the sixties, and James Wood Davidson in his "Living Writers of the South" said that if he had been called on at that time to prophesy the future poetess of the South he would have named Mrs. Bryan. Her poem *The Hour When We Shall Meet Again* was the poem that first caught the public's fancy. This was followed by *Anacreon*, written while looking at a picture.

"Oh, heart of love and soul of fire,
My spirit bows to thee;
Type of the ideals that inspire
My dreams eternally.
I'd be a slave to such as thou,
And deem myself a queen,
If sometimes to my kneeling brow
Those perfect lips might lean.
High thoughts and aims within my breast
Would start from their despairing rest;
And the wild energies that sleep,
Like prisoned genii, might overleap,
And bid my name among the immortals shine,
If fame to me could mean such love as thine!"

In 1859, owing to her mother's ill health, she did little literary work except to write the occasional articles which were sent to the Southern Field and Fireside. She has also been associated in literary work with The Old Homestead. In 1884 she went to New York to accept a position as editor on the New York Bazaar, and later became identified with The Half Hour Magazine of that city, but in 1895 returned to the Sunny South in Atlanta, and is still associated with that paper. She has four children and several grandchildren. One daughter, Pearl (Bryan) Byrd, has written both prose and verse.

PEARL RIVERS.

Pearlington, Mississippi.

1849.

1896.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Eliza J. Poitevent, better known as "Pearl Rivers," which was her *nom de plume*, was born near Pearlington, Hanover county, Mississippi, 1849. Her ancestors were Huguenots and settled in the Mississippi Valley. Her home was on the Pearl river, and as there were no other children in this old rambling house, her childhood was spent in loneliness. She wandered about the place, and the woods, the birds, and the growing things were her only companions. She must have had by nature the poet's heart, for soon songs began to sing within her. She has been called "the poet laureate of the bird and flower world of the South."

She ventured to send a poem to the New York Mercury, and to her great surprise it was accepted. Then the editor of the New Orleans Picayune invited her to be the literary editor of that paper. This was a very unusual thing in the South at that time, but Miss Poitevent accepted the position at twenty-five dollars a week. She found the work was in every way congenial, and then too she later found in the proprietor of the paper, Colonel A. M. Holbrook, one to whom she could entrust her life. After they were married her husband did not live long, and she was left with no property save this unwieldy newspaper, and that greatly in debt. She saw that nothing could be done except to carry on the work as he had planned it, and pay the debt. A woman less brave would not have dared to undertake the enterprise, but Pearl Rivers possessed a will and determination to succeed. She not only paid off the debt

but made that paper a power in the South, and a source of a large annual income. She has the honor of being the first woman in the world to own and successfully conduct a newspaper. She had a very fine business manager, however, George Nicholson, and in 1878 they were married and became partners in a double sense. They had two sons, Leonard and Yorke. In 1896 Mrs. Nicholson was seized with grip, no doubt contracted from her husband, who had died the week before; she followed him very soon, dying February 15th.

Her only published volume of poems was *Lyrics by Pearl Rivers*, brought out by the Lippincotts. These poems received high praise from Paul Hamilton Hayne, W. H. Holcombe, and others.

Dr. Holcombe said, "No female writer in America from Mrs. Sigourney to the Carey sisters has shown more poetic genius than shines throughout this little volume."

This DR. W. H. HOLCOMBE (1825) was one of the distinguished physicians of New Orleans, and quite a literary man. His *Poems* and *Swedenborgian Studies* are known to all, as is his *Mystery of New Orleans*, published in 1890.

LEE COHEN HARBY.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1849.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Lee Cohen was born at Charleston, South Carolina, 1849. She is the daughter of Marx E. Cohen and Armida Harby, and was educated at home as so many Southern girls were before the War between the States. Her ancestors were either great soldiers or great authors, so when one studies Lee Cohen's ancestry it can be well understood how she received her fighting and persevering qualities from her Revolutionary grandfather Harby, and her literary talents from Isaac Harby, the critic, essayist and dramatist, another ancestor.

Her life as a child was spent on a large Southern plantation, just the place to develop the poetry in one's nature. Her father, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, was a very scholarly man and he directed her education, and to his influence, and that of a great-aunt who lived with them is she indebted for the literary turn that was given to her life.

She was very young when she married her second cousin, J. D. Harby, and moved to Galveston, Texas. It was there in 1873 her first article, *Christmas Before the War*, appeared. In 1879 she moved to Houston, Texas, and there her poems appeared very often and were well received. She gave the poem of welcome to the Press Association which met there in 1880. From time to time her articles were sent to Harper's and the Magazine of American History. *The City of a Prince*, a historical paper concerning a colony of Germans who settled in Texas, so attracted attention that she was invited to become a

member of the American Historical Association, and read before that body a paper called *The Earliest Texas*. Her historical work pertains very largely to Texas, her adopted and much loved State. She contributed many of these articles to Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.

Mrs. Harby has always loved everything pertaining to the South, and is ever found foremost in any enterprise that will help the Confederate veterans or the cause they represent. She says, "I love everything Confederate until it is painful." Charleston, her native city, is indebted to her for the Confederate reunion in 1899, and to that is due very much Charleston's rapid growth and recognition since. The large number attending that reunion, over fifty thousand, had their eyes opened as never before to the beauties and possibilities of that grand old Southern city by the sea, and the Exposition was the outcome of that reunion. Mrs. Harby's work in this was recognized and she was placed upon the most important committees. She remained in Charleston from 1898 to 1902. Her home for several years past has been in New York, but her heart is in Texas.

She has written many of her poems for Confederate reunions and like occasions. She won the one-hundred-dollar prize for the words to the flag song for Texas. She wrote *The Men Who Wore the Gray* for the Houston reunion; *The Gathering of the Camps* for the Richmond reunion; *Our Grand U. C. V.* for the Charleston reunion.

The veterans have honored her in many ways. She was largely responsible for organizing the Pacific Division U. C. V., and they made her Assistant Adjutant-General of the Division, with rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. She was sent as their delegate to three reunions, and acted as their sponsor at two—the only instance recorded where any married woman has had this honor; and again when a flag was to be presented to General Moorman by the Division Mrs. Harby, instead of one of

the men of the Camp, was asked to make the speech of presentation.

Her works not mentioned before are :

In the Days When We were Young,	Texan Types and Contrasts,
The Old Stone Fort of Nacogdo-	Judy Robinson—Milliner,
ches,	Romance of an Old Town.

GEORGIANA A. HULSE, the daughter of Dr. Isaac Hulse, a surgeon of the United States Navy, was born near Pensacola, Florida, in the Naval Hospital, in 1835. She was left an orphan when very young, and was reared by her grandparents in Baltimore. She began to write at an early age, and the Appletons of New York published her *Sunbeams and Shadows*. After her marriage in 1853 to Rev. Dr. Alexander W. McLeod she published her *Ivy Leaves from the Old Homestead*, and her poems *Thine and Mine* soon followed. She became principal of The Southern Literary Institute of Baltimore, Maryland, where many Southern girls from the best families were educated.

Mrs. McLeod was known for her great piety and womanliness of character, and impressed these traits upon all who came under her influence.

Her other works are *Sea Drifts*, which are largely serious stories, and *Bright Memories*, very similar, except possibly more religious.

CHAPTER VI.

War Poems and Patriotic Songs,

and

Sketches Since the War Between the States.

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CHAPTER VI.

War Poems and Patriotic Songs,

and

Sketches Since the War Between the States.

MRS. CAROLINE A. BALL.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1825.

WRITER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Mrs. Caroline A. Ball, of Charleston, South Carolina, published in 1866 *The Jacket of Gray and Other Fugitive Poems*. The book was dedicated "In Memoriam of our Loved and Lost Cause, and our Martyred Dead, outnumbered, not outbraved." *The Jacket of Gray* is the first poem in the collection, and has been set to music by Stratford Benjamin Woodberry, a Confederate veteran of Charleston, now of Savannah, Georgia, and is often sung on Memorial Days in the South.

Mrs. Ball was Miss Rutledge, of Charleston, and has ever been true to all that the Confederacy stood for. She has since the war written many other poems of merit, but this special poem reaches the hearts of those who wore the gray and those who honor it.

THE JACKET OF GRAY.

I.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;

For dear to our hearts must it be evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore.

II.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band
That rose in defense of our dear Southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray?

III.

His fond mother blessed him, and looked up above,
Commending to heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was hers mortal tongue can not say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.

IV.

But her country had called and she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy in the jacket of gray.

V.

Months passed, and war's thunder rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sound of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.

VI.

Ah 'vain, all in vain, were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

VII.

His young comrades found him, and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

VIII.

Ah, spotted and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robe the jacket of gray.

IX.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay—
"He never disgraced it, the jacket of gray."

X.

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore!

BONNY BLUE FLAG.

Song Writer of the War Between the States.

Harry McCarthy, a Confederate soldier and an Irish comedian, appeared on the stage of the Academy of Music in New Orleans in September, 1861, and sang a song which he had written. The house was filled with Confederate soldiers from Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas on their way to the battle front. He was accompanied by a young lady, his sister Marion, who in honor of the Texans present, bore in her hand a large flag of dark blue silk with one white star in the center. Then it was that McCarthy sang his *Bonny Blue Flag* for the first time. This brought to the soldiers the memory of home so vividly that they could not repress their feelings; they yelled, they waved their hats, they jumped upon the seats, and the excitement became so great that the policemen had to be called in to check it. One tapped a soldier on the shoulder and told him to be quiet; this infuriated him and he struck the policeman a blow in the face, and then a general battle followed, and the combatants rolled over and over each other in a mad struggle, while the rest of the audience quickly left the hall.

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans he issued an order that any man, woman or child that sang that song, whistled or played it, should be fined twenty-five dollars. He had A. E. Blackmar, the publisher of the music, arrested, fined him five hundred dollars, and ordered every copy of the song destroyed, but *Bonny Blue Flag* was in the hearts of the people and could not be destroyed. It was sung from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the night McCarthy sang it, it became the Marseillaise of the South.

Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum, of Kentucky, wrote other words to the tune, and for this reason it has been said she claimed to have written the original song.

BONNY BLUE FLAG.

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far;
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers we were kind, we were just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Ye men of valor, gather 'round the banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally 'round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Then here's to our Confederacy! strong we are and brave,
Like patriots old we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Then cheer, boys, cheer! raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another roaring cheer for Tennessee be given—
The single star on the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven!

Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

DIXIE.

Daniel Emmett, the author of Dixie, the national song of the South, was not a Southern man, nor was the song written in behalf of the South or her people. Emmett was a member of the "Virginia Minstrels" in 1859. It is true his father, Abraham Emmett, was born in Virginia of Irish parents, but he early moved to Ohio, and at Mount Vernon Daniel was born, and his life was always associated with that State. From a child he loved to play on instruments, sing the coon songs which he had heard his father sing, and take the leading part in what are called the "walk around" songs in a minstrel performance.

Jerry Bryant was at the head of a minstrel troupe. One Saturday night he met Emmett and asked him to bring a "walk around hooray" on Monday night. Emmett went home perplexed, and then began to think of Dixie's land. Dixie was a nickname for Pelham, one of the members of the troupe from Virginia. He was always homesick for his "buckwheat cakes and Injun batter." The tune came to Emmett as if by inspiration.

The way it happened to be sung in the South was as follows: "Early in the war there was a spectacular show given in New Orleans. *Dixie* was sung and it caught the popular ear; it was sung on the streets, in the homes, and in the concert halls daily; it was played by the bands on the battle-fields and inspired the soldiers to fight all the harder. And yet, when we think of it, *Dixie* belongs just as much to the North as to the South, and wherever it is played at home or abroad the crowd yell with enthusiasm.

DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

Old Missus marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
And when he put his arm around her,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Old Missus acted de foolest part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Dar buckwheat-cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

MARIA LOUISE EVE.

Augusta, Georgia.

1848.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Maria Louise Eve was born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1848. She is the daughter of Dr. Edward Armstrong Eve, of the family of Eves who, after coming to America, first settled in Philadelphia, afterwards in Charleston, South Carolina, and finally came to Augusta, Georgia. There have been many noted medical men of that name, Miss Eve's father being among the number. From childhood she has shown a love for both poetry and prose, and in 1866 secured a prize of one hundred dollars for a prose essay, and in 1879 a prize of the same amount for the best poem expressing the gratitude of the South to the North for aid in the yellow fever epidemic.

This poem, *Conquered at Last*, begins :

“You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.
You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.”

And it ends :

“You conquered us once, our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have;
Our last trench was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.
Your love had a magic diviner than art,
And ‘Conquered by Kindness’ we'll write on our heart.”

In 1889 the “Augusta Chronicle” offered a prize for the best poem, which her *Briar Rose* won. The Secretary of the Amer-

ican Peace and Arbitration Society requested her to write a poem of welcome to the English Peace Deputation, and she sent *The Lion and the Eagle*, which attracted such attention that she has since been urged to write more poems bearing upon that subject. Her writings are small in number but are of excellent quality.

Many have put words to Dixie, but the ones she has written are among the best.

THE NEW DIXIE.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Her scenes shall fade from my memory never;
For Dixie's land hurrah forever;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

I wish I was in Dixie;
Away, away;
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie.

Her lot may be hard, her skies may darken;
To Dixie's voice we'll ever hearken;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
The coward may shirk, the wretch go whining,
But we'll be true till the sun stops shining,
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

By foes begirt and friends forsaken,
The faith of her sons is still unshaken;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
For Dixie's land and Dixie's nation,
We'll stand and fight the whole creation;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

The Dixie girls wear homespun cotton,
But their winning smiles I've not forgotten;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
They've won my heart and naught surpasses
My love for the bright-eyed Dixie lassies;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Then up with the flag that leads to glory;
 A thousand years 'twill live in story;
 Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
 The Southron's pride, the foeman's wonder,
 The flag that the Dixie boys march under;
 Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

I'll give my life for Dixie;
 Away, away;
 In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
 And live and die in Dixie.
 Away, away,
 Away down South in Dixie.

TELL THE BOYS THE WAR IS ENDED

BY EMILY J. MOORE.

"Tell the boys the war is ended,"
 These were all the words he said;
 "Tell the boys the war is ended,"
 In an instant more was dead.
 Strangely bright, serene, and cheerful
 Was the smile upon his face,
 While the pain, of late so fearful,
 Had not left the slightest trace.

"Tell the boys the war is ended,"
 And with heavenly visions bright
 Thoughts of comrades loved were blended,
 As his spirit took its flight.

"Tell the boys the war is ended,"
 "Grant, O God, it may be so,"
 Was the prayer which then ascended,
 In a whisper deep, though low.

"Tell the boys the war is ended,"
 And his warfare then was o'er,
 As, by angel bands attended,
 He departed from earth's shore.
 Bursting shells and cannons roaring
 Could not rouse him by their din;
 He to better worlds was soaring,
 Far from war, and pain, and sin.

LAMAR FONTAINE.

Gay Hill, Texas.

1835.

WRITER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Lamar Fontaine was born on the wild prairies of Texas. His father was at that time living near Independence, Washington county, at a place now called Gay Hill. In 1840 he moved to Austin to be secretary to General Lamar, a personal friend for whom he had named his boy. Reared on the prairies during the early days of his life, Lamar learned many of the pastimes common to frontier boys, and often slipped away from home and lived with the Indians. Hunting was ever a delight to him.

As soon as the War between the States began he enlisted in Company I, Second Virginia Cavalry, under Captain John D. Alexander. While encamped at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, there was raised a flag of truce that the two armies might bury their dead, and the men from both sides of the river had all day been exchanging tobacco and Southern supplies for articles impossible to get through the blockade. They had been laughing and telling jokes on each other in the very friendliest way and never dreamed that the truce would not be held sacred. That night it was Lamar Fontaine's duty to act as sentinel up to twelve o'clock. He was very tired and was longing for the hour to come when a comrade should relieve him. How he envied him as he lay there sleeping by the camp-fire, kindled for comfort that chilly night! The hour at last arrived, and so overcome with sleep was his fellow soldier that it took some time to rouse him from his slumbers. At last he

raised himself with an effort, and as he did a stray bullet from the opposite side of the river struck him, causing instant death. Mr. Fontaine resumed his watch as sentinel, but in his heart was indignation that the truce had not been kept. Even when relief came he could not sleep, and thinking over the circumstances, recalling what the dead man had told him of the loved ones at home, as they talked together the night before, he sat in his tent and wrote the poem, *All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night*. He read it the next morning to his messmates, Moon, Graham, Early and Williamson. They asked for copies, which he gave; he also gave copies of it to lady friends and to other soldiers. On October 21, 1861, it appeared in a Northern paper with the statement that it had been found on the body of a dead picket after the battle of Leesburg. It was doubtless sent by the finder to Mrs. Ethel Beers, of New York, who had it published under the title of "The Picket Guard." It was claimed for her by friends, but she herself never admitted that she wrote it; she possibly did revise it and change it. Others also have laid claim to it, but from the testimony of Mr. Fontaine's messmates who heard it read before it was ever seen in print, the conclusion is that he is the author and should have the honor.

Major Fontaine wrote other poems, *In Memoriam* and *Only a Soldier*, but none have the merit of his first effort.

After the war Major Fontaine returned to Texas, and lived at The Lodge, Bastrop county, and then later made Columbus, Georgia, his home until his death.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle.
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or in the light of their camp-fires gleaming;
A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night wind,
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, and his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
For their mother,—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,—
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his sealed lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree;
The footsteps are lagging and weary;
Yet onward they go, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good-by."
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
Whilst soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty forever!

MRS. JUDITH W. MCGUIRE.

Richmond, Virginia.

1813.

WRITER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Mrs. McGuire, the wife of an Episcopal clergyman of Virginia, wrote a most excellent *Diary of a Southern Refugee during the War*. The book was dedicated to her grandchildren, nephews and nieces. It will give, better possibly than any other one book, the life of a lady in the days "Before the War," those days that will never come again. Her home was at Rappahannock, in the county of Essex, Virginia. It portrays also what the women had to endure during those terrible years of blood and trial, and shows at the same time with what Christian spirit they bore these sufferings. Mrs. McGuire never knew how long she would remain at one place, for as the enemy advanced the women and children were obliged to "refugee." She relates how they moved from Rappahannock, Fairfax Court House, Chantilly, Winchester, Richmond, Lynchburg, Ashland and other places less known, in rapid succession, and often without an hour's notice. *Kitty Grim* gives an experience in a stage on leaving Winchester for Strasburg, which is very humorously told. Mrs. McGuire wrote also a *Life of Lee*, to be used for libraries of Sunday-schools.

KITTY GRIM.

A RIDE FROM WINCHESTER TO STRASBURG DURING THE WAR.

I pass over the leave-taking of our kind friends in Clarke and Winchester. It was very sad, because we knew not when and under what circumstances we might meet again. We left Winchester in the stage for Strasburg at ten o'clock at night on the 24th of December. The weather was

bitter cold, and we congratulated ourselves that the stage was not crowded. Mr. — and the girls were on the back seat; a Methodist clergyman, a soldier, and myself on the middle, and two soldiers and our maid Betsy on the front seat. We went off by star-light, with every prospect of a pleasant drive of eighteen miles. As we were leaving the suburbs of the town the driver drew up before a small house, from which issued two women, with a baby, two baskets, several bundles and a box. The passengers began to shout out, "Go on, driver! what do you mean? There's no room for another; go on!" The driver made no answer, but the women came to the stage door and began to put in their bundles. The gentlemen protested that they could not get in—there was no room. The woman with the baby said she *would* get in. "I am agwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with my relations, whar I was born and raised, and whar I hain't been for ten year, and nobody's got a better right to the stage than I has, and I am agwine, and Kitty Grim's agwine, too—she's my sister-in-law; and so is baby agwine, 'cause baby never did see her relations in Strasburg in her life. So, Uncle Ben, you jest take my bag, basket and box by you, and me and Kitty and baby and the bundles and the little basket will git inside."

All this was said amidst violent protestations from the men within: "You can't get in; driver, go on!" But, suiting the action to the word, she opened the door, calling, "Come, Kitty!" got on the step, thrust her head in, saying: "If these gentlemen is *gentlemen*, and has got any politeness at all, they will git out and sit with Uncle Ben and let ladies come inside."

A pause ensued. At last, in a subdued tone, the soldier on the middle seat was heard to say: "Madam, if you will get off the step I will get out." "Very well, sir; and why didn't you do that at first? And now," said she, looking at a man on the front seat, "there is another seat by Uncle Ben; sposen you git out and let Kitty Grim have your seat; 'cause she's bound to go."

The poor man quietly got out without saying a word, but the very expression of his back as he got out of the stage was subdued. "Now, Kitty, git in and bring the little basket and them two bundles; they won't pester the lady much."

The door was closed, and then the scene being over, the passengers shouted with laughter. Our heroine remained perfectly passive until we got to the picket-post, a mile from town. The driver stopped; a soldier came up for passports. She was thunderstruck. "Passes! Passes, for white folks! I never heerd tell of such a thing. I ain't got no pass; neither is Kitty Grim." I suggested to her to keep quiet, as the best policy.

Just at that time a Tennessee soldier had to confess that he had no passport. "You can't go on," said the official; and the soldier got out. Presently the woman's turn came. "Madam, your passport, if you please."

"I ain't got no passport; nuther is Kitty Grim (that's my sister-in-law); we ain't agwine to git out nuther, 'cause we's gwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with my relations, and I ain't been thar for ten year, and I never heerd of white folks having passes." "But, madam—" began the official. "You needn't to 'but madam' me, 'cause I ain't agwine to git out, and I'd like to see the man what would put me out. This is a free country, and I'm agwine to Strasburg this night; so you might as well take your lantern out of my face."

"But, madam, my orders—" began the picket. "Don't tell me nothing 'bout orders; I don't care nothing 'bout orders; and you needn't think 'cause the Tennessee man got out that I'se agwine to git out—'cause I ain't. Ain't I got three sons in the army, a great sight bigger than you is? And they fit at Manassas, and they ain't no cowards, nuther is their mother; and I ain't agwine to git out of this stage this night, but I'm agwine to Strasburg whar I was born and raised."

The poor man looked nonplussed, but yet made another effort. He began, "My dear Madam—" "I ain't none of your dear madam; I'se just a free white woman, and so is Kitty Grim, and we ain't no niggers to git passes, and I'se gwine 'long this pike to Strasburg. Now, I'se done talking."

With this she settled herself on the seat and leant back with a most determined air; and the discomfited man shut the door amid peals of laughter from within and without. In a few minutes we were quiet again, and all began to settle themselves for sleep, when the silence was broken by our heroine. "Kitty, is you sick?" "No," said Kitty. "Well, it is a wonder. Gentlemen, can't one of you take Kitty's seat and give her yourn? She gets monstrous sick when she is a-riding with her back to the horses."

There was a death-like silence, and my curiosity was aroused to know how she would manage that point. After a few moments she began again. "Kitty, is you sick?" "No," says Kitty, "not yit." "Well, I do wish one of you gentlemen would give Kitty his seat." Still no reply. All was becoming quiet again, when she raised her voice: "Kitty Grim, is you sick?" "Yes," said Kitty, "just a little." "I knowed it; I knowed she was sick, and when Kitty Grim gits sick *she most ginerally flings up!*"

The effect was electric. "My dear madam," exclaimed both gentlemen at once, "take my seat; by all means, take my seat!" And Kitty Grim gained her seat.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

Baltimore, Maryland.

1825.

1906.

WRITER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

John Williamson Palmer was born at Baltimore, Maryland, 1825. He was the son of Dr. James C. Palmer. He studied medicine at the University of Maryland, and received his degree. In 1849 he went to California and became the first city physician that San Francisco had. He married in 1855 Miss Henrietta Lee, a well-known writer, and had one child, Courtland E. Palmer. They traveled in India, Dr. Palmer having been made surgeon of an East India Company's ship during the Burmese War. His literary work began at this time. He sent papers to Putman's Monthly Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, and published *The Golden Dragon and California, India in Romantic Aspects*, also a comedy called *The Queen's Heart*.

In 1861 he accepted a position on the New York Times to be Confederate war correspondent, but his views were too Southern to satisfy the Times, and Horace Greeley engaged him as the correspondent for the Tribune. He was a very graphic narrator, a versatile essayist, and a true lyricist. The South never felt that he was a loyal Southerner, for his place was on the battle-field instead of in the office as correspondent for Northern papers, but they forgave much when his *Stonewall Jackson's Way* appeared.

He published several collections of his poems: *The Beauties and the Curiosities of Engraving, A Portfolio of Autograph Etchings*, and a novel, *After His Kind*. His pen-name was "John Coventry." One of his best known poems is *For Charlie's Sake*.

He was on the editorial staff of the Century Dictionary, and a contributor to the Standard Dictionary.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
 Stir up the camp-fire bright!
 No growling if the canteen fails;
 We'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the brigade's rousing song,
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouch hat
 Cocked o'er his eye askew;
 The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 The "Bluelight Elder" knows 'em well.
 Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
 Lord, save his soul! We'll give him"—well,
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
 Old Massa's going to pray.
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
 Attention! it's his way.
 Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
 "Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod.
 Amen." That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in,
 Steady the whole brigade!
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade.
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 Quick step! We're with him before morn—
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning; and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Dutchmen! whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.

Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.

Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

Many poems have had various claimants, but few have had such claims presented by three different persons as this poem found on the back of a Confederate five-hundred-dollar bill, after the war was over. It is claimed by Major S. A. Jonas, Aberdeen, Mississippi, so long editor of the Mississippi Examiner, and his proof seems conclusive. He gives this version of its origin: "Immediately after Johnson's surrender we were quartered at Powhatan Hotel, at High Point, North Carolina. A Philadelphia comedy company was stopping there, and Miss Annie Ruch, one of the performers, asked us for our autographs. Confederate bills were floating around generally, because at that time they were far below par. Miss Ruch handed us each a five-hundred-dollar bill. Nothing had been printed on the reverse side, so we were to write something as an autograph. Captain A. B. Shell was sitting next to me. I gave him the verses I had written before I copied them upon the note, and asked him to criticise them. Captain D. L. Sublett, now of Chattanooga, Tennessee, Lieutenant R. S. Desportes, now of Columbia, South Carolina, comrades of mine on S. D. Lee's staff, were present and will testify to the circumstances. I finally copied mine for Miss Ruch on the note, and gave it to her. A few months later the editor of the Metropolitan Record of New York published it under this heading: 'Something too good to be lost,' and that was the first time it ever appeared in print."

Let us now consider the claims of the other two:

In the Courier-Journal, November 29, 1889, there appeared a poem entitled "Lines on the back of a Confederate Note." The poem was sent by Mrs. R. E. Lytle, of Louisville, Kentucky, who furnished the Journal with the original copy.

Throughout the war Mrs. Lytle accompanied her husband, Dr. R. M. Lytle, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army. After Johnston's surrender she was in Griffin, Georgia, and meeting an old Virginia friend, Dr. Pucci, began to talk over war matters. He took a roll of Confederate notes from his pocket, and with a gloomy, downcast tone, said: "What is it good for now?" Upon the inspiration of the moment Mrs. Lytle took one of the bills and wrote the poem. There are persons still living who read the poem fresh from her pen.

Let us turn now to the last claimant:

Among the historical relics in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., is a Confederate note, and upon its back are inscribed these lines, signed by Miss M. J. Turner, of North Carolina. May it not be possible that Mrs. Lytle and Miss Turner wrote the lines from memory after reading the poem by Major S. A. Jonas, and never intended to claim it as original?

CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

Milledgeville, Georgia.

1839.

WRITER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Carrie Bell Sinclair was born at Milledgeville, Georgia, 1839. Her father, Rev. Elijah Sinclair, was a Methodist minister, and was stationed for a while during her girlhood at Augusta, Macon, Savannah, North Carolina and South Carolina, but as his health failed he finally settled in Macon and engaged in mercantile business. She was a niece of Robert Fulton, who, while visiting his sister in Augusta, heard the discussion about steam and the probability of using it for a propelling power; at once this great man of inventive genius began to plan his patent.

Miss Sinclair lived at Augusta during the war, and there her *Georgia*, *My Georgia*, and *The Homespun Dress* were written.

Her poem, *Dreaming*, attracted a great deal of attention. She published two volumes of poems, and contributed frequently to Southern papers.

Several years ago many inquiries appeared through the press, asking who the author of *The Homespun Dress* was and a reward was offered to the one who would answer these satisfactorily. The habit among the Southern writers of not signing their names to their literary efforts has caused much to be lost that should be credited to the South. It is almost an impossibility to find data concerning many of our writers.

About the same time that Miss Sinclair was compiling her book of poems in Augusta, another young woman of the same age began to compile hers. This was Miss Annie R. Blount,

who was born in Richmond county, near Augusta, in 1839, educated in the country schools near her home, and sent at fifteen to the Methodist Female College at Madison, Georgia. On graduating from that college she read an essay, *The Follies of the Age*, which attracted such favorable comment that it inspired her with an ambition to write more. Her family after the war was left very poor, and necessity compelling her to work, she moved to Bainbridge, Georgia, and began to edit a paper, and succeeded so well that she was enabled to be of financial aid to them at a time when they needed it most. She received several prizes for her poems. The published volume was called *The Sisters*. John R. Thompson was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond, Virginia, when these two volumes appeared. He criticised very adversely the haste in which the poems were written, and the use of phrases not at all poetical, but encouraged them by showing their possibilities as writers, and said: "The volumes indicate poetic impressibility and much facility of versification. but these young writers must not suppose that poetry must be composed with the greatest speed, dashed off on the inspiration of the moment, and then expect a sympathetic public to forgive it and receive them." He advised them to try later another volume each, written with more care and critical execution.

GEORGIA, MY GEORGIA!

Hark! 'tis the cannon's deafening roar,
That sounds along thy sunny shore,
And thou shalt lie in chains no more,
My wounded, bleeding Georgia!
Then arm each youth and patriot sire,
Light up the patriotic fire,
And bid the zeal of those ne'er tire,
Who strike for thee, my Georgia!

On thee is laid oppression's hand,
Around thy altars foemen stand,

To scatter freedom's gallant band,
And lay thee low, my Georgia!
But thou hast noble sons, and brave,
The Stars and Bars above thee wave,
And here we'll make oppression's grave,
Upon the soil of Georgia.

We bow at Liberty's fair shrine,
And kneel in holy love at thine,
And while above our stars still shine,
We'll strike for them and Georgia!
Thy woods with victory shall resound,
Thy brow shall be with laurels crowned,
And peace shall spread her wings around
My own, my sunny Georgia!

Yes, these shall teach thy foes to feel
That Southern hearts, and Southern steel,
Will make them in submission kneel
Before the sons of Georgia!
And thou shalt see thy daughters, too,
With pride and patriotism true,
Arise with strength to dare and do,
Ere they shall conquer Georgia!

Thy name shall be a name of pride—
Thy heroes all have nobly died,
That thou mayst be the spotless bride
Of Liberty, my Georgia!
Then wave thy sword and banner high,
And louder raise the battle-cry,
'Till shouts of victory reach the sky,
And thou art free, my Georgia!

JULIA STRUDWICK TUTWILER.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Miss Julia Tutwiler, a teacher in Alabama, was born at Tuscaloosa. She is the daughter of Dr. Henry T. Tutwiler and Julia Ashe. Her father attended the University of Virginia when Thomas Jefferson was chancellor, and received the first A.M. degree conferred. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, and Edgar Allan Poe, of Virginia, were among his classmates. He was a well-known educator of Alabama. She was educated with great care by her father, at a French boarding school, and later went to Vassar. She has also studied for three years in Germany, and has long been identified with educational work in her native State. In 1878 she was selected from many applicants to represent the International Journal of Education at the Paris Exposition. In 1890 she read a paper before the National Educational Association in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the subject being *Our Brother in Stripes in the Schoolroom*. She has labored long for prison reform, and has been enabled through her personal influence to have laws passed by the Legislature of Alabama ameliorating the convict lease system. She has written many very strong articles for the papers, and is the author of songs that are great favorites: *Alabama*, *The Dixie Now*, and *The Southern Yankee Doodle*.

She is president of the Normal College at Livingston, Alabama, and was instrumental in having the University of Alabama opened to girls. The annex has been named in her honor. She is one of the strongest women of the day, and holds a high place in the estimation of all who know her, or know of her work.

ALABAMA.

ADOPTED BY THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ALABAMA.

Air—*Harwell*, or *The Austrian National Hymn*.

Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee,
From thy Southern shore where groweth,
By the sea thy orange tree,
To thy Northern vale where floweth
Deep and blue thy Tennessee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Broad the stream whose name thou bearest;
Grand thy Bigbee rolls along;
Fair thy Coosa—Tallapoosa;
Bold thy Warrior, dark and strong;
Goodlier than the land that Moses
Climbed lone Nebo's Mount to see,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

From thy prairies broad and fertile,
Where the snow-white cotton shines,
To the hills where coal and iron
Hide in thy exhaustless mines,
Strong-armed miners—sturdy farmers;
Loyal hearts whate'er we be,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

From thy quarries where the marble
White as that of Paros gleams,
Waiting 'till thy sculptor's chisel
Wake to life thy poet's dreams;
For not only wealth of nature,
Wealth of mind hast thou in fee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Where the perfumed south-wind whispers,
Thy magnolia groves among,
Softer than a mother's kisses,

Sweeter than a mother's song;
Where the golden jasmine trailing,
Woos the treasure-laden bee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Brave and pure thy men and women,
Better this than corn and wine,
Make us worthy, God in heaven,
Of this goodly land of thine;
Hearts as open as our doorways,
Liberal hands and spirits free,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Little, little, can I give thee,
Alabama, mother mine;
But that little—hand, brain, spirit—
All I have and am are thine,
Take, O take, the gift and giver,
Take and serve thyself with me,
Alabama, Alabama,
I will aye be true to thee!

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

Marion, Alabama.

1858.

WRITER OF LATE REPUBLIC.

John Trotwood Moore, the son of Judge John Moore, of Marion, Alabama, was born in 1858. He was educated in his native town, and graduated from Howard College, which was later moved to Birmingham. He taught school for ten years, then began stock raising and later turned his attention to literary work.

His first wife was Florence W. Allen; she died in 1896, and he married Mary Brown Daniel in 1900. His home was at Columbia, Tennessee. He is now the editor of the Trotwood-Taylor Magazine and lives in Nashville.

His writings are *Songs and Storics from Tennessee, Ole Mistis*, and *A Summer Hymnal, A Tennessee Romance*.

His *Ballad of Emma Samson* has attracted much attention, and has been recited over and over again on Memorial Day occasions. It gives a picture of the brave Emma Samson, of Alabama, who after the war married C. B. Johnson and moved to Calloway, Texas, where their children were born and where she died in 1900.

The story of the poem is a true one. General Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle," hearing of Streight's advance through Northern Alabama, began to pursue him. A terrific battle occurred, and the Federals were beaten back. At Gadsden, Forrest found that the enemy had burned the bridge, and Black Creek was so swollen that he knew he could not cross. At the time of this dilemma Mrs. Samson and her two daughters passed; they had gone to extinguish the fire and found a

Federal sentinel guarding the bridge. Emma Samson, then a girl in her teens, offered to show General Forrest a ford. Her mother demurred, but before anything more could be said she sprang up behind the general and directed him where to ride. As they approached the creek the enemy began to fire. When the general dismounted to use his field glass she held out her skirts to protect him and insisted upon riding in front. The shot passed through her clothes, but no harm was done to either General Forrest or herself. When the enemy recognized a woman they stopped firing and began to cheer, and in a short while the ford was crossed. Streight and his seventeen hundred men were captured. Forrest's men numbered five hundred. Rome, Georgia, would undoubtedly have been burned had it not been for Emma Samson's bravery.

The State of Alabama voted her a gift of land and a very handsome medal in appreciation of these services.

The Trotwood-Taylor Magazine is doing a great work, under Mr. Moore's guidance, in directing attention to the writers of the South, and deserves the support of Southern people.

Bob Taylor's excellent magazine has been united with this, and the combination is a good one.

A BALLAD OF EMMA SAMSON.

The courage of man is one thing, but that of a maid is more,
For blood is blood, and death is death, and grim is the battle gore,
And the rose that blooms, tho' blistered by the sleet of an open sky,
Is fairer than its sisters are
Who sleep in the hothouse nigh.

Word came up to Forrest that Streight was on a raid—
Two thousand booted bayonets were riding down the glade.
Eight thousand were before him—he was holding Dodge at bay,
But he turned on his heels like the twist of a steel,
And was off at the break of day.

A fight to the death in the valley, and a fight to the death on the hill,
 But still Streight thunder'd southward, and Forrest followed still.
 And the goaded hollows bellow'd to the bay of the rebel gun—
 For Forrest was hot as a solid shot
 When its fight is just begun.

* * * *

A midnight fight on the mountain, and a daybreak fight in the glen,
 And when Streight stopped for water he had lost three hundred men.
 But he gained the bridge at the river and planted his batteries there,
 And the halt of the gray was a hound at bay,
 And the blue—a wolf in his lair.

And out from the bridge at the river a white heat lightning came,
 Like the hungry tongues of a forest fire, with the autumn woods aflame;
 And the death-smoke burst above them, and the death-heat blazed below,
 But the men in gray cheered the smoke away,
 And bared their breast to the blow.

"To the ford! To the ford!" rang the bugle—"and flank the enemy out!"
 And quick to the right the gray lines wheel and answer with a shout.
 But the river was mad and swollen—to left—to right—no ford—
 And still the sting of the maddened thing
 At the bridge, and still the goad.

Then out from a nearby cabin a mountain maiden came,
 Her cheeks were banks of snowdrifts, but her eyes were skies of flame,
 And she drew her sunbonnet closer as the bullets whispered low—
 (Lovers of lead), and one of them said:
 "I'll clip a curl as I go!"

Straight through the blistering bullets she fled like a hunted doe,
 While the hound-guns down at the river bayed in her wake below.
 And around, their hot breath shifted, and behind, their pattering feet,
 But still she fled through the thunder red,
 And still through the lightning sleet.

And she stood at the General's stirrup, flushed as a mountain rose,
 When the sun looks down in the morning, and the gray mist upward goes.
 She stood at the General's stirrup and this was all she said:
 "I'll lead the way to the ford to-day—
 I'm a girl; but I'm not afraid!"

How the gray troops thronged around her! And then the rebel yell—
 With that brave-girl to lead them they would storm the gates of hell!

And they toss her behind the General, and again the echoes woke,
For she clung to him there with her floating hair
As the wild vine clings to the oak.

Down through the bullets she led them, down through an unused road,
And, when the General dismounted to use his glass on the ford,
She spread her skirts before him (the troopers gave a cheer):
"Better get behind me, General,
For the bullets will hit you here!"

And then the balls came singing and ringing quick and hot,
But the gray troops gave them ball for ball and answer shot for shot.
"They have riddled your skirt," the General said, "I must take you out
of this din."

"Oh, that's all right," she answered light—
"They are wounding my crinoline!"

And then, in a blaze of beauty, her sunbonnet off she took,
Right in the front she waved it high and at their lines it shook.
And the gallant bluecoats cheered her—ceased firing to a man,
And the graycoats rode through the bloody ford,
And again the race began.

ROBERT FALLIGANT was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1839. His grandfather on his father's side fought under Napoleon at Waterloo; his great-grandfather on his mother's side was John Raiford, a commissioned officer of the Revolutionary War. He received his primary education at Cassville, Bartow county, Georgia, and went to the University to graduate, but the War between the States began, and in the enthusiasm of youth he with other college boys enlisted in 'The Southern Guards. He was one of the party to seize Harper's Ferry. When the war ended he returned to Savannah and began to practice law, became a partner of William Law, and in 1889 was made judge of the superior court.

Judge Falligant was a poet of no mean ability, as his poem *The Man of the Twelfth of May* will show. It commemorates the bravery of General John B. Gordon in the gallant charge made when General Hancock had broken the Confederate lines and taken General Johnson prisoner. That was the time Gordon received his wound in the face and made a name for bravery that will go down in history.

Inspired by the memories of this gallant deed the young artillery officer sat down by his camp-fire, in the shadow of his guns, and wrote these lines to *The Man of the Twelfth of May*. Those who have heard him recite them, when his comrades of the olden days were gathered together, will add to them now the splendid enthusiasm and soldierly ardor that flashed from his eye as he recalled these glorious scenes of his youth. The lines follow:

When history tells her story
Of the noble hero band,
Who have made the green fields gory,
For the life of their native land,
How grand will be the picture
Of Georgia's proud array,
As they drove the boasting foeman back
That glorious twelfth of May, boys,
That glorious twelfth of May.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah while we rally round
The hero of that day,
And a nation's grateful praises crown,
The man of the twelfth of May, boys,
The man of the twelfth of May.

Whose mien is ever proudest
When we hold the foe at bay?
Whose war-cry cheers us loudest
As we rush to the bloody fray?
'Tis Gordon's; our reliance!
Fearless as on the day
When he hurled his grand defiance
In that charge of the twelfth of May, boys,
That charge of the twelfth of May.

Who, who can be a coward!
What freeman fear to die
When Gordon orders "forward,"
And the red cross floats on high!
Follow his tones inspiring!
On, on to the field, Away!
And we'll see the foe retiring
As they did on the twelfth of May, boys,
As they did on the twelfth of May.

This is no time for sighing—
Whate'er our fate may be,
'Tis sweet to think that dying,
We will leave our country free,
Though the storms of battle pelt her,
She'll defy the tyrant's sway,
And our breasts shall be her shelter
As they were on the twelfth of May, boys,
As they were on the twelfth of May.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

There were many poems that appeared during the war written by persons who possibly did not write more than the one isolated poem. So far as we know this was true of Marie LaCosta, of Savannah, Georgia, the author of *Somebody's Darling*. As it was written at the time when loved ones were daily dying in hospital wards, where "the sick and wounded lay," the poem touched tender chords of sympathy, and at once became one of the loved Confederate poems, was put into every scrap-book, and recited on every school stage.

Another lady of Savannah, possibly the same, for no name is given, wrote *The Boy Soldier*, which illustrates the heroic spirit in the mothers of the men who wore the gray. *The Southern Republic*, by Olivia Tully Thomas, of Mississippi, was a striking poem by one from whose pen we can find nothing else.

Nor do we know the author of *The Texas Rangers*, which was widely copied by the newspapers of the day.

Emily J. Moore wrote *Tell the Boys the War is Ended*.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould,

Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there—
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

THE BOY SOLDIER.

BY A LADY OF SAVANNAH.

He is acting o'er the battle,
With his cap and feather gay,
Singing out his soldier-prattle,
In a mockish, manly way—
With the boldest, bravest footstep,
Treading firmly up and down,
And his banner waving softly,
O'er his boyish locks of brown.

And I sit beside him sewing,
With a busy heart and hand,
For the gallant soldier's going
To the far-off battle land—
And I gaze upon my jewel,
In his baby spirit bold,
My little blue-eyed soldier,
Just a second summer old.

Still a deep, deep well of feeling,
In my mother's heart is stirred,
And the tears come softly stealing
At each imitative word!
There's a struggle in my bosom,
For I love my darling boy—
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!

Yet I think upon my country,
And my spirit groweth bold—
Oh! I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

I would speed him to the battle—
I would arm him for the fight;
I would give him to his country,
For his country's wrong and right!
I would nerve his hand with blessing
From the "God of battles" won—
With His helmet and His armor
I would cover o'er my son.

Oh! I know there'd be a struggle,
For I love my darling boy;
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!
Yet in thinking of my country,
Oh! my spirit groweth bold,
And I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC.

BY OLIVIA THOMAS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

In the galaxy of nations, .
A nation's flag's unfurled,
Transcending in its martial pride
The nations of the world.
Though born of war, baptized in blood,
Yet mighty from the time,
Like fabled phoenix, forth she stood—
Dismembered, yet sublime.

And braver heart, and bolder hand,
Ne'er formed a fabric fair
As Southern wisdom can command,
And Southern valor rear.
Though kingdoms scorn to own her sway,
Or recognize her birth,
The land blood-bought for Liberty
Will reign supreme on earth.

Clime of the Sun! Home of the Brave!
Thy sons are bold and free,
And pour life's crimson tide to save
Their birthright, Liberty!
Their fertile fields and sunny plains
That yield the wealth alone,
That's coveted for greedy gains
By despots—and a throne!

Proud country! battling, bleeding, torn,
Thy altars desolate;
Thy lovely dark-eyed daughters mourn
At war's relentless fate;
And widows' prayers, and orphans' tears,
Her homes will consecrate,
While more than brass or marble rears
The trophy of her great.

Oh! land that boasts each gallant name
Of Jackson, Johnson, Lee,
And hosts of valiant sons, whose fame
Extends beyond the sea;
Far rather let thy plains become,

From gulf to mountain cave,
One honored sepulchre and tomb,
Than we the tyrant's slave!

Fair, favored land! thou mayst be free,
Redeemed by blood and war;
Through agony and gloom we see
Thy hope—a glimmering star;
Thy banner, too, may proudly float,
A herald on the seas—
Thy deeds of daring worlds remote
Will emulate and praise!

But who can paint the impulse pure
That thrills and nerves thy grave
To deeds of valor, that secure
The rights their fathers gave?
Oh! grieve not, hearts; her matchless slain,
Crowned with the warrior's wreath,
From beds of fame their proud refrain
Was "Liberty or Death!"

SONG OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.

Air—The Yellow Rose of Texas.

The morning star is paling,
The camp-fires flicker low;
Our steeds are madly neighing,
For the bugle bids us go.
So put the foot in stirrup,
And shake the bridle free,
For to-day the Texas Rangers
Must cross the Tennessee.
With Wharton for our leader,
We'll chase the dastard foe,
Till our horses bathe their fetlocks
In the deep blue Ohio.

Our men are from the prairies,
That roll broad and proud and free,
From the high and craggy mountains
To the murmuring Mexic sea;
And their hearts are open as their plains,
Their thoughts as proudly brave

As the bold cliffs of the San Bernard,
Or the Gulf's resistless wave.
Then quick into the saddle,
And shake the bridle free,
To-day, with gallant Wharton,
We cross the Tennessee.

'Tis joy to be a Ranger!
To fight for dear Southland;
'Tis joy to follow Wharton,
With his gallant, trusty band!
'Tis joy to see our Harrison,
Plunge like a meteor bright
Into the thickest of the fray,
And deal his deathly might.
Oh! who'd not be a Ranger,
And follow Wharton's cry!
To battle for his country—
And, if it needs be—die!

By the Colorado's waters,
On the Gulf's deep murmuring shore,
On our soft green peaceful prairies
Are the homes we may see no more;
But in those homes our gentle wives,
And mothers with silv'ry hairs,
Are loving us with tender hearts,
And shielding us with prayers.
So, trusting in our country's God,
We draw our stout, good brand,
For those we love at home,
Our altars and our land.

Up, up with the crimson battle-flag—
Let the blue pennon fly;
Our steeds are stamping proudly—
They hear the battle-cry!
The thundering bomb, the bugle's call,
Proclaim the foe is near;
We strike for God and native land,
And all we hold most dear.
Then spring into the saddle,
And shake the bridle free,
For Wharton leads, through fire and blood,
For home and Victory!

This song is sung by the Veterans at their Reunions and on Memorial Days:

WE ARE OLD-TIME CONFEDERATES.

(Revised.)

WORDS BY CAPTAIN TIP HARRISON.

Tune—" 'Tis Old-time Religion."

We are a band of brothers,
We are a band of brothers,
A band of Southern brothers,
Who fought for *Liberty*.

We fought with Hood and Gordon,
With Longstreet, Polk and Cleburne,
With Ewell, Hill and Hardee;
They were good enough for me.

CHORUS.

We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
They're good enough for me.

We rode with Stuart, Hampton,
With Fitz Lee, Duke and Morgan,
With Forest and Joe Wheeler,
They were good enough for me.

Jeff Davis was our leader,
Our only chosen leader,
Our true and faithful leader,
He was good enough for me.

We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting,
For Southern liberty.

Lee and Johnston our chieftains,
Bragg, Beauregard and Johnson,
These were glorious chieftains,
They were good enough for me.

Now our country is united,
Now our country is united,
Now our country is united,
It's good enough for me.

We follow'd Stonewall Jackson,
The Christian soldier Jackson,
The terror-striking Jackson,
He was grand enough for me.

We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven,
To rejoice eternally.

CHAPTER VII.

PART II.

The Later National Era

and

Early Days of the Republic.

JEFFERSON DAVIS	1808-1889
RAPHAEL SEMMES	1809-1877
JOSEPH BALDWIN	1815-1864
JOHN BASIL LAMAR	1812-1862
ANDREW ADGATE LIPSCOMB	1816-1890
HENRY ROOTES JACKSON	1820-1898
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THOMAS R. R. COBB	1823-1862
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CHAPTER VII.

PART II.

Early Days of the Republic.

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

Christian County, Kentucky.

1808.

1889.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

In the early part of the eighteenth century three brothers came from Wales to this country and settled in Philadelphia. The youngest of these three brothers was Evan Davis, who moved to Georgia, then a colony under the rule of Great Britain. He married a widow whose family name was Emory, and their son was Samuel Davis, the father of Jefferson Davis. Samuel Davis was a soldier of the Revolution, raised a company in Georgia, and fought for the independence of the colonies around Savannah. After the Revolutionary War he settled in Augusta, and later on became county clerk at that place. He married Jane Cook, of South Carolina, who became the mother of Jefferson Davis.

Jefferson Davis was born June 3, 1808, in Christian county, now Todd county, Kentucky. While he was yet an infant his parents moved to Woodville, Mississippi. His childhood and youth were spent in a community remarkable for the lofty, hon-

orable, hospitable and courteous bearing of its men, and the chastity, polish and loveliness of its women. So at the outset of life he acquired those gallant, refined and commanding traits which characterized him through life.

He obtained his first schooling in the ordinary log school-house of the rural district, and started to school when but five years old. Even at that tender age the intrepid daring of the boy was evident. He went to school with his sister, Polly, who was two years his senior, but he considered himself her protector.

At the age of seven he was sent to a Roman Catholic school in Washington county, Kentucky, where he remained two years. While there he was persuaded to blow out the light one night while the larger boys threw cabbages and biscuits at the professor who was within. The professor tried his best to obtain from young Davis the information that would lead to the discovery of the guilty parties, but he even then showed the trait that afterwards enabled him to bear for three years the horrors of the dungeon of Fortress Monroe, for he told him he knew who committed the offense, and that he would not tell on the boys, but he was the boy who blew out the light, and further than that he could not be persuaded to go.

Later on he attended the county institute in Adams county, Mississippi, and then went to Transylvania University, in Kentucky. Here he stood at the head of his classes and was considered the bravest and the handsomest boy there. In November, 1823, he was appointed by President Monroe to a cadetship at West Point Military Academy. While there his most intimate friends were Albert Sidney Johnston and Leonidas Polk, afterwards two of the great generals of the Confederate army. While at West Point he figured in an exciting incident. In one of the classes they were experimenting in the making of fireballs. One of these fireballs became unmanageable, and

the professor told the boys to run for their lives. Some of them started to do so, but Jefferson Davis, coolly and calmly picked up the blazing fireball and cast it out of the window, thus saving life and property.

In 1826 there was a riot among the cadets and young Davis was put under arrest for some time, because he would not give information against his roommate. He stayed in the guard-house rather than give the information, although he had done nothing at all towards stirring up the riot. He did not stand very high in his class studies, but graduated in 1828 with a very good average. All the time he was in the military academy he sent to his widowed mother a portion of his pay.

After graduation he was sent as a second lieutenant to Fort Crawford, and later on to a number of posts in that section of the country. In 1832 at Fort Crawford he met Colonel Zachary Taylor and his family, including his daughter, Sarah Knox Taylor, who two years later became his wife.

At first Colonel Taylor was favorably disposed toward him, but one day while sitting on a courtmartial Jefferson Davis deemed it his duty to vote contrary to the wishes of Colonel Taylor. He knew that it meant disfavor in the eyes of the father of his sweetheart, but there never was a time in the life of Jefferson Davis when he could be swerved from the path of duty. Colonel Taylor became estranged from him and this estrangement lasted until after the death of Mrs. Davis, two years later. In 1835 he resigned from the army and married Miss Taylor at the home of her aunt. In September of the same year they were both taken ill with malarial fever and Mrs. Davis died. Mr. Davis was a mere wreck after his recovery, and went to Havana to recuperate. Later on he went into the business of farming in Mississippi with his elder brother, Joseph Davis, and during the eight years in which he followed the life of a planter he accumulated a neat fortune.

Soon came the Black Hawk war in which he served with conspicuous gallantry. At Fort Snelling it became necessary to swear in a number of recruits, and one day a company came whose captain was a tall, ungainly looking young man, with a sad but rugged face. Jefferson Davis had him swear allegiance to the United States, and this ungainly looking captain with the sad and rugged face was no other than Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln in after years often remarked that he took his first oath of allegiance to the United States under the direction of Jefferson Davis.

At the conclusion of the Black Hawk war it fell to the lot of Jefferson Davis to escort the captured chief to Jefferson Barracks. Black Hawk, in writing of that fact, said that "the big war chief" would not allow any one to see him, showing that he had a good heart and respected the feelings of a prisoner, who rather than anything else desired to be free from the curiosity of the gaping crowd.

In 1843 he took his first dip into politics, running for the Mississippi Legislature against Sargent S. Prentiss, at that time the greatest orator of the country. He was defeated by Mr. Prentiss, but the next year came forward and waged a successful contest as elector on the Polk and Dallas ticket. In 1845 he was sent to Congress as a member from the State of Mississippi. In that year he was married to Miss Varina Howell, at "The Briers," her home, near Natchez, Mississippi. While going to the wedding he took passage on a steamboat on the Mississippi, and there met again with General Taylor, to whom he became reconciled, and ever afterward the very kindest of feelings existed between them.

In 1846 Mr. Davis joined the army of the United States to fight against Mexico. He had the rank of colonel in this struggle, and distinguished himself for bravery and qualities of

leadership at Monterey and Buena Vista. In the latter battle he introduced for the first time the wedge movement in the deploying of troops, and saved the American army under General Taylor from rout.

In 1847 he was sent from Mississippi to the United States Senate. At this time the celebrated Lopez expedition was fitted up and embarked for Cuba to set that country free. Mr. Davis was interviewed by a leader in that expedition and asked to go. He declined, saying that he did not deem it his duty to do so. General Lee was also asked to go and he also declined. A few months later the expedition ended in failure and its leader was executed.

Mr. Davis was made Secretary of War in 1853 in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, where he served with eminent ability and greatly strengthened the army that was soon to be arrayed against the government over which he was to preside. In October, 1858, he delivered a famous address at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the subject of the South and Slavery. That it had its effect is proved by the fact that in the Charleston convention of the Democratic party in 1860 he received many of the votes of Massachusetts for the presidential nomination.

Then came the secession of South Carolina, of Mississippi and other States, and when it became evident that the struggle could no longer be averted, Jefferson Davis made up his mind to go with his State. It became known that he was to deliver his farewell address to the Senate on a certain day. Long before the appointed hour the Senate gallery was filled to overflowing and the greater number of the members of the House of Representatives came over to the Senate Chamber to hear the memorable speech. It was the greatest effort of Mr. Davis's life. It was a solemn moment, but the great man from Mississippi measured fully up to the requirements of the occa-

sion, and the address will go down in history as one of the greatest oratorical efforts of the age.

He was elected President of the seceding States for six years. The Provisional Congress met at Montgomery, Alabama, and Howell Cobb, of Georgia, presided over the assembly. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was chosen President of the Confederate States of America; Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President; Robert Toombs, of Georgia, Secretary of State; Leroy P. Walker, of Alabama, Secretary of War; Stephen B. Mallory, of Florida, Secretary of Navy; Charles G. Memminger, of South Carolina, Secretary and Treasurer; Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, Attorney-General; and J. H. Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster-General. When the surrender took place in 1865 President Davis was captured with his wife and child near Irwinville, Georgia, and confined as a prisoner of State in Fortress Monroe. His life in prison is too sad to be dwelt upon, and even his enemies admit now that he was harshly treated at times. Subsequent history has proven that he headed no rebellion, but only defended the Constitution of the United States; therefore it was impossible to try or condemn him. One hundred thousand dollars was offered in gold for his capture and delivery to the military authorities of the United States. An old body servant gives the following account of this capture:

“Yes, I was with old marster when they overtook him. I was close by him all the way from Richmond to Irwinville. We struck camp at Abbeville. I never will forget that night. I laid awake a long time, and every time a horse would stamp I would think it was the bluecoat cavalry. All of us was so tired out that it wasn’t long before we were all asleep, as sound and hearty as if there hadn’t been no war. Suddenly a rattle-rattle-rattle, like reeds popping in a canebrake roused me up,

and before I could get my eyes good open I heard a yell and the tramping of what appeared to me a regular regiment of horses, and right straight I knowed that all was gone up the spout. Them Yankee soldiers came tearing right into camp, and in a mighty little while it was all over. Old Mars Jeff was as solid as a cannon ball, and I never saw a man do as gentlemanly as he did. My Lord! I was scared to death, but he was as straight as any sapling round there, and he looked like he was giving orders instead of carrying out somebody else's instructions. I looked after Missis Davis and little Winnie, and I tell you I kept close to that child the balance of the time. Of course the Yankees was mighty glorified when they found out who it was they had, but they were a great sight better behaved than we expected them to be, and they didn't do anything to hurt the feelings of the women and children all enduring that long trip to Macon.

"As for the old boss, nobody could tell anything of his sufferings except one who had stayed around him a long time like I had. He kept the same gleam in his eye, and the same bold look in his face, although, to me he looked twenty years older, and he walked just as straight as if he was walking the streets of Richmond with Lee and Jackson, driving the Yankees across the Potomac at every crossing. I've seen lots of big generals and brave men in my time, but that man was the bravest looking man I ever saw. I was scared they would hang him, for you know them were troublesome times, but if ever he flinched nobody ever saw it. He just seemed to look older. It wasn't for himself that he cared, but for the people that had looked up to him, and the cause that he loved.

"Folks may say what they please, but Jefferson Davis was a brave man. He might have been strong-headed, but he was all right in his inside."

In 1866 he was indicted for high treason, but was allowed to go out on bail a year later, his first bondsman being Horace Greeley. He was never brought to trial, being included in the general amnesty of 1868.

Mrs. Sarah Anne Dorsey bequeathed to him her estate at Beauvoir, Mississippi, where he spent the remainder of his life. During his last years he devoted himself to writing *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, which makes clear many points not fully understood before; this makes the book, aside from its literary merits, of great value.

He died in New Orleans, Louisiana, 1889, and was buried there, as his wife desired, but two years afterwards his body was removed to Richmond, Virginia, the fitting burial place of the chieftain of the Confederacy, and the highest respect and honors were shown as the body passed through the Southern States on the way to its final resting place. There will be unveiled at Richmond in 1907 a very handsome monument which has been erected to his memory by Confederate Sons and Daughters.

MRS. VARINA HOWELL DAVIS, of Natchez, Mississippi, his widow, wrote a memoir of him. She was well qualified to do this work. By loving ministrations and intellectual companionship she was her husband's confidante through the memorable years of his life, and greatly aided him to achieve the career which has made him so prominent. The war record given is historical. There were four children—two sons, who died in youth, and two daughters, Mrs. Addison Hays, who lives with her family in Mississippi, and Annie Varina, who died in 1898. She was affectionately called "Winnie," and introduced by General Gordon, of Atlanta, as the "Daughter of the Confederacy." She was born in 1864, at Richmond, Virginia, and had literary talent of very high order, and contributed to a number of peri-

odicals. No woman of the South so endeared herself to its people. She possessed intelligence, culture and refinement, and was gifted with a charming personality. She made friends wherever she went, and the South truly mourned for her when she died. The United Daughters of the Confederacy erected in the Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond a beautiful white marble monument to her memory, and the Georgia Division U. D. C., the beautiful Winnie Davis Dormitory, built in old Southern style, to be used by daughters of Confederate soldiers while attending the State Normal School at Athens, Georgia. Many chapters of the Daughters and Children of the Confederacy have been named for her in the different States.

She was educated in Europe and possessed the rare accomplishments that travel gives. She has written two books. *An Irish Knight*, the story of the life of Robert Emmet. It is said the description of the knight in this book was meant by her for a picture of her father in his trials. The other book was *The Veiled Doctor*, and besides this she wrote many magazine articles. She and her mother felt after President Davis died that it was best to leave Beauvoir, for they were not able to keep open house, as many expected them still to do, and besides it was better to be in New York to be near the publishers of their books. Many blamed them, but those who knew them well felt that it meant no disloyalty to the South.

In mind, manners and heart President Davis was a type of that old race of Southern gentlemen whom these bustling times are fast crowding out of our civilization. He did not seek nor desire to be President of the Confederacy, preferring to be the Commander-in-chief of the army of Confederate soldiers, but when placed in the executive chair by the voice and will of his constituents, he accepted without a murmur and was faithful to the cause even unto death.

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

Charles County, Maryland.

1809.

1877.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Raphael Semmes was born in Charles county, Maryland, 1809, and died at Mobile, Alabama, 1877. He was the author of *Service Afloat and Ashore during the Mexican War*, *The Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico*, *The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter*, and *Memoirs of Service Afloat during the War Between the States*. He was only seventeen years of age when he was appointed by John Quincy Adams midshipman in the United States Navy. He realized that it was necessary to prepare himself more fully for this position, so began a course of study to this end. This act was indicative of Semmes' character through life; he was never willing to undertake any responsibility until he had prepared himself as best he could for it. It was not until he was twenty-three that he entered into active service at sea, but so well qualified was he for his position that in a very short time he was promoted lieutenant. When the War with Mexico was declared he was found ready for service and at the siege of Vera Cruz commanded the naval batteries on shore.

As soon as his adopted State, Alabama, seceded in 1860, he reported at once to President Davis for service. He was sent North in order to procure skilled mechanics, and to make contracts for light artillery, powder and other munitions of war. He had no trouble apparently in attending to these commissions, and succeeded without disguise in shipping thousands of pounds of powder, and large quantities of percussion caps for use in Confederate warfare. When he reached Montgom-

ery he was notified that he had been made commander-in-chief of the Confederate Navy.

The "Alabama" was built for him under English contract, and he sailed to the Azores to take command of her. He made this vessel a terror to Federal commerce, and destroyed millions of dollars in merchandise. The two most noted engagements with other vessels was with the "Hatteras" in 1863, which he sank in thirteen minutes, and with the "Kearsarge" off the coast of France, which sank the "Alabama." The vessel had been made almost iron proof by chains and Semmes not knowing this ventured too far. As his vessel was sinking he threw his sword overboard and jumped with his men into the sea, and was saved by an English yacht.

He was taken to London, where many honors were shown him, and a sword presented to him to replace the one thrown overboard. The British government was held responsible for fitting out a vessel for the use of the Confederacy, and after the War between the States had ended the United States government made a claim known as the "Alabama Claim," which had to be settled by arbitration in 1872. The South always felt that England was friendly to her.

He returned to the South by way of Havana and was sent to guard the approaches to Richmond. He surrendered with the army at Greensboro, North Carolina, 1865, but was arrested and imprisoned as a traitor for escaping from the sinking "Alabama," but finally was released and went to Mobile, Alabama, to practice law. He was made judge of the probate court. While a lawyer he undertook to edit a paper and later accepted a position to teach in the Louisiana Military Institute. His literary work really began in his teaching days.

A cousin of Raphael Semmes, ALEXANDER JENKINS SEMMES, born at Georgetown, District of Columbia, 1828, was also an author of several works, chiefly on medical subjects. He was a surgeon in Stonewall Jackson's corps, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

JOSEPH G. BALDWIN.

Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.

1811.

1866.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Joseph G. Baldwin, a Virginian by birth but an Alabamian and Californian by adoption, was a regular contributor to the Southern Literary Messenger. He wrote *Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi*, *Party Leaders*, and *Humorous Legal Sketches*.

Although he early moved to Sumter county, Alabama, and began to practice law there, and made for himself a name in legal circles, and became one of Alabama's most popular men, he was always a Virginian at heart. "Once a Virginian always a Virginian" was true of Judge Baldwin. He says himself, "The disposition to be proud and vain of one's country and to boast of it is a very natural feeling, but with a Virginian it is a passion," and it was true of himself, for while he breathed Alabama air, and loved Alabama people, he really lived in Virginia; while he admired the Mississippi Delta, it was because it recalled the James river in Virginia; while the vast prairies of Texas won his admiration, it was because they made him think of the beautiful Virginia valleys.

Later he moved to California and became even more prominent there as judge of the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice of California.

He was always full of humor; knowing so well how to tell jokes and describe court room scenes his friends persuaded him to put these sketches into print. This he did in his *Humorous Legal Sketches*, which are laughable descriptions of the members of the bar, and tell in the most ludicrous way about

their clients from the adjoining communities and their cases. His descriptions of local scenes and local characters, and his ability to infuse an individuality into all he tells really places his writings above the average.

His *Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* was written when commercial credits were freely given and speculations prevailed on a very small money basis, and frequently on no basis at all. A series of financial experiments followed; the State Bank made loans; private banks were opened whose stock was mortgages on real estate; notes were issued payable in gold and silver, when there was neither gold nor silver to pay. The people did not seem to realize this, as long as money was plentiful. Joseph Baldwin in his book described some of the scenes in court when the money failed to be on hand, when demanded, and these descriptions were not only very original, but full of the truest humor. He had this book published in New York, and it found a ready sale.

He married a daughter of Hon. John White, judge of the circuit court, and moved to California, where he became judge of the Supreme Court and Chief Justice. He lived there during the War between the States. His mother was in Virginia, and when he heard of her illness he went immediately to Washington City and asked for permission to visit her, but was not allowed to cross the lines. He died in 1866, leaving several children. His son Alexander W. Baldwin inherited much of his talent, and became a judge of the Federal District Court. He was killed in a railroad accident in Nevada in 1869.

Some one in speaking of Judge Joseph Baldwin said, "Oh, for an hour's talk with some man like him, wearing his humanity as he used to wear it, with his hat about to turn a back summerset from his head, with his forehead growing broader, and his eyes sparkling brighter, as he advanced in anecdote, till he was shut out from vision by the tears his mirth created, and we were compelled to feel that there was at least one great man in the world who could be funny."

JOHN BASIL LAMAR.

Milledgeville, Georgia.

1812.

1862.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

John B. Lamar was born November 5, 1812, in Milledgeville, Georgia. He was of Huguenot ancestry, the founder of the family in this country, Thomas Lamar, having left his home in Angers, France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, Zachariah Lamar, was a prominent planter and merchant of Baldwin county, and amassed a competency entirely through his own exertions. His mother's family were Irish, one of her parents having been born in Dublin and the other in Belfast.

He attended the well-known school of Dr. Beman at Mount Zion, Hancock county, and afterwards went to the University of Georgia, then Franklin College. He later made his home in Macon. He never married, but devoted his life to the interests and welfare of his sister, Mrs. Howell Cobb, her children and the orphan children of his younger brother, Andrew J. Lamar, and took an active interest in every useful and worthy enterprise, public or private. He enlisted in the army and served in the Seminole War as a private.

By his wise and active management he added very materially to the estate left him by his father.

In 1842 he and his brother-in-law, Hon. Howell Cobb, both ran for Congress from the State at large, the State at that time not having been districted. Contrary to their expectations they were both elected, Mr. Lamar coming second and Mr. Cobb third on the general ticket. Mr. Lamar resigned with-

out taking his seat, thinking it best for one of them to remain at home to attend to their private interests. He chose to be that one, giving as a reason that he considered his young brother-in-law better fitted for political life than himself.

He lived in the quiet enjoyment of a large fortune, of foreign travel, the gratification of elegant and literary tastes, surrounded by a large, devoted family circle, consisting of his sister, his nephews and nieces, upon whom he lavished not only his ample means, but all the wealth of his noble and generous heart. When the exciting questions of the differences between the North and the South arose, leading to secession and the War between the States, he embraced with his whole heart and soul the cause of the South.

He was elected a member of the Secession Convention, which met at Milledgeville, was one of the most active members of that body, and had the honor of being one of the signers of the Ordinance of Secession of Georgia. His niece, Mrs. A. S. Erwin, Athens, Georgia, has in her possession the pen used at that time; each signer was presented with his own pen.

When the war began he aided the cause in every way, among other ways, by giving every member of the Macon Volunteers a uniform when leaving the State for active service in Virginia. He adopted the plan on not only his own plantations, but also upon those of his sister and of General Cobb, of which he had the personal supervision, planting only the absolutely necessary amount of cotton, and devoting the rest to corn and similar crops, in order to be able to assist in supplying the army with provisions needed during the war, a plan which his brother-in-law, General Cobb, continued after his death until the close of the war.

He went to Virginia as volunteer aide on the staff of his brother-in-law, General Howell Cobb, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Crampton Gap, September 14, 1862, dying the following day.

In McCabe's "Life and Campaigns of General Lee" he says of the battle of Crampton Gap: "The position was held by a weak portion of McLaws' Division under General Howell Cobb. General McLaws was under the impression that the pass was threatened by a very small force of the enemy. He was confirmed in this opinion by General Stuart's assertion that he did not believe the enemy's force amounted to more than a brigade. Stuart had been watching the Federal advance, and being deceived himself, had misinformed both D. H. Hill and McLaws as to the character of the Federal movements. General Cobb's three brigades had been posted at the Gap only a few hours, when Franklin made his attack. He was instructed by McLaws to hold his position, 'if he lost his last man doing it.' Franklin made a sharp attack, and met with gallant resistance. It was vain for three small brigades to hold such a force in check, yet it took three hours for Franklin to dislodge Cobb and carry the pass." In this battle Franklin's whole corps opposed these three brigades. The resistance at Crampton Gap and Turner's Gap, known as the battles of South Mountain, held the enemy in check long enough to enable General Stonewall Jackson to effect the capture of Harper's Ferry.

A contemporary paper has this to say of Colonel Lamar's death:

"Another costly offering has been laid upon the altar of our country. Another noble spirit has joined the army of the patriot martyrs. Among the gallant dead of the battle of the 14th ult., we have to mourn the loss of John B. Lamar, of Bibb, who received on that day a mortal wound of which he died on the day following. Colonel Lamar was serving his country as a volunteer on the staff of his brother-in-law, General Cobb. He was one of a class that the country can ill afford to spare. Brave, generous, humane, energetic, honorable, his character was the type of the true Southern planter and gentle-

man. Amid the pressure of constant employment, he yet found time to cultivate literature. His mind was stored with treasures from books, and his own pen has added gems, which, though written for his own amusement and the amusement of his friends, have been read with delight in two hemispheres. He has closed a life of usefulness in the fullness of his mature strength by a death of heroism."

His stories were published in the papers and magazines of the day under the general title of "Homespun Yarns." The best known of these were *Rolly Peablossom's Wedding* and *The Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass*.

It was his *Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass* that so attracted Charles Dickens (for it is a story taken from an actual occurrence, in the Carolina mountains), that from it he constructed his Colonel Quagg's Conversion, which appeared in *Household Words* soon after his return from his American tour.

THE BLACKSMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

At the entrance of one of those gorges, or gaps, in the great Appalachian chain of mountains, in their passage across the northern portion of Georgia, a blacksmith had erected his forge in the early settlement of that region by the Anglo-American race, and drove a thrifty trade in the way of facing axes and pointing plows for the settlers, and shoeing horses for wayfaring people in their transit through the country to examine gold mines and land.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his neighborhood, and will make a conspicuous figure in this narrative, some account of his peculiarities will not be uninteresting. Having acted through life on a homely maxim of his own, "pay up as you go up," he had acquired some money and was out of debt, and consequently enjoyed "the glorious privilege of being independent" in a degree that is unknown to many who occupy a larger portion of the world's attention than himself. He was a burly, well-looking man of thirty-five, just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and physical, had reached their greatest development, and just old enough to make the past serve as a finger post to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but open, bold and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the corners of his eyes that spoke of fun. The "laughing devil in his eye" was not a malicious spirit, how-

ever. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength with agility, and if he had been fated to have been a contemporary of his great prototype, Vulcan, there can be no doubt but the Lemnian blacksmith would have allotted to him a front forge in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern-card, and to divert the public gaze from his own game leg to the fair proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for such was the name he had inherited from some Gallic ancestor, was a good-natured man, yet the possession of great muscular strength and courage and the admiration which a successful exercise of those powers never fails to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal, he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbors, and from the success which always crowned his efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of a bully.

With very few early advantages of elementary education, he had nevertheless at different periods collected a mass of heterogeneous information which he was very fond of displaying on occasions. He was a sort of political antiquary, and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison on any subject, and was referred to on all disputed points of the theory and history of the government that arose among the candidates for the Legislature and county politicians. This he studied on account of the consequence it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well-thumbed copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," and affected scepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Balaam and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and being found with a copy of Taylor's "Diegesis" in his hand, although few of his neighbors had heard of the author of the "Ruins," or knew what Diegesis meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the Gospel. His dislike for them was so excessive that he could scarcely speak of the "hypocritical scoundrels," as he called them, without flying into a passion and using indecorous language.

But a circumstance occurred which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction. A Methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourses with anecdotes, once made the blacksmith the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with, in becoming severity. He was ridiculed, and his literary acquirements disparaged by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as stories usually receive in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we

can not portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. THE BLACKSMITH SWORE IN HIS WRATH HE WOULD WHIP EVERY METHODIST PREACHER THAT PASSED THE GAP, IN REVENGE FOR HIS INSULT.

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the bruised features of many of John Wesley's disciples could testify. His character soon went abroad, and the good old matrons of the surrounding counties on each side of the mountain trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really as romantic a place as a landscape painter would seek for a picture, and was just the spot to remind a youth fresh from his classic studies of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell in attempting to defend Greece against the army of Xerxes, in despite of the grandeur of its beetling cliffs, and the beauty of its verdure, was associated in the minds of many pious persons with the *broad gate* that leads to destruction. And Ned Forgeron, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes and hideous aspect of his Satanic majesty by many a mountain girl, who would doubtless have fallen in "love at first sight" with him under any other name.

The preacher, whose circuit lay on either side of the mountain at the time Ned's direful edict was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willing obedience to the mandate relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The poor soul passed many sleepless nights in view of the fate that awaited him at the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Forgeron with a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, ready to dash out his brains, and would start with such violence as to wake himself. He inquired if there was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certainly. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duties faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter did he wend his way toward the gap; as he came in front of the shop the blacksmith was striking the last blow on a shovel and singing away to the tune of "Clear the Kitchen"—

"Old Georgia is a noble State,
Her laws are good, and her people great"—

On catching a glimpse of the poor parson, who had flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity, Ned sung out: "Stop there, you eternal shad-belly, and pay the penalty for my injured reputation!"

The holy man protested innocence of having ever intentionally injured him, by word or deed. The man's subdued looks and earnest voice had half dissuaded Ned from his stern purpose, when the giggling of his striker, and the cheering of two or three idlers nerved him to do what he felt was mean. Let any one pause a moment and reflect if he has never

been urged on to acts his conscience smote him for, by the opinions of others, before Mr. Forgeron is sentenced as a devil. The preacher received several boxes on his ears and heard many denunciations against his sect before he was permitted to depart, and when that permission was received he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege.

At the next annual conference, when circuits were assigned to the different preachers, this one made his appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revelation of his suffering. If he was too sensitive of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remarks, or, if he had a preference that some worthy brother should occupy that healthy station among the mountains, is difficult to conjecture. But Forgeron's reputation had extended beyond the circuit, and was done ample and severe justice to by others who had heard of his fame. It soon became the subject of animated conversation, and there was no little wincing, each one fearing it would be his cruel fate to be sent a victim to appease the wrath of this human minotaur against the Methodist church.

After a time it was decreed that the Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was the doomed individual, and when the annunciation came many an eye of mingled pity and curiosity was turned on his ruddy, good-natured face to see how the dispensation was borne, but not a muscle moved. With a quiet smile he professed a perfect willingness to go where he was sent. He was "clay in the hands of the potter," he said. If he piqued himself on a stolid indifference to the blacksmith's pommeling, or if he relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself, he never disclosed, but appeared as self-satisfied and content as ever. His predecessor looked for all the world like a mouse just escaped from the fangs of some terrible grimalkin.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was very much pleased with his new situation. Having been transferred from a level pine-woods country, near the confines of Florida, the novelty of mountain scenery and a pure bracing atmosphere seemed to inspire him with new life. Complimenting all the mothers on the singular beauty and intelligence of their children, with a delicate allusion to their own personal appearance, he soon became a general favorite. Mr. Stubbleworth "knew which side of his bread the butter was on."

The time arrived for his departure to visit the tramontane portion of his pastoral care, he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter, but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him "chimeras dire" sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quieted their fears by appealing to the power that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" with a countenance as lamb-like as could be imagined, and he departed, singing:

"At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy wants may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

They watched him until his portly person and horse grew dim in the distance, and turned away, sighing that such a good man should fall into the hands of that monster, the blacksmith.

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what nice beating he would have! He had heard too that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might prove so that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker holiday, and, reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words:

"How happy are they who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above—"

sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vocalist, turning an angle of the rock, rode leisurely up, with a contented smile on his face.

"How are you, old slab-sides? Get off your horse and join in my devotions," said the blacksmith.

"I have many miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and haven't time, my friend—I'll call as I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he replied, meekly.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, what whips every Methodist preacher that goes through this gap?" was asked with an audacious look. "And how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied that he had heard Mr. Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well-behaved travelers.

"You presumed so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodist, that ever trod shoe-leather, anyhow. Well, what'll you do if I don't whip you this time, you beef-headed disciple, you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such penance. "Well, there's three things you have to do or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart, read it every day and believe every word you read; and the third is, you are to curse the Methodist in every crowd you get into." The preacher looked on during these novel propositions, without a line of his face being moved, and at the end replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them. "Well, you have got a whaling to submit to then. I'll larrup you like blazes! I'll tear you into doll-rags corner-ways! Get down, you bugger!"

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to the horse and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount, whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and alighted. "I have but one request to make, my friend, that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you basin-faced imp, you."

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between his eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Thomas Paine beside him. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him, with the quickness of a cat, and as he bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continued his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithy—

"Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love—"

until Mr. Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily. "'Nough! 'Nough! Take him off!" But unfortunately there was no one by to perform that kind office except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as quietly as if his master was "happy" at a camp-meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me, before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again." Here Ned's pride rose and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows, and sang—

"I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out:

"Well, I'll do it—I'll do it!"

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth. "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a Christian." Ned groaned. "The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkinvine Creek meeting-house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse—"I—I—that is—" when the

divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, by striking him over the face with the fleshy part of the hand—

“My soul mounted higher on a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.”

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the woods redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

“Now, the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory.” Ned was all attention to know what was to come next. “You are to promise to seek religion day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer.”

The fallen man looked at the declining sun and then at the parson, and knew not what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next. “I'll do my best,” he said, in an humbled voice.

“Well, that's a man,” Mr. Stubbleworth said. “Now get up and go down to the branch and wash your face, and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high.”

Ned arose with feelings he had never experienced before and went to obey the lavatory injunction of the preacher, when that gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said: “Keep your promises and I'll keep your counsel—good evening, Mr. Forgeron; I'll look for you tomorrow”; and off he rode, with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eaglets from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

“Well,” thought Ned, “this is a nice business! What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whip't before his own door in the gap, and by a Methodist preacher, too!” But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was, of course, the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause. Forgeron looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his “black eye from a recent scuffle” to the rainbow in the shipwreck scene—“blending every color into one”. Or perhaps he had never read that story and only muttered to himself, “Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher.”

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature, and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feelings; but the bruises on his face and body soon called it to mind, as

well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent and serious, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulated as to this metamorphose of the jovial daredevil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Some supposed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had led him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change, but none suspected the Methodist preacher; and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned.

This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul and relieve it of a burden, and the song of "How happy are they who their Savior obey" was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting Methodist. At a love feast a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and conversion to his astonished neighbors. The Rev. Simon Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heartfelt joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes, my brethren," he said, "it's all a fact. I did maul the grace into his unbelieving 'soul, there's no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain pass became a happy man and a Methodist preacher.

ANDREW ADGATE LIPSCOMB.

Georgetown, District Columbia.

1816.

1890.

WRITER OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"One of the most brilliant writers of the South."—*New York Independent*.

"He was identified with the best educational and literary life of the South. His work as an educator and writer has secured for him a high place among the best minds of the nation."—*Methodist Recorder*.

For 'such as these' 'tis God's pure plan
To leave a child's heart in a man.

For 'such as these' surcease of pain
Brief finite loss, unbounded gain.

For 'such as these' no hint of death,
Such waning of the autumn breath."

—*Wm. H. Hayne*.

"The literary work of Dr. Lipscomb has been of high order, and has secured for him recognition as one of the most forcible and elegant of American writers." "His philosophical powers, his pure taste, his genius for criticism, his insight into character—all combined to render him eminently fitted for the study of the 'myriad minded poet' of the world."

He was born September 6, 1816, at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. His father was Rev. William Corrie Lipscomb, a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, one of the first to secede from the Methodist Episcopal Church on account of lay representation. His mother was Phoebe Adgate, a society girl of Alexandria, Virginia, who became an earnest Christian worker and a fit helpmeet for her husband.

Among the influences which gave impulse and direction to

Dr. Lipscomb's early years may be mentioned the association with his aunt, Mrs. Maria E. Cox, a woman of superior intellectual ability and high literary culture, and he frankly acknowledged her guiding hand in the formation of his literary tastes. Doubtless it was she who first awakened that unbounded admiration for woman's intellect and capabilities that made Dr. Lipscomb so conspicuous as the knightly champion of her sex, for he ever sought to elevate and enthrone woman as the queenly mistress of the home and family. He often said he had never seen an ugly woman—all women were to him beautiful.

At eighteen Dr. Lipscomb joined the Methodist Conference: he afterwards filled pulpits in Alexandria, Baltimore, and Washington, and was known as "The Boy Preacher." In 1842 he accepted a call to Montgomery, Alabama. Before going South he married Miss Henrietta Blanche Richardson, of Baltimore.

After a few years of ministerial work he was forced by failing health to resign his charge, and established in that city the "Metropolitan Institute for Young Ladies." The burning of this fully equipped school was a heavy loss to him financially. He then turned his attention more exclusively to literary work. At that time the editors of "Harper's Magazine" prized highly everything that came from his pen, and paid him liberally.

He lived fifteen years in Montgomery, and then accepted the presidency of Tuskegee Female College. Mrs. Isoline (Minter) Wimberly, a pupil of that school, thus wrote of him:

"His teachings smoothed the path of duty and cheered and brightened daily life. With the eye of faith he saw and taught others to see in the swept hearth, the smoothed pillow, the trimmed and burning lamp beautiful opportunities to glorify God. The point and simplicity of his words are expressed in this admonition addressed to his class on one occasion: 'Throw the right spirit into your work, my dear girls, and even picking

up chips may become as acceptable a service as the archangel performs.' Thus human nature's daily food under his hand was transmuted into heavenly manna to hundreds of his hearers and pupils going forth to uplift humanity.

"Dr. Lipscomb possessed the faculty of developing the best from every nature which touched his own. The factor upon which he laid stress was the cultivation of the heart and its emotions. The keynote to his teachings was his belief that in the lowliest child slumbered the divine fire of truth and love, of devotion and enthusiasm, which the gentle breath of a parent's or a teacher's love might fan into a flame."

A few years after his removal to Tuskegee he lost his wife. She died very suddenly, leaving two children, a daughter, Ella, and a son, Francis Adgate. The bereaved husband continued to devote himself to his work at the school, and in the effort to drown his sorrows undertook more than his health could bear, and again was forced to rest. He married the second time one of his former pupils, Miss Susan Dowdell, of Alabama. His home again brightened, and became the center of all that peace, culture, beauty and love could make it. Failing health compelled him to give up the care of his school, and he was preparing to go abroad for several years' travel when he was offered the Chancellorship of the University of Georgia; this was in 1860. He wished to decline, but his wife urged him to accept. One of the trustees of the University had heard his address in Macon to the senior class of Wesleyan Female College on the subject, *The Relations of the Anglo-Saxon Race to Christian Womanhood*, and was so impressed with the literary culture of the speaker that he urged him as a candidate for the vacancy, and, although comparatively a stranger, he was elected. That he made a successful chancellor is shown by the numerous tributes from his old pupils. One said, "I like to think of him as my chancellor. I was proud of the matchless dignity of his official character. His commanding and reverential presence

subdued all into submission. But while we honored him as chancellor we loved him as a teacher. I think of him now as the teacher that taught me the best things I know. No man since Dr. Arnold has had such intellectual sway. But I like to think of him, too, as my friend. He was the personal friend of all his pupils. I felt that he could understand me. I was not afraid of him. I loved him."

Another said: "The world will never see his like again. Everybody admired him. Everybody loved him. I do not suppose he ever provoked antipathy. His mission was to love, and he loved everybody. Never by word or insinuation did he detract from the merits of others. He saw good in all, and his universal charity threw a mantle over faults he did not wish to see."

Another said: "His venerable figure, crowned with snow-white curls, 'the front of Jove himself,' is the most vivid recollection of my life at the University. I frequently joined him as he made his way across the campus and listened to his words of wisdom—pure gold refined in the crucible of an observing and thoughtful life. I attribute my love for Shakespeare to Dr. Lipscomb's enthusiasm for that greatest of poets; for which love and the pleasure it has brought me I shall ever feel profoundly grateful."

He was chancellor fourteen years, but after the death of his son, Professor F. A. Lipscomb, resigned, and could never be made to reconsider his resignation. He never was himself after this loss. His poem, *Chastened Grief*, written at his grave is tender and pathetic. It begins, "It is a spot where I may weep." The following is an extract from that poem:

"I thought that thou in coming time
Wouldst be my strength and stay;
I thought to find in thy full prime
Support amidst decay;
No earthly one such help could give,

So tender, strong and wise;
 'Twas happiness with thee to live,
 Though crushed so many ties.

"But I am here to do for thee,
 In springtime's early hours,
 What thou canst never do for me—
 Bedeck my tomb with flowers.
 And yet for me a work thou dost,
 Which not till late I knew;
 God help my heart this hope to true
 Of all my hopes most true.

"My tears thou wouldst not here rest,
 Beside his resting place,
 Whose life ne'er gave a moment's pain
 Or aught else to efface.
 I know the loss; I know the gain;
 And oft in thought they blend,
 Like sunshine gleaming through the rain,
 When sudden showers descend."

Dr. Lipscomb afterwards accepted the Professorship of Art and Criticism at Vanderbilt University, but the climate not agreeing with him, on account of a weak throat, he was compelled to return to his home at Athens, Georgia. He was made Emeritus Professor, a position which he held until his death.

His home, "Wee Willie Cottage," was presided over by his widowed daughter, Mrs. Thomas F. Green. There were two children by the second marriage, a daughter, Carrie, who died in infancy, and a son, Andrew Dowdell Lipscomb. His second wife lived only a few years:

The last years of Dr. Lipscomb's life were spent in literary work of various kinds. His *Studies in the Forty Days* and also the *Studies Supplementary to the Studies in the Forty Days* belong to this period; besides he was a regular contributor to "The Independent," "Methodist Recorder" and "Christian Advocate." It was in the latter paper that his *Musings at Eventide* appeared. He was a great student of Shakespeare, and was considered one of the best Shakespearean critics this coun-

try has produced. His lectures delivered at the University of Georgia, Vanderbilt, Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Georgia, and Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, were the means of moulding the thoughtful minds and characters of the many pupils under his instruction. He considered Hamlet the finest character study found in Shakespeare's plays.

Dr. Lipscomb's friends were numbered among the great and learned. Longfellow loved and admired him. In a letter inviting him to visit him after the War between the States, he said,

"We leave to-morrow or next day for Nahant, where we shall hope *and be very happy* to have you; and where we shall talk about everything but *slavery*; and even that, if I thought we should get in sight of each other, which, as at present advised, I fear we should not; for while you look upon it as rather a blessing than otherwise, in my opinion it is the meanest form of tyranny. What use can it be to discuss it? I can never make it rhyme with 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' Nor do I think *you* can when you meet it face to face.

"One thing I do agree with you about, and that is your estimate of the newspaper as a *power* in our country. Of that we will talk, and of all other things appertaining to literature.

"With great regards *quand meme* we disagree.

"Yours very faithfully,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Margaret J. Preston wrote: "You have certainly given two remarkably scholarly books to the Christian reading public. How subtle your thought is, and what depth of Christian philosophy I find in your Studies. Your style is so cultured, and you have the æsthetic faculty so largely developed that it takes more than an ordinary reader to follow your discussions. One could think that you had been an art student, so well you

seem to understand the somewhat abstruse canons of art. At first blush I wondered how you could find so many studies in the *Forty Days*; but as I come to see how exhaustively you treat the subject, and how many-sided is your way of looking at it, I can better understand how full you find it of Gospel teaching, and how rich a subject it is for elucidation. How vast your reading seems to have been, and what wonderful use you have made of it in the embroidery of your subjects. I can not now pause over your poetic passages. What a fine one that is at the end of the sixth study of the *Supplement*! but then such abound throughout the book."

The love between Paul Hayne and himself was very beautiful, and when "The Poet of the Pines" died, Dr. Lipscomb's heart was crushed. He had visited "Copse Hill," and had many pleasant memories not only of the poet, but of his charming wife and talented son. He wrote a touching tribute to his dead friend.

He has written many beautiful hymns, and his sermons would fill volumes. Among the best known are his *St. Paul*, *St. Peter*, *The Virgin Mary*, and *Mary of Bethany*.

"For more than forty years Dr. Lipscomb contributed to literary and religious reviews and other periodicals of the country; and in all this time, and upon the great variety of subjects which he examined as a scholar and philosopher, not one of his articles was ever written carelessly. He never suffered anything to go from his pen attenuated from neglect. He composed rapidly, yet he was always master of style and taste equal to the finest belles-lettres standard. In this respect he was probably in advance of any writer of the day."

He left many unpublished manuscripts, and his friends and admirers are urging that his *Shakespeare Lectures*, his *Lectures upon the Cartoons of Raphael* and his *Sermons and Hymns* shall be given to the reading world.

On November 23, 1890, Dr. Lipscomb died. He had been

very feeble for some time before his death, but none dreamed that the end was so near.

"The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street."

Thus the spirit of this Christian hero took its flight, and as his eyelids closed in death a loving angel woke them into life.

As an art critic Dr. Lipscomb had few superiors; he had carefully studied Ruskin's writings from *Modern Painters* to his latest works. He knew by heart the *Laocoon* of Lessing, and visited from time to time the best galleries of both hemispheres. Especially had he learned to interpret the cartoons of Raphael, and it was a rare privilege to hear his lectures on the death of Ananias and the marvelous scenes of the Transfiguration.

He has at last found the rest of which he so beautifully wrote:

"I sought it oft. Naught asked I for beside;
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor friends, but only this,
Rest from myself—the height of earthly bliss,
Self-freed from self, its discontent and pride.

"Too much had life for me. An ocean vast,
Whose daily tide by mighty forces swayed,
Where oft by winds in battle fierce arrayed,
Forbade me hear aught else save its rough blast,
The quiet lake I found where Jesus taught,
And there the still small voice my blessing brought."

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

A STUDY IN PHILOSOPHY OF INTELLECT.

Imagine the young Hamlet at Wittenberg University, pure and gentle, scholarly and cultured, full of genius, enthusiasms yet tintured with a sensibility to sadness that belongs to all higher natures; that personal sense of sadness which is entirely different from specific sorrow. We see his temperament—the ever-active, self-asserting, imperious constituent in all

manhood—the hereditary quality in us that contains our ancestors and hides away forgotten centuries—the blood and nerves and brain that travel down from parents to children and give no account of their long biography. In Hamlet this temperament is fearfully impressible. If the outer world finds easy entrance to its sources of feeling, his mind touches them with a keener and quicker readiness, so that sensation turns to emotion and emotion plays back into sensation with instant sympathy. The tragic is here by virtue of birth, for a temperament that tends to stimulate one part of the mind by the sacrifice of all other parts can scarcely fail to endanger moral unity.

We see, too, Hamlet's nature. It is loving, trustful, confiding. It is skilled in the choice of friendships, truthful in its admirations and acknowledging that these admirations are bonds of obligation and reasons for duty, and it is ever open to the eye of self-consciousness, but of himself he can not live a moment. A man may be an end in himself without the meaner sort of selfishness, and this is Hamlet's characteristic. All objects are individual no less than personal to his mind. A slave to the habit of introspection, everything becomes to him a private thought and feeling. Great as is his genius, it acts on himself with an entireness and a supremacy that allow no division between itself and a world foreign to its tastes and aspirations. Always dissecting its thoughts, sifting its motives, questioning its decisions, his intellect clings to its moods as containing in themselves the ultimate grounds of complete satisfaction. If a man's heart were to beat audibly the march of time, a miniature clockwork of the universe, shut up in his bosom, and its heavy stroke sounding out the knell of his dying hours, we can conjecture what an anomaly of wretchedness that man would be. If his brain were a whispering gallery, whence would reverberate upon him the echoes of all his ideas, mingling and commingling in wild confusion, an ever shifting kaleidoscope of tone and accent and emphasis, we can picture what a prey he would be to discordance and dismay. Something of this sort was the destiny of Hamlet. Knowledge of self, if carried beyond practical utility, becomes an evil, and this was his misfortune.

At every point in his nature the finite and the infinite touched each other. Every hour is surcharged with momentousness because of his identity. Purposes cross and recross one another with a frequency and facility that threaten analysis with despair. Every dominant state of mind is a vexing dilemma. His will is a perpetual contradiction, for its freedom consists in a chronic bondage to self-weakness so that every element in him, sentiment as well as passion, tossed from one extreme of impulse to another, alternates between victory and defeat. "Here, then, in Hamlet's nature we see the slumbering materials of tragedy. It is, alas, too obvious, that temperament and nature are in perfect alliance; for if the latter is the architect of the funeral pyre, the former stands with the lighted torch ready for his immolation.

This was the gifted young prince, who was suddenly called from the cloistered shades of the university by the death of his father. Returning home, he is not long in suspecting that his father, King of Denmark, has been murdered by his own brother, Claudius, the uncle of Hamlet. To deepen his grief, and at the same time to arouse his resentment, his mother, Queen Gertrude, has married his uncle. Then, for a season, love for Ophelia, the gentlest of Shakespeare's creations, one who breathes the aroma of ecstasy but articulates it not to her own soul, this ethereal woman wooes him to calmer thoughts. But the ghost of his father appears and warns him of the duty of revenge. Against the crime of his uncle his nature revolts; against the revenge, his conscience and sensibilities revolt; his inner being is set against itself; reason wars on reasonings; conscience and obligation confront each other in hostile array; "*the majesty of buried Denmark*" quickens filial affection, and awe to their utmost tension till he "*shakes with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul.*" And yet while the ghost affects his filial love and reverence so deeply, and while he never doubts the duty of obedience to its demand for vengeance, at the same time such a spiritual nature as Hamlet had must have unconsciously resisted the injunction. If he had been ambitious and earthly-minded, then the royal apparition, as it moved before him with such composed stateliness and pleading tones, would have fortified his natural spirit not only to avenge his father's murder, but to recover the throne, of which Claudius as a usurper had despoiled him. "*Supernatural solicitings*" had that effect on Macbeth. Instead of this, the influence on Hamlet works on his highest spiritual convictions; holds him back from the deed, and fills him with inward strife and bewilderment; so that the horror of blood, even more than its guilt, and the mighty pressure of natural feeling, greater than that of conscience, undo his resolution; while unstayed and unbalanced he is hurried from one frenzy of excitement to another, and still denies himself all relief by action. Polonius, statesman and courtier, the father of Ophelia, he kills by mistake; Ophelia's love is violently cast away; she goes mad and is drowned; and at last Claudius, Gertrude, Laertes and Hamlet are engulfed in common ruin.

The character of Hamlet works itself out in the tragedy, which, in reality, is a series of tragedies. It is not what he does, but what he is, that holds the eye and invites the attention in dumb astonishment. His character is the tragedy. The plot and its varied issues; its minute details and broad compass; its illuminated spaces and compacted shadows; its wonderful invention; its versatile art; its fertility of resource; its stores of philosophy and poetry; the insight from which nothing is hid; the fluent force that leaves nothing unexpressed; and, above all, the marvelous coalescence of so many types of genius into the unity of a single and supreme type of genius; all these are but an embodiment of Hamlet. For it is always Shakespeare's method to evolve his dramas out of his characters; folly and sin, virtue and goodness, so far as they lie open to dramatic

treatment, are with him providential laws that are ever in process of providential vindication; and hence his fidelity to nature is in nothing more striking than in the fact that he sees providence within man before he traces divine rewards and punishments in man's outer life.

Taken as a whole, Hamlet is a poetic creation that involves a larger combination of unlike elements than any character in literature. As a study in intellectual philosophy, one of the first things to strike us is the quickness with which all outward objects make and complete their impression on his mind. No sooner has he reached the castle from the university, than his alert eye detects the sham of mourning and the disguises of wickedness, and in his first soliloquy:

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

Nothing can be fuller or intenser than his realization of his mother's dishonor. From that deep impression, made at once and made thoroughly, he never recovers. So, too, when Horatio tells him that his father's ghost had appeared to him and the officers, Hamlet instantly connects the wondering phantom with "foul play." "All is not well. Foul deeds will rise, tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

The artfulness of Polonius flashes right through him and he knows him immediately under all his practiced courtliness. Without a question he takes Horatio to his heart and finds him one of the truest and noblest of men. The love that Ophelia cherishes for him never breathes itself in words and is scarcely revealed to her own delicate consciousness, yet the secret escapes to him, and, despite of his contempt for the pompous garrulity of her father, he reposes on her tenderness with unhesitant trustfulness. When the players come to the castle he sees in a moment how he may use them to confirm his opinion of his uncle's guilt, and the plan succeeds.

Such an acuteness of sensational activity, united as in Hamlet with great perceptive power, requires an equipoise in large reflective ability. If these are dissevered, so that the perceptions are strong and the reflectiveness weak, the mind degenerates into mere shrewdness, the opposite extreme to sagacity, the type of the animal intellect, the misfortune of so many in our day, who are educated just enough to give the senses the mastery over the intellect. But in Hamlet reflective capacity was immensely developed. Whatever raw materials the sensations offered were quickly taken up by perception and as rapidly transferred to reflection. And hence the next quality that engages attention is his remarkable instinct of reason. Instinct it certainly was, for it bore all the marks of a spontaneous force. Yet it was an instinct subject to the conditions of the human mind, and, therefore, educated to co-ordinate service in so far as intellect only is concerned. Furthermore, this instinct of reason is so predominant that it en-

croaches on the function of other instincts, and finally either absorbs them altogether or reduces them to menials enslaved to its caprice. Facts are symbols to him and the grandest truths are only shadows cast from a more truthful grandeur. On all occasions we find him reasoning for the sake of his reason. Thinking is its own end. To analyze ideas till he reaches their ultimate essence; to track them through all their labyrinthic windings; to uncover their masks and disenchant them of time and place and circumstance; and there to enjoy them, to luxuriate in their sublimated purity, and to hold them in the caressing solitude of his own mind; this is his master habit. As to any uses of thought beyond its own exercise, this is alien to his nature. Like an athlete who trains and perfects his muscular energy only for gymnastic pleasure, Hamlet delights in activity of intellect solely on account of the energy expended. Because of this overloaded bias, he is a mere voluptuary of mind, refining and still refining on his meditations, till the ever-busy loom, weaving its splendid tapestry first in one pattern and then in another, is simply a mighty machine to decorate the palace of the soul.

This is dislocation of mind outright. The times are sadly "out of joint"; that he knows and feels; he, too, is "out of joint"; and this he knows, bewails, resists; for this he impeaches himself, all but scorns himself; yet the fatal spell is on him and shake it off he can not since his will is prostrated by self-ennervation.

Symmetry of mind is only another expression for strength of mind. If the mind were not distributed into faculties, which as modes of operation render us conscious of the various uses of its power and enable us to adapt its versatility to the changing exigencies of life, we can not conceive how any education could be had. For it is not the possession of a spiritual nature, but that nature as organized in functional attributes which makes us susceptible of experience. The mind can not grow as a mind all at once. To secure development we must locate our consciousness in one faculty, then in another, and give each its proper nurture. If we wish to improve memory or suggestion, or imagination, we must fix attention by turns on these, for the habits of the faculties are all peculiar, and in no respect are they alike as inhering in one common substance. "Practically, indeed, every faculty has a specific mind—a mind of its own; nor is there a wider difference in the nationalities of the world, while all share the attributes of the human race, than exists between the mental faculties. The aliment which feeds one of these faculties can not feed another. The discipline training one is unfit for another. The words that express the operation of one faculty can not convey the impression of another. Nor is the culture of the eye more unlike that of the ear than the education of the reason as compared with that of the imagination. Such being the fact, how shall mind preserve its unity? If, moreover, the memory, the reason, the imagination, sustain dissimilar relations to the brains, to the nerves, and to the arterial system, how shall these be harmonized so as to make the body

a perfect instrument of the soul? This is provided for by the law of symmetry, which secures the conformity of each faculty to the mind as a whole.

How wisely Nature does this in the human body we all know. Not only the size of the organs, but their feature and position are determined by symmetrical relation. For this wonderful mechanism is not a series of organs, but an organism, in which each organ acknowledges every other, the whole working by reciprocity of force. Disturb the breathing and you disturb the brain. Weaken the heart and the pale eye and the languid ear and the trembling limbs report the trouble. If you affect the skin you impress the liver. Exert the muscles and you have symmetry of strength. Equalize muscular, glandular and nervous activity and you have the higher symmetry of elegance, beauty, grace. Still more this is true of mind. The best mind is that in which every faculty is in perfect accord with every other, and this is symmetry.

But what little approach we have made to this divine ideal of mind! Observe the world and that which strikes you is not the want of mind in men, but the lack of symmetry. Genius at the expense of common sense—judgment at the cost of sensibility—the practical displacing the spiritual—strength craving out delicacy—knowledge without wisdom; these are common facts and too painfully true to be commonplace. This want of symmetry Hamlet illustrates in a form and under circumstances of singular impressiveness. Shakepeare has endowed him with every sort of talent, crowning all his gifts with the high prerogatives of genius. No kind of thought, to which the avenues of intellect are open, is denied him. Every idea makes the entire circuit of his mind. One moment the idea is in the logical reason; the next moment in the imagination resplendent in some image, the next suffusing the emotions with its intense glow; then gathering about it illustrations that lend a new luster to its brilliancy, while giving a stronger enforcement to its vigorous logic; then clothing it in language so apt and so natural that it reminds one rather of a vestment of flesh and blood than a conventional garment of words; yet in what does the idea issue? In a crisis of thought and passion; he comes on Claudius at prayer, but he falls into meditation and loses all strength of sinew. Again and again the ghost appears, armed or unarmed, yet each visit only excites reflection and feeling to weaken his will. Where a purpose can be accomplished or an end achieved by a dash of impulse or a spasm of energy, he is adequate to the task. If he pause to think he is entranced; resolution fails,

“Because sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.”

And what is this eye that sees tints and hues, forms and shapes that lie beyond the range of common vision? A mere camera. And what is this

ear, so exquisitely attuned as to catch from silence its melodies unrevealing by sound? A mere whispering gallery where echoes sport with their own rhythmic motions. And what is this prodigious brain? Only a mausoleum in which to-day with all its aspirations and longings is buried with yesterday. Say you that his temperament was too strong for him. But temperament is nature not character, the lower and the lowest element in manhood—and only a condition of force, not force itself. Say you that circumstances overpowered him; but Hamlet never blames circumstances and always blames himself. Besides, Shakespeare is not a fatalist—not even a doubter—the weakest of his women are assured of a strength above all destiny, and the strongest lean on God. Portia, with her glorious endowments, and yet more glorious spirit, joins hands with the impassioned Juliet in this, that life is not a tantalizing gift, but a genuine trust, never so precious in God's sight as when exposed to imminent hazards. Say you, then, that Hamlet was insane? Nay; nay; his amazing power to feign madness was his mightiest security against the malady; for if he had such facility of genius as to act it, that alone, taken as a physiological fact, would have made an outlet for pent-up force which would relieve the pressure on the brain. At first he assumed it as a protection against Claudius and others; but, in the end, Nature overruled it to preserve his sanity. If so, he ceases to be a dramatic character—nay, he ceases to be a subject for criticism and becomes an object of pity and compassion. Singularly enough, Shakespeare represents him as intellectually grandest when these violent paroxysms of feeling shake his nature from the fastnesses of propriety.

Against all such views Shakespeare would have been the first to protest. Hamlet is his creation—the most thoroughly studied, the most elaborate, the most fully revised, of all his creations. The earlier Hamlet of his genius grew into the Hamlet we are discussing. All the conditions essential to the highest tragedy; whatever involves the trial of strength, the resistance of will, the struggles of passion; whatever outreaches the limits of one's own individuality and extends its blessings or its curse over others near or remote; these all concur in Hamlet's career. There is not a turn in his fortunes, not a trivial incident, not an outside affair among the actors in these scenes, that does not expand its influence till it affects Hamlet somewhere, somehow in the issues of his being. A wiry network weaves itself about him—closer and closer the danger—deeper and darker the dismay; yet, amid it all, Shakespeare, in the triumph of his skill, never lets him lose his sense of responsibility, and even in his greatest soliloquy, when Hamlet exclaims, "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all," he honors the integrity of his moral nature by the forfeiture of what the world, in its unconscious irony, dignifies with the name of courage.

Throughout his career Hamlet appeals to our sympathies with that higher pathos which is far above the feeling of misfortune and common suffering. Wordsworth speaks of thoughts that "lie too deep for tears,"

and Hamlet's is an instance in verification of the sentiment. If he were merely an example of a weak will, our judgment would be much less embarrassed. Those who attribute his failure and ruin to this cause alone mistake the man. With a nature of rare simplicity and purity, free from worldliness, despising all the hollow arts of conventional culture, and fixedly intent on being wholly truthful to himself as that self stood disclosed to him in conscience and sensibility, we must not forget to consider these qualities when we would account for his irresolution. Despite his faults, the fascination of Hamlet is more broadly felt in the world of thought and education than any other charm in the magic of literature. Nor is this strange, when we reflect that outside the Scriptures there is no such revelation of human nature. Though ideal enough to take his place among the sublimest creations of poetic humanity, he is yet real enough to lack no firmness of foothold in the midst of those who call one another brethren. The great watchwords of the Christian humanity, "Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh" roll the volume of their meaning through the world of fiction as through the world of history, and the heart, faithful to its insight, accepts them in each instance as one and the same. For the parable, when the Great Teacher put it forward so prominently in his gospel, was permanently incorporated into all the noblest forms of art and literature. Since Christ there can be no deep thinking which runs not at last into parable.

Unconscious to itself, genius confesses Christ when in poetry or prose it sets forth virtues and vices, struggles and sorrows, victories and defeats, that literal history never records, never recorded, or if it could would destroy much of their value. History gives us a knowledge of the world; parable, which is only a synonym for the highest truth, gives us a knowledge of human nature; and, assuredly, the knowledge of the world is not identical with the knowledge of human nature, but, on the contrary, is for the most part a delusive substitute for it. Such a parable is Hamlet. His life was a soliloquy. There is nothing in this vast universe out of which it could have come except poetry. And now that this soliloquy floats in broken fragments wherever the breath of heaven gives articulation to the thoughts of the English language, who is there so dwarfed in intellect, so meager in experience, so estranged from the secrets of his own soul, that does not hear in the long wail of this soliloquy of Hamlet's life, some quivering accent or some deep-toned emphasis which reminds him of himself, which echoes his own heart back to his remembrance—which tells him better than he could tell himself of wasted emotions, and of vows unfulfilled, and of misused capacities and of baffled endeavors, and of phantoms that counterfeited friends and of demons that rose out of the pit and transfigured themselves into angels of beauty and of wings broken even in a flight upward?

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON.

Athens, Georgia.

1820.

1898.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC

Henry Rootes Jackson was born at Athens, Georgia, June 24, 1820. His father, Henry Jackson, LL.D., was the younger brother and adopted son of Governor James Jackson, of historic renown. His mother, Martha Jacquelin Rootes, a direct descendant of Edward Jacquelin, of Virginia, was a daughter of Thomas Reade Rootes, Esq., of Fredericksburg. Both his parents were persons of strong and decided character, with intellectual gifts of uncommon power. Dr. Jackson was chosen by Hon. Wm. H. Crawford, Secretary of Legation, when he was sent as Minister to France, and remained in Paris with Mr. Crawford until his return and then resided at the French Court as Chargé d' Affaires. He was a man of great learning and the most exalted character. For years he was a trustee of the University of Georgia, and for some time filled the chair of a professor in that institution.

Henry Jackson, the son of these two, intellectually and morally endowed as they were, inherited not only the mental powers, but the strength of character which distinguished them. After a thorough preparation for college under the guiding hand of his father, he entered Yale, from which institution he was graduated with distinction in 1839, in a class of unusual ability. After being admitted to the bar, he settled in Savannah, and immediately gave evidence of the possession of the powerful mental and moral attributes which distinguished his

after years, and insured the success which crowned his career. He rapidly rose in his profession of the law to its highest places, and was judge of the Eastern circuit. It is probable that the receipts from his practice have exceeded those of any American lawyer outside of New York. As a soldier he also distinguished himself in two wars. At the age of twenty-five he was chosen colonel of the Georgia regiment in the Mexican War. He was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and, as usual with all of his race and lineage, was always found in the thickest of the fray in every battle in which his command was engaged. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, in a desperate and bloody struggle in which both sides suffered severely.

But it is as a lover of literature and as an author that General Jackson is here presented. He early developed decided poetic gifts, and a number of his poems were collected and published in 1850, in a volume styled *Tallulah, and Other Poems*; those that attracted most attention were *My Father, My Wife and Child*, and *The Red Old Hills of Georgia*.

His political papers and speeches, especially those delivered in the stirring times of 1860 and 1861, show great breadth of view and profound study of our system of government. Many literary addresses were made by him, all of which possess rare merit. One of the best known of these is a characteristic oration on *Courage*, delivered before the literary societies of the University of Georgia.

General Jackson twice represented this country abroad. He was for five years Minister to Austria before the War between the States, and under President Cleveland's first administration he was Minister to Mexico. His diplomatic correspondence and papers are marked and distinguished by the same vigor of thought and pure and perspicuous style which characterize all his writings. In 1891 he delivered an address to the

Young Men's Library Association of Atlanta, Georgia, upon the connection of the South with the African slave trade, which is an historic argument of great power. It will probably be quoted by future historians of the Southern States as a vindication of that section, because his arguments have as yet never been satisfactorily answered. He was twice married. His first wife was the beautiful Cornelia Davenport, of Savannah, Georgia, who, dying, left four children—Henry, Howell, Davenport and Cornelia. After the War between the States he married the charming Miss Florence King, also of Savannah, and she survived him. She accompanied her husband to Mexico, where he went as Minister of State, and won many friends by her great interest in all national matters.

In 1887 he was invited to make an address on the occasion of President Davis's last appearance before the Southern people. There General Jackson gave utterance to convictions which he had held all his life; these utterances, it seemed, offended Allen G. Thurman, of Columbus, Ohio, who, smarting under the defeat of the Democratic party in Ohio, a defeat he attributed in part to this speech of General Jackson, made before the Thurman Club insulting and slanderous charges against the character of General Jackson. He afterwards acknowledged that he had used language that was harsh and bitter, although he could not too strongly condemn the sectional spirit of the speech. General Jackson's friends were indignant at the misrepresentations and urged him to defend himself by having the entire correspondence which passed between the two published in a pamphlet and widely distributed. The words of General Jackson referred to were such as every true Southerner would utter upon a similar occasion, and his loyalty to President Davis and the cause he represented would have been questioned had he spoken otherwise. But this very loyalty did not hinder him

from being true to the Union after the war was over. He said in the same speech, "All hail! renovated union of sovereign States as planned by the common fathers, who worked more wisely than they knew! All hail! grand American republic of wheels within wheels; resplendent illuminator of the modern world. We, we, too, Confederates, can echo from our hearts, and re-echo from our heart of hearts the patriotic cry of Webster the great: 'Thanks be to God that I, I, too, am an American citizen.' "

His poem *My Wife and Child* was written at Camargo, Mexico, while the Mexican War was in progress. How dear to every Georgian's heart is the poem, *The Red Old Hills of Georgia!*

"The red old hills of Georgia!
 My heart is on them now;
 Where fed from golden streamlets,
 Oconee's waters flow!
 I love them with devotion,
 Though washed so bleak and bare—
 How can my spirit e'er forget
 The warm hearts dwelling there?

* * *

"And where upon their surface
 Is heart to feeling dead?—
 And when has needy stranger
 Gone from those hills unfed?
 There bravery and kindness
 For aye go hand in hand,
 Upon your washed and naked hills,
 'My own, my native land!'"

His works consist of *Literary Addresses*, and a volume entitled *Tallulah and Other Poems*. He regretted very much having published these poems, and made an effort before his death to collect them in order to destroy them, but failed. One of the best of his literary addresses was one on *American Loyalty* delivered before the alumni of the University of Georgia.

AMERICAN LOYALTY.

WASHINGTON FOUNDER, WEBSTER EXPOUNDER OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

"One of the highest exhibitions of the moral sublime the world ever witnessed was that of Daniel Webster, when, on an open barouche in the streets of Boston, he proclaimed, in substance, to a vast assembly of his constituents—unwilling hearers—that 'they had conquered an uncongenial clime; they had conquered a sterile soil; they had conquered the winds and currents of the ocean; they had conquered most of the elements of nature; but they must yet learn to conquer their prejudices.' It was an exhibition of moral grandeur surpassing that of Aristides when he said: 'O Athenians, what Themistocles recommends would be greatly to your interests, but it would be unjust.'"—*A. H. Stephens, The War between the States, Vol. 1, pages 405, 406, 407.*

These brief passages are from Mr. Webster's speech of 1850:

"Now, sir, this prejudice, created by the incessant action on the public mind of abolition societies, abolition presses, and abolition lectures, has grown very strong. No drum-head in the longest day's march was ever more incessantly beaten and smitten than public sentiment in the North has been, every month, and day, and hour, by the din and roll and rub-a-dub of abolition writers and abolition lecturers. That it is which has created the prejudice.

"Sir, the principle of the restitution of runaway slaves is not objectionable unless the Constitution is objectionable. If the Constitution is right in that respect the principle is right, and the law for carrying it into effect is right. If that be so, and if there is no abuse of the right under law of Congress, or any other law; then what is there to complain of?

"Before I pass from this subject, sir, I will say that what seems extraordinary is that this principle of restitution which has existed in the country for more than two hundred years without complaint, sometimes as a matter of agreement between the North and South, and sometimes as a matter of comity, should all at once, and after the length of time I have mentioned, become a subject of excitement. * * * I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American, and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this, with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil which may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let

the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country."—*The works of Daniel Webster, Vol. 5, pp. 433-437.*

Alfred the Great was "*Conditor*," Edward the Confessor "*Restitutor*" of the "British Constitution." All men will agree that to Washington belongs the title of "Founder" of the American. But, thanks be to the God of Nations, the "American Constitution" has needed no "Restorer." It had intrinsic power of its own to restore itself. But if Washington is to live in history as founder, must not all reflecting men behold in Webster, standing close by his side, the historic expounder of the Federal Constitution? And is it making too heavy a draft upon the imagination to suppose that, as he uttered the words last read—so grandly potent in their simplicity—the transcendent New Englander may—to use his own inimitable imagery—have "felt the great arm" of the Southron "lean upon" him for support?

The last quotations, however, were not his last utterances at the crisis, and upon the subject-matter which involved the life of the Union. At Capon Springs, Virginia, in 1851, he used these explicit and emphatic words: "How absurd it is to suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision, and expect, nevertheless, the other to observe the rest. I intend for one to regard and maintain and carry out to the fullest extent the Constitution of the United States, which I have sworn to support, in all its parts and all its provisions. It is written in the Constitution: 'No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, and escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such labor or service may be due.'

"That is as much a part of the Constitution as any other, and as equally binding and obligatory as any other on all men, public or private.

"I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, wilfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would not longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain can not be broken on one side and still bind the other side.

"I am as ready to fight and fall for the constitutional rights of Virginia as I am for those of Massachusetts."—*Mr. Webster's speech at Capon Springs, Virginia, June 28, 1851.*

Who will question that Daniel Webster, from the loftiest point of view, was by far the most effective advocate of that construction of the Federal Constitution which called the Confederate States into being, and placed their armies in the field; or that he was the first self-devoting champion to "suffer" and to "fall" in defense of the now sometimes called "Lost Cause?"

There moves not upon the face of the earth, there sleeps not in her bosom, one mutilated or slaughtered Confederate soldier who may not truthfully exclaim in his thought, or in his dream: "I, too, like Webster, 'suffered'; I, too, like Webster, 'fell in defense of the liberties and Constitution of my country!'" The glory of Thermopylae is not to Xerxes and his million, it is to Leonidas and his three hundred.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, darling one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

Whatever fate these forms may show
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God, protect my wife and child!

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

Hancock County, Georgia.

1822.

1898.

ERA OF THE REPUBLIC.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, both of whose parents were natives of Charlotte county, in the State of Virginia, was born in Hancock county, Georgia, March 8, 1822. His father, like most Georgians of that day, was a planter, and the early days of the son were spent upon the plantation. There the friendly associations with the plain country folk, and the kind relations between the master and the slaves gave him the impressions which in after life determined the character of his writings.

He had a bright and happy childhood which, in a letter to a friend, he once described thus: "I was rather weak in bodily health, and very slow in bodily growth, yet my childhood was unmingledly blest. The life led on plantations was happier than I have ever seen elsewhere. Between whites and blacks were entire trust and very warm affection. With the negro children I played as heartily at home as when at school I played with my mates. The affection between owners and slaves was not far below that among whites in the same families. At every death all wept because one very dear had departed. Remembering these things now, they seem *so* long ago! The changes have been so vast and violent. They were permitted by God for purposes wise, good and just. I never felt one single throb of pain in the sense of the loss of my slaves *as* slaves, although that loss made me a poor man, after I had been possessed of a goodly estate. The world outside of the slavery belt never did under-

stand, and many seemed never to wish to understand, the relations between the whites and their slaves.

"In 1873, at the house of a friend in the county of Cheshire, England, I met a very intelligent, cultured gentleman who had been a leading member of Parliament, and a friend of Mr. Cobden. I remember his surprise when I told him something about the discipline at the home of my father; how for thirty years the cook 'Aunt Ritter,' kept the 'smokehouse' key in which were stored the meat, lard, salt, soap, etc., for a family of seventy, nine-tenths of whom were negroes; how her husband 'Uncle Gilbert,' had like custody of the horse lot wherein were the supplies for the horses, mules, cattle, swine, etc. That in the mansion seldom was a door locked day or night, except the one leading into the pantry, a precaution needed not for the negroes, but for the white children so prone to dip hands into jars of sweets.

"I have felt much concern for these dependents, so weak, so affectionate, so incompetent, outside of help from other races, to take care of themselves. The negro had one dear, faithful, strong friend. This was his master. Rent from him, it is interesting and sad to speculate what his destiny is to be. Yet he, as his old master was, is under the eye of God. Family affections, in which he had a part, must disappear after another generation, when the sons and the grandsons of the masters and their slaves have departed from this life. It would be a great wrong for the descendant of one to maltreat him of the other, who can not avoid the necessity of being ever dependent upon him. The negro is the one child among human races. An adult he can not grow to become. We note how far less happy he is in the midst of the efforts in that direction which have been forced upon him. Yet, as I have said, he is under the eye of God, who loves with infinite love all his creatures.

"Some time ago I went to the home place, and an old negro came eight miles, walked all the way, to see me. He got to the house before five o'clock in the morning and opened the shutters while I was asleep. With a cry he rushed into the room, 'Oh, Massa Dick!' We cried in each other's arms. We had been boys together."

For four years "Dick" Johnston attended what was known in some regions of the South as the "old-field school." *The Goose-Pond School*, one of the stories in *The Dukesborough Tales*, is a not exaggerated picture of one class of these schools.

After this his father moved to Crawfordville, and then to Powelton to give his children the benefit of better schools than they could find in the country. The school at Powelton had about one hundred pupils, and was well taught by teachers from Vermont, who were men and women of elegant culture. There Richard Malcolm and his brother were prepared for college.

Colonel Johnston, in speaking of these old times, tells us: "At thirteen I was madly, hopelessly, intensely, bottomlessly in love with a young lady of twenty-six, one of my teachers. The four years that must elapse before I was, according to my notions, eligible to marry her, seemed to me to be about four thousand years standing between me and the consummation of my highest earthly hope. I consulted an old bachelor friend of forty, and confided to him the secret of my passionate attachment. He received the confidence with the utmost gravity, and apparent sympathy, and advised me to confide in my mother—a piece of advice which I religiously followed. She said with a curious suppressed smile, 'My son, I would advise you, whatever you do, not to let your father know the state of your affections, for he would assuredly give you a good thrashing.'"

The lover's hopes were soon dashed by this sweetheart marrying some one else. Colonel Johnston makes use of this inci-

dent of his boyhood in *The Early Majority of Mr. Thomas Watts*, another of his *Dukesborough Tales*. By the way, Powelton is the Dukesborough which he has made so famous.

After leaving school he entered Mercer College, where he was graduated in 1841. He taught two years, and then began the practice of law, first as partner of Hon. Eli H. Baxter, afterwards of Hon. Jarvis Thomas, lastly of Linton Stephens, a brother of Alexander H. Stephens. For ten years he continued the practice of law in the Middle and Northern circuits of Georgia. The scenes in the court-room were sometimes irresistibly funny—these with the peculiarities of the people supplied material which was afterwards used in his various sketches. "The dialect of these men became indelibly engraven on his mind, and the cracker lingo became as familiar as his own tongue. These simple unlettered folk were full of hardihood and loyalty. They did what they pleased with the king's English, but were true to the behests of honor. The men were brave and the women virtuous, and utterly unlike the picture so often drawn of the 'Georgia Cracker.'"

In 1844 Colonel Johnston married Miss Frances Mansfield, who lived in the same county of Hancock, but whose father was a native of Connecticut. He was only twenty-two, and she was fifteen. Marriages used to be contracted at an absurdly early period in the Southern States, due probably to the climate which causes early development, and perhaps to custom and usages. There was no waiting in those days for the young lover to get "well established" in business, so as to be able to support a wife. Housekeeping then was a very simple affair. If, as was often the case, the young people were neighbors, a slice was taken from each plantation, a modest house was built by domestic carpenters, the home furnished from the overflow of the two old homesteads, and family servants well-trained were sent

with the young people, and they and their children grew up as integral parts of the household.

It was while practicing law that Colonel Johnston received three very flattering offers about the same time. One was to become president of Mercer College, one to be judge of the superior court of the Northern circuit, and the other professor of belles-lettres in the University of Georgia. The last he accepted as being more congenial to his tastes, and he held that position four years, endearing himself to many lifelong friends by the charming simplicity of his manner, and the exquisite humor of his conversation. While living in Athens, he wrote a text-book on English Literature, which, by co-operation with Dr. Wm. Hand Browne, of Troy, was enlarged into a *History of English Literature* designed for advanced scholars, as it was critical as well as biographical.

Resigning his position he moved to Hancock county, and organized at Rockby, his home, a large school for boys, which he conducted most successfully. In 1867 a sad domestic bereavement, the death of his second daughter Lucy, a lovely and attractive girl just grown, made old places and associations painful to him, so he determined to move his school to Baltimore, Maryland. Out of sixty pupils, forty accompanied him from Georgia. He called the new school "Pen Lucy." The cornerstone of this school was a high sense of truth and personal honor, and the boy who did not cultivate the instincts of a gentleman could not long remain there. The teacher was equally loved by young and old.

The last ten or twelve years of his life Colonel Johnston devoted himself to literary work. His first story appeared in "The Southern Magazine" under the *nom de plume* of "Philemon Perch." The merit of the work received almost imme-

ciate recognition. No one was so surprised as the author himself at the success of his first literary venture.

The love of old associations, old places, old times, old friendships shines through all his work. A loving tender light beams through all his quaint humor, it plays over every incident, it irradiates every homely detail of life that he depicts. He said he could not make a woman mean. He tried to make the leading female character in *Mark Langston* so, but he had to stop, for he could not forget the reverence due to her femininity, and it was just impossible for him to be rough with a woman. His own big heart and warm loving nature are shown in every character that he has drawn.

Sidney Lanier called him "Richard of the Lion Heart," and he it was who first persuaded Colonel Johnston to publish his *Dukesborough Tales*.

During the War between the States he was aide to Governor Joseph E. Brown of Georgia, and was active in organizing the militia of that State.

Colonel Johnston's lineage was the best. His great-grandfather who came from Dumfries, Scotland, was rector under the crown during the reign of George II. in 1752, and he held this position twenty years. His grandfather, on his mother's side, John Davenport of Revolutionary fame, was killed at the battle of Guilford Court House, 1781. He was himself the most perfect representative of that well-famed class—the old-fashioned Southern gentleman.

Gifted, too, as he was in intellect, he was more richly endowed in heart and character. The reading public loved him for the mirth and sunshine of his literary work, but his personal friends loved him for his kindly, tender heart, which ever went out in sympathy to human distress and sorrow. He made life better worth living for all who knew him either by pen or

in person. He was ardently devoted to the Church of Rome in his later years, but on his death-bed said it gave him joy that he never wrote a line reflecting upon any other form of Christian belief nor a line teaching other than pure morality.

His wife died in 1897, and after that his health failed him rapidly, and he died the following September, 1898. He had twelve children, seven of whom survive him.

In the later years of his life he was constantly contributing to the Northern magazines, "Century," "Harpers," and "Scribner," stories of Georgia life in olden times. These stories were illustrated by A. B. Frost, and were very accurate in costume and detail.

Two Gray Tourists was written after his trips to Europe. In 1891 two volumes of *Literary and Social Studies* appeared, and in 1892 *Pearce Amerson's Will* followed. This was first published in "Lippincott's Magazine," and is an excellent picture of a character who lived, at the time described, in and about Midway, Georgia.

His literary essays must not be forgotten, and yet it is as a humorist that we value Colonel Johnston most. His writings all reveal the kindly nature of their author. None ever had a truer or more loyal friend than Richard Malcolm Johnston, no one was more truly loved by his friends.

WORKS.

Dukesborough Tales,	Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims, and
Old Mark Langston,	Other Stories,
Ogeechee Cross Firings,	Mr. Billy Downs and His Like,
Mr. Absalom Billingslea, and Other	History of English Literature (As-
Georgia Folk,	sisted by Wm. Hand Browne),
Two Gray Tourists,	Biography of Alexander Hamilton
Widow Guthrie,	Stephens,
The Primes and their Neighbors,	Pearce Amerson's Will.
Studies, Literary and Social,	

I'LL HAUNT YOU.

The old gentleman was brought very low with malarious fever, and his physician and family had made up their minds that notwithstanding his extreme reluctance to depart from this life—a reluctance heightened, no doubt, by his want of preparation for a better—he would be compelled to go. The system of therapeutics in vogue at that time and in that section included immense quantities of calomel, and rigorously excluded cold water. Mr. Ellington lingered and lingered, and went without water so long and to such an extent that it seemed to him he might as well die of the disease as of the intolerable thirst that tormented him.

At last, one night when his physicians, deeming his case hopeless, had taken their departure, informing his family that he could hardly live till morning, and the latter, worn down by watching, were compelled to take a little rest, he was left to the care of his constant and faithful servant, Shadrach, with strict and solemn charge to notify them if any change took place in his master's condition, and, above all, under no circumstances to give him cold water.

When the rest were all asleep, Mr. Ellington, always astute and adroit in gaining his ends, and whose faculties at present were highly stimulated by his extreme necessity, called out to his attendant in a feeble voice, which he strove to make as natural and unsuggestive as possible:

"Shadrach, go to the spring and fetch me a pitcher of water from the bottom."

Shadrach expostulated, pleading the orders of the doctors and his mistress.

"You, Shadrach, you had better do what I tell you, sir."

Shadrach still held by his orders.

"Shadrach, if you don't bring me the water, when I get well I'll give you the worst whipping you ever had in your life!"

Shadrach either thought that if his master got well he would cherish no rancor towards the faithful servant, whose constancy had saved him, or, more likely, that the prospect of recovery was far too remote to justify any serious apprehension for his present disobedience; at all events, he held firm.

The sick man, finding this mode of attack ineffectual, paused awhile, and then said, in the most persuasive accents he could employ:

"Shadrach, my boy, you are a good nigger. Shadrach, if you'll go and fetch old master a pitcher of nice cool water, I'll set you free and give you five hundred dollars!" And he dragged the syllables slowly and heavily from his dry jaws, as if to make the sum appear immeasurably vast.

But Shadrach was proof against even this temptation. He only admitted its force by arguing the case, urging that how could he stand it, and

what good would his freedom and five hundred dollars do him, if he should do a thing that would kill his master?

The old gentleman groaned and moaned. At last he bethought him of one final stratagem. He raised his head as well as he could, turned his haggard face full upon Shadrach, and glaring at him from his hollow, blood-shot eyes, said:

"Shadrach, I am going to die, and it's because I can't get any water. If you don't go and bring me a pitcher of water, after I'm dead I'll come back and haunt you! I'll haunt you as long as you live!"

"O Lordy! Master! You shall hab de water!" cried Shadrach, and he rushed out to the spring and brought it. The old man drank and drank—the pitcherful and more.

The next morning he was decidedly better, and, to the astonishment of all, soon got well.

ROBERT TOOMBS, one of the great orators and statesmen of the South, was born at Washington, Ga., in 1810. He was educated at the University of Georgia, then Franklin College, and Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and studied law at the University of Virginia. He served his State in the Legislature, was sent to Congress, was United States Senator, and became a member of the Confederate Cabinet as Secretary of State, but resigned, preferring to be a general in field service. At the close of the war he would have been arrested as a traitor had he not left for Cuba. He refused to take the Oath of Allegiance to the United States government and was never reconstructed—hence could hold no office in the gift of his country. His speeches in Congress were said to be powerful, fiery and dogmatic. His *Farewell to the Senate* could well come from the man who said after the war that he had naught to be pardoned for, but much to pardon.

P. A. Stovall, of Savannah, and C. C. Jones, Jr., of Augusta, have charmingly written the story of his life. He died in 1885.

THOMAS READE ROOTES COBB.

Cherry Hill, Jefferson County, Georgia.

1823.

1862.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"As the fame of Napoleon's Code will outlast even the memory of his battles, so your Cobb could not have built for himself a monument more enduring than his Code, nor left behind a work which could better claim your admiration and gratitude."—*Hon. Seymour D. Thompson.*

"Thomas Cobb had a combination of as many shining gifts as any man whom this country has produced. Young as he was in 1861, he had already done the work of a long life."—*Richard Malcolm Johnston.*

John Cobbs, the grandfather of Thomas Cobb, fought in the Revolutionary War. Mildred Lewis, the grandmother, was a descendant of George Reade, a member of the House of Burgesses. Augustine Warner, John Lewis, and other ancestors were Royal Councillors and noted men in colonial days. Colonel John A. Cobb, the father of T. R. R. Cobb, was a man of ability and of great wealth, who never engaged in politics, because as a large slaveholder his entire time was required in managing his estates. He was always a kind master and treated his slaves with such consideration as to greatly endear them to him. Sarah Rootes, the mother, the direct descendant of Edward Jacquelin, of Virginia, was a daughter of a distinguished lawyer of Fredericksburg, Virginia, Thomas Reade Rootes, Esq. It is said that the grandson possessed the ability of his grandfather, for whom he was named.

"If we look for the cause of greatness in any man, one has seldom need to go further than the mother—hence the necessity of highly educated womanhood all over our land." There were

eight children in the family, and Howell Cobb, the well-known statesman of Georgia, and member of Buchanan's Cabinet, was an elder brother of Thomas Cobb.

"He was an ambitious boy and invariably led his class; but in spite of this fact he was loved and respected by all his classmates, who were too just to be envious. Mean and petty jealousies were never engendered by the prominent stand that he took at school. There could be no competition with him, for he was head and shoulders intellectually above all. In college it was the same, and the old roll of Franklin College to-day shows not a demerit for failure in lessons or in duty during his entire course. When he began the practice of law he was in a short time at the head of his profession not only in his native town, but in his State, and it was said of him by older lawyers that he came to the bar 'a full-fledged lawyer.' Most men must wait and toil for years and crawl worm-like to the summit, but he by force of genius and industry sprang as by a bound to a conspicuous place among older and more experienced men."

In 1844 he married Miss Marion McHenry Lumpkin, the oldest daughter of Chief Justice Joseph H. Lumpkin, of Georgia. He differed from his father-in-law in politics, so his wife exacted a promise from him that he would never be a politician. It was not until Lincoln was elected and the War between the States threatened that he was released from this promise. During the years prior to the war his pen had not been idle; he had used all his efforts to stay the threatened evil. Alexander Stephens said: "He gave the keynote to the sentiment that really carried secession in Georgia. His religious enthusiasm upon the subject was as great as that of Peter the Hermit for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre." Article after article was written for the "Boston Post," entitled: *A Georgian's Appeal to the People of the Non-Slaveholding States*; these were followed

by others to the "Journal of Commerce," called *Letters from an Honest Slaveholder to an Honest Abolitionist*, and in these articles his pen urged a proper and fair consideration of the question. He described the happy life of the negro upon "the old-time plantation" from "hog-killing time, when pigtailed and spareribs and backbones abound, to hog-killing time again," and then he told of the big suppers when "Uncle Ben" would play the "fiddle" and all would have a grand dance; and then of the corn-shuckings and the quiltings, when all the neighboring negroes would come in and have a good time; and thus he portrayed the happy scenes so familiar to every Southern man, to prove that the slave was not the "down-trodden," "oppressed" and "hound-hunted" creature he was represented to be. His *Law of Slavery* was published, but before it was fairly launched upon the literary sea the guns had been fired at Sumter and war had been declared. An able Pennsylvania jurist admitted "it was the most masterly discussion on slavery that had ever been produced."

Colonel Samuel Barnett, of Washington, Georgia, said: "I know not which most to commend in Cobb's *Law of Slavery*—impartiality, ability, style or erudition—I am delighted with them all. The book should become at once a classic or a standard for ages to come, and should be considered clearly and decisively *the* book on *the* subject whether to be consulted by the historian, lawyer, statesman or divine. Not the least charm of the book is that Christian and humane spirit which pervades it, and often puts in a manly plea on the side of humanity and justice in behalf of the helpless."

E. Schenck, of Philadelphia, said: "Whatever diversities may prevail in regard to the *Law of Slavery*, there can be but one opinion as to the value of the book. It is a treasury of facts and principles in regard to that whole subject which every one must be glad to have in his possession."

Immediately upon the call for soldiers from his State, Mr. Cobb tore himself from a lucrative practice and raised a legion which was called for him, "Cobb's Legion," and with it he marched to the front. For gallantry on the field he was made brigadier-general. Only those who knew his devotion to his wife and children, and his tender attachment to his home, can realize what a struggle this required; but he never wavered where duty was concerned.

One Sabbath evening just at sundown, December 13, 1862, the news came of General Cobb's death. He fell wounded, having been struck on the thigh by a piece of shell while fighting in sight of his mother's old home, "Federal Hill," Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was carried to a hospital one and a half miles away and every attention was given him, but he died in a short time.

No words can estimate his loss! But such a man can never die. His example is a priceless legacy. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." A kinder heart never beat, a more open hand was never extended to the needy. Distress and suffering never failed to find a friend in him. Not merely his money, his time, his talents, but his all, were devoted to friend and country. He knew no such word as fail. With him to decide was to resolve and to resolve was to do. This quality gave him necessarily an ascendancy and control over the minds of others, and enabled him to accomplish often what to others seemed impossible.

His home life was all sunshine and happiness. His business cares were locked in his office; to his family he was all brightness. There was not an ungratified wish on the part of any member of his household. Even when engaged in literary work his wife and children were not excluded from the library. His powers of concentration were remarkable and he always

maintained that he could write as well when all were talking around him. His wife was his literary critic and adviser; he had implicit trust in her taste and judgment. The night before the battle he wrote some verses to her, as it had been his custom for years to write a poem to her on every anniversary of their marriage. He said in speaking of February 22d: "This is the birthday of the greatest man and the greatest woman this country has produced—George Washington and—my wife."

There were six children, two boys and four girls. The sons died in infancy. Lucy the eldest was taken from them by scarlet fever when only thirteen years of age. She gave promise of all that was lovely in womanhood, and her death was a crushing blow to her parents. His poems written about her death show the heartrending grief of the father.

His slaves loved and honored him, and those connected with his household never left their mistress after freedom. Their lives and those of their children have been devoted in faithful services to their former owners—an unanswerable argument in favor of his *Law of Slavery*. Jesse, the old army servant who followed him to camp, remained with the family until his death, and "Aunt Fanny," the faithful nurse, is still with them.

The life of General Cobb would not be complete without mention of his efforts in behalf of education. He interested himself in the establishment of free schools, and lectured and wrote much in that cause. He built at his own expense the Grove Academy for the education of his children and their friends, then interested himself in raising the funds by a stock company to have a school of higher grade for girls established in Athens, Georgia; the result was the Lucy Cobb Institute, which stands as a monument to his untiring energy and generosity, and to the lasting memory of his daughter for whom it was named. His interest in young people was always very

great; he loved them and could never do too much for their happiness and improvement.

Had he devoted his time to literature entirely what eminence he might have attained! As it is, his *Law of Slavery* ranks as "the ablest production given to the South before the war." The second volume was never finished. It was dedicated to his father,

"Who illustrated in his life
Truth, Justice, and Christian Charity,
Which should be
The true foundation of all law."

His *Digest of the Laws of Georgia* was, and is now, highly esteemed by the ablest lawyers in the country. He was the first to codify the common law of England; the design of the Code, it is true, originated with Gordon, of Savannah, but the work was done by General Cobb. Judge Richard H. Clark said: "This Code was born during the war, hence its failure to create the sensation in the legal and literary world it would otherwise have created. The 'legal lights' are just now waking to the fact that it is *the only Code in the United States* where the common law, and the principles of equity have been reduced to a series of separate and distinct propositions, having the force and form of statutory law. The credit of its distinguishing feature belongs to Mr. Cobb."

His library was one of the finest in the South, and contained rare and valuable books in all languages, many of which were bought to verify statements made in his writings. His widow was offered five thousand dollars for only the volumes in French. When Sherman made his raid through Georgia a friend advised that the books be sent to Columbia, South Carolina, for safe-keeping; the advice was taken and when the Northern army entered that city this entire library was destroyed.

General Cobb was prominent in law, in politics, in literature, and in religion, and this is saying a great deal for a man whose life only reached thirty-nine years. He was a noble son, a tender husband, a loving father, a kind master, a faithful citizen, a true patriot, and a devoted Christian.

His works are:

Digest of the Laws of Georgia,
Articles on Slavery,
History of Slavery,
Essays on Free Education,

Law of Slavery,
Articles on Religious Subjects,
Poems and Literary Addresses,
Life of Lucy Cobb. (MS.)

EXTRACT FROM LAW OF SLAVERY.

In mental and moral development slavery, so far from retarding, has advanced the negro race. The intelligence of the slaves of the South compares favorably with the negro race in any country, but more especially with their native tribes. While, by means of this institution, the knowledge of God and his religion has been brought home, with practical effect, to a greater number of heathen than by all the combined missionary efforts of the Christian world. But remove the restraining and controlling power of the master, and the negro becomes, at once, the slave of his lust, and the victim of his indolence, relapsing, with wonderful rapidity, into his pristine barbarism. Hayti and Jamaica are living witnesses to this truth; and Liberia would probably add her testimony, were it not for the fostering care of philanthropy, and the annual leaven of emancipated slaves.

The history of Africa is too well known to require of us an argument or an extended notice to show that left to themselves the negro races would never arrive at any high degree of civilization. In the words of an intelligent French writer: "Ni les sciences de l'Egypt, ni la puissance commerciale de Carthage, ni la domination des Romains en Afrique, n'ont pu faire penetrer chez eux la civilisation." We have neither space nor inclination to prove the fact, well known to naturalists and ethnologists, that the Abyssinians and others, exhibiting some faint efforts at civilization, are not of the true negro race, but are the descendants of the Arabs and other Caucasian tribes.

While this fact may be admitted, we are told that after, by means of slavery and the slave trade, the germs of civilization are implanted in the negro, if he is then admitted to the enjoyment of liberty, he is capable of arriving at a respectable degree of enlightenment. Charles Hamilton Smith, an Englishman, and an acute observer, says: "They have never

comprehended what they have learned, nor retained a civilization taught them by contact with more refined nations, as soon as that contact had ceased." The emancipated slaves of the French and English West Indies have corroborated this statement. Hayti, once "*la plus belle colonie*" of France, despite the apologies made for her excesses, is to-day fast retrograding to barbarism. Jamaica and the other English islands, notwithstanding the care and deliberation to avoid the shock of too sudden liberty, have baffled the skill and ingenuity of the master minds of the British government. In a preliminary historical sketch, we have examined the facts in detail. The important truth is before us from history, that contact with the Caucasian is the only civilizer of the negro, and slavery the only condition on which that contact can be preserved.

The history of the negro race, then, confirms the conclusion to which an inquiry into the negro character had brought us: that a state of bondage, so far from doing violence to the law of his nature, develops and perfects it; and that, in that state, he enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, and arrives at the greatest degree of perfection of which his nature is capable. And, consequently, that negro slavery, as it exists in the United States, is not contrary to the law of nature. Whenever the laws regulating their condition and relations enforce or allow a rigor, or withdraw a privilege without a corresponding necessity, so far they violate the natural law, and to the removal of such evils should be directed the efforts of justice and philanthropy. Beyond this philanthropy becomes fanaticism, and justice withdraws her shield.

That the system places the negro where his natural rights may be abused is true; yet this is no reason why the system is in itself wrong. In the words of an enlightened cotemporary, "It becomes us, then, to estimate the value of the declamations of those who oppose the institution of slavery in the Antilles and the United States, on account of the partial abuses which sometimes happen. Judicial records are filled with processes for adultery; yet we should not, for that, destroy marriage. Every day our tribunals visit with severity parents who abuse their children; yet we would not, for that, abolish the paternal power. Every system has its abuses and its excesses. It becomes us to correct the excesses, punish the abuses and ameliorate the system. If we should deliberately compare the evils of colonial slavery with its beneficial effects, in civilization, agriculture and commerce, we would be quickly convinced upon which side the balances would fall."

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1825.

1887.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

Augustus Julian Requier was a native of South Carolina, but later moved to Alabama, and there became identified with the history of that State. He was a true dramatic and lyric poet, as his works will show. When Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner" appeared Requier answered it with his *Ashes of Glory*—

ASHES OF GLORY.

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By blending martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need harshly blare—
No drum funereal roll—
No trailing sables drape the bier
That frees a dauntless soul.

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
With fate's empyreal palm;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now—
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone;
And they shall shuddering tell
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded ensign! Not the breeze
That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar;

Not Arthur's Knights amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard;

Not all that antique fables feign,
And orient dreams disgorge;
Not yet the silver cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep! in thine own historic night—
And be thy blazoned scroll;
A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul.

He was educated in Charleston and began to practice law at the early age of nineteen. In 1850 he moved to Mobile, Alabama, and three years later was appointed United States Attorney for Southern Alabama, and during the War between the States was Confederate States Attorney. After the war, in 1865, he went to New York, for he could not adjust himself to the new order of affairs in the South. He had written many of his poems before he went North. His *Spanish Exile* appeared when he was only seventeen; *The Old Sanctuary*, a pre-revolutionary romance, a few years later, has the scene laid in South Carolina; *Marco Bozzaris* is a tragedy, and was published before his volume of *Poems*. The *Legend of Tremaine* was written for the English press and is on the order of Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*, and is Requier's most ideal poem; *Crystalline's* theology is Swedenborgian; it is the story of a young artist converted to Christianity. His *Ode to Victory* appeared in 1862. Many think his *Ode to Shakespeare* is the best thing he ever wrote, while it may be less artistic, for it is one of his earliest efforts.

Mr. Requier died in 1887.

SARAH ANNE DORSEY.

Natchez, Mississippi.

1829.

1879.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Sarah Anne Ellis, the daughter of Thomas G. Ellis, of Mississippi, was born at Natchez, 1829. She was well educated by her father, a very wealthy man, who encouraged her literary studies by extended travel. She became a very brilliant and gifted woman. An aunt, Mrs. Catherine Warfield, left to her many unpublished manuscripts, which no doubt suggested to her the thought of undertaking some literary work herself.

In 1853 she married Samuel Dorsey, a wealthy planter of Louisiana. It was while performing the duties upon the plantation that she found scope in practical lines for her energies. She established for the slaves a chapel and school, and became so interested in the work of uplifting them and teaching them of God and His Word that the "New York Churchman" called her "Filia Ecclesiæ." That being a day for pen-names, she adopted "Filia" as the one by which she was afterwards known.

During the War between the States a skirmish took place in her garden; several men were killed and the house was burned; then the place lost all its charms for her, and she and her husband moved to Texas. They returned later to Louisiana and in 1875 Mr. Dorsey died; then it was that she returned to the home of her girlhood, Beauvoir, Mississippi. It was this home she willed to Jefferson Davis and his daughter Winnie, and it was when a guest at her home that she acted as President Davis's amanuensis while he wrote his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy."

Her own literary work was first done before the war for "The Churchman," but her best work appeared in "The Southern Literary Messenger" and other periodicals published at the South. Her *Agnes Graham*, *The Vivians*, *Chastine*, *Panola*, a *Tale of Louisiana*, and *Atalie* were very popular in their day. Her *Lucia Doré*, a story of war times, was a failure, for the Northern reader could not appreciate the pathos of the suffering endured by privation and anxious thought for loved ones, and to the Southern reader the scenes were too harrowing. Jennie, a negress, in this book is possibly the best portrayed character she ever gave, and yet neither that nor the interesting plot could save the book, nor create for it a wide circulation.

The book that brought her the greatest fame is the *Life of Governor Allen*, of Louisiana; it is free from any extravagant praise, and makes no attempt to make a god of an erring human being. Some critic said in speaking of this work: "Governor Allen is a flesh-and-blood likeness, not a coldly accurate inanimate portrait, the features perfect, but the expression wanting." It is full of life, accurate, and gives the living man and not his dead image. His leaving his old home after the war and going as an exile to Mexico is very feelingly told.

Her health failed in 1879 and she went to New Orleans for treatment and while there died.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

Buncombe County, North Carolina.

1830.

1894.

WRITER OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Zebulon Baird Vance was born in Buncombe county, North Carolina, in 1830. He was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at the University of his native State studied law and began the practice of his profession in Asheville. He was soon sent to the Legislature, and then to Congress, and continued in public life until his death, in 1894. He was noted for his wit and eloquence, and made friends wherever he went. It is said that every one who had "an axe to grind" sought Vance's aid and co-operation first among all the Congressmen at the capitol.

He was greatly opposed to North Carolina leaving the Union, and fought secession to the very last, but when overruled he cast in his lot with his State, and none were more loyal to her interests. He was one of the first to organize a regiment for the Confederate service, and he took command of it as colonel of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, one of the best in the State. His State soon elected him Governor, and there his ability was best shown. Regiment after regiment was organized through his instrumentality, and he showed his financial skill in collecting money and supplies to carry on the war, not only at home, but abroad. No one did more to encourage the worn-out and discouraged soldiers than Zeb Vance. To-day in North Carolina the veterans repeat and laugh over "old Governor Vance's jokes." He was known as the "War Governor of the South."

In 1863 he tried very hard to bring about peace, but when this measure failed, he renewed his efforts for war. He suffered in later years for the stand taken at this time, and not until 1872 was he allowed to hold a Federal office. He was held a prisoner at Washington for a few weeks in 1865.

In 1870 he was elected to the United States Senate, but his seat was contested. In 1876 he was again chosen Governor of North Carolina and sent to Congress in 1879; from that time until his death he could have gained any position in the gift of his State.

He had the power of holding his audience spellbound, so gifted was he as an orator. But it is not as a statesman or orator that Governor Vance is to be presented, but as a strong and forceful writer. There was great thought in what he wrote, and his descriptions were always picturesque and vivid, very simple and very clear, with a chasteness of expression that charmed and delighted his readers.

He died in Washington City in 1894, and his remains were taken to Asheville and there buried. A magnificent monument has been erected to his memory to testify to the appreciation of the man in his many attainments.

THE NEGROES.

There is also a great change at hand for the negro. Who that knew him as a contented, well-treated slave, did not learn to love and admire the negro character? I, for one, confess to almost an enthusiasm on the subject. The cheerful ring of their songs at their daily tasks, their love for their masters and their families, their politeness and good manners, their easily bought but sincere gratitude, their deep-seated aristocracy—for your genuine negro was a terrible aristocrat—their pride in their own and their master's dignity, together with their overflowing and never-failing animal spirits, both during hours of labor and leisure, altogether made up an aggregation of joyous simplicity and fidelity—when not perverted by harsh treatment—that to me was irresistible!

A remembrance of the seasons spent among them will perish only with life. From the time of the ingathering of the crops, until after the ushering in of the new year, was wont to be with them a season of greater joy and festivity than with any other people on earth, of whom it has been my lot to hear. In the glorious November nights of our beneficent clime, after the first frosts had given a bracing sharpness and a ringing clearness to the air, and lent that transparent blue to the heavens through which the stars gleam like globes of sapphire, when I have seen a hundred or more of them around the swelling piles of corn, and heard their tuneful voices ringing with the chorus of some wild refrain, I have thought I would rather far listen to them than to any music ever sung to mortal ears; for it was the outpouring of the hearts of happy and contented men, rejoicing over the abundance which rewarded the labor of the closing year. And the listening, too, has many a time and oft filled my bosom with emotions, and opened my heart with charity and love toward this subject and dependent race, such as no oratory, no rhetoric or minstrelsy in all this wide world could impart!

Nature ceased almost to feel fatigue in the joyous scenes which followed. The fiddle and the banjo, animated, as it would seem, like living things, literally knew no rest, night or day; while Terpsichore covered her face in absolute despair in the presence of that famous double-shuffle with which the long nights and "master's shoes" were worn away together!

Who can forget the cook by whom his youthful appetite was fed? The fussy, consequential old lady to whom I now refer has often during my vagrant inroads into her rightful domains, boxed my infant jaws with an imperious "Bress de Lord, git out of de way; dat chile never kin git enuff"; and as often relenting at sight of my hungry tears, has fairly bribed me into her love again with the very choicest bits of the savory messes of her art. She was haughty as Juno, and as aristocratic as though her naked ancestors had come over with the conqueror, or "drawn a good bow at Hastings," and yet her pride invariably melted at the sight of certain surreptitious quantities of tobacco, with which I made court to this high priestess of the region sacred to the stomach.

And there, too, plainest of all, I can see the fat and chubby form of my dear old nurse, whose encircling arms of love fondled and supported me from the time whereof the memory of this man runneth not to the contrary. All the strong love of her simple and faithful nature seemed bestowed on her mistress' children, which she was not permitted to give to her own, long, long ago left behind and dead in "ole Varginney." Oh, the wonderful and touching stories of them, and a hundred other things, which she has poured into my infant ears!

CHAPTER VIII.

Historians, Scientists, Humorists and Miscellaneous Writers.

ERA OF THE REPUBLIC.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.....	1812-1883
WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON.....	1812-1882
JOHNSON HOOPER	1815-1863
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CHAPTER VIII.

Historians, Scientists, Humorists and Miscellaneous Writers.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

Crawfordville, Georgia.

1812.

1883.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC

"His life was spent in the practice of virtue, in the pursuit of truth, seeking the good of mankind."—*Robert Toombs*.

"The lessons of his career are manifold; they reach from the cradle to the grave; they have the same tone and accent, first and last; and the tone and accent are not such as we commonly hear in the voices of the world."

"Alexander H. Stephens, born with a feeble constitution, had not only to fight the battle of life, but fight a battle for life itself. 'Misery stole me at my birth,' was true of him; but still the heroic soul would not 'bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer right onward.' His mother, who was Margaret Grier, died when her boy was only three months old. His father married again and he and this second wife died within one week of each other when the boy was only fourteen. He then made his home with an uncle, Colonel Grier. He became a regular attendant at Sunday-school, and there acquired a habit of reading which he always considered marked an important epoch in his life. He joined the Presbyterian church at Washington, Georgia, where he was attending Mr. Webster's school. So kind was this teacher to the orphan boy that his middle name Hamilton was adopted by his pupil.

A cultured and literary gentleman of Washington, becoming interested in him, was instrumental in sending him to Franklin College, afterwards the University of Georgia. Dr. Moses Waddell was at that time president of the college, and Stephens was recognized as the best scholar and the best debater in his class. In alluding to his college days he said: "I was never absent from roll-call without a good cause; was never fined; and to the best of my knowledge never had a demerit against me."

A society of ladies connected with the Presbyterian church undertook to defray his expenses while at college, trusting he would eventually enter the ministry. At the end of two years he felt no inclination to enter that field of labor, so asked the privilege of returning the money, and paid his own expenses. After graduation he taught school in Madison, Georgia, but gave it up because he had fallen in love with one of his pupils, a lovely girl of sixteen. He was so feeble he knew that he ought not to marry, so he went away without ever telling her of his love, and it was not until forty years afterwards that he even alluded to it. He often said that was his first and only love.

He earned enough by teaching to carry on the study of law, and was admitted to the bar after only two months of study. Colonel William H. Crawford and Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin said that he stood the best examination they had ever heard. The first year as a lawyer "he lived on six dollars a month, made his own fires, blacked his own boots and cleared four hundred dollars." He bought a horse the second year, but groomed it himself.

He rose rapidly in his profession, and in 1836 was elected to the Georgia Legislature. It was then his public life began; at thirty-one he was sent to Congress as a Representative from Georgia, and after secession he was elected Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy; in 1873 he was again sent to Congress, and in 1882 was elected Governor of his native State.

Soon after he began to practice law he bought the home at Crawfordville so well known as "Liberty Hall." The house owed its attraction to the man within it. There was no lack of friends coming and going, nor any want of cordial and abundant hospitality on the part of the host. Books were his delight and he had a full library. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to aid some struggling young man to obtain an education, and many are the noble sons of Georgia who can testify to his generosity in this respect. His love and kindness to his neighbors were other prominent virtues of his private life. The poor man loved him, and felt that in him he could always find a friend.

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

Mr. Stephens opposed the secession movement of the South as a matter of expediency, but defended the right of it. In politics he was a bundle of contradictions; even his best friends could not always understand him, yet they believed he acted from reason and principle. In 1859 he resigned his seat in Congress, saying: "I saw there was bound to be a smash-up on the road, and I resolved to jump off at the first station." In 1860 he made a great Union speech, and yet in 1861 accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Confederate State—but he did both from principle.

At the close of the War between the States he was arrested and kept in prison at Fort Warren for five months, but was finally paroled. He contracted rheumatism, having been confined in a basement room. His *Journal*, consisting of two large blank books well filled, was written while in prison. Little Mabel Johnson, the daughter of one of the guards, used to go to see him every day and take him flowers.

In 1869 a heavy wagon gate fell upon him, injuring his hip; this with rheumatism made him a cripple for life. His first

body servant was Harry, a former slave, and when he became too old and feeble to lift him Alex Kent was hired. Stephens never weighed more than one hundred pounds. He was five feet ten inches tall, but did not attain even this height until after he was twenty-seven years old.

This anecdote is told of his visit to Charleston, South Carolina, in 1839, where he appeared for the first time before a public audience: "Being fatigued, on his arrival at the hotel Mr. Stephens availed himself of a comfortable lounge, and made the situation as easy as possible. His two traveling companions were Mr. Thomas Chapin and Dr. John M. Anthony, merchants, who had been frequent guests of the house. The good landlady came in just then, and found the two last-named gentlemen still standing, and what she took for some country boy occupying the easy lounge. Her manner was perfectly kind and somewhat patronizing as she said to him: 'My son, let the *gentlemen* have this seat.' The 'gentlemen' were amused, and the kind landlady was much annoyed when she afterwards found that the 'son' was the important personage of her house, and very soon the lion of the whole city."

He was fond of dogs, and always had one or two about him. One of his servants said: "Mars Aleck is kinder to his dogs than most folks is to other folks." "Rio" is probably the best known of all his favorites. When political discussion was at its height and feeling very bitter throughout the State, Stephens harangued great multitudes, and wrestled often in argument and invective with his opponents and "Rio" was always with him on the platform. During one of these debates a young man as fiery as he was eloquent wound up his speech in words like these:

"Fellow citizens, that man [pointing to Stephens] who has been going about abusing and vilifying the best people—the people who are trying to discharge the duties they owe to God and their country, I give him notice, and I give notice to his

friends and partisans, that I intend to *hound* him from one end of this district to the other; and furthermore——” At this juncture Stephen’s fine voice like a woman’s was heard to say, “Rio, you hear that, old fellow? You’re going to have company following Mars Alex about.” Upon which the dog set up a most vociferous barking, expressive of deprecation of such companionship, and the audience roared with laughter.

In 1867 Stephens’s literary life began and he wrote his *War Between the States*. In 1870 his *School History of the United States*, and shortly afterwards his *Pictorial History* appeared. He then became proprietor and editor of the “Atlanta Sun” to defeat Horace Greeley for President, but the paper was a financial failure, and soon swallowed all profits from his books. He vigorously opposed the Civil Rights Bill, and his speech on the unveiling of the painting, “The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation,” brought praise from all quarters of the globe, and an old admirer proposed “to send his crutches to Congress even after he himself was unable to go,” for in coming down the Capitol steps he had sprained his knee very badly. He remained in Congress several years, but finally resigned to accept the nomination for Governor of Georgia. The day he died, March 4, 1883, was the anniversary of his forty-fourth year in public life, his fortieth in Congress, and the fourth month in the gubernatorial term.

He was brave as a lion—physically as well as morally—and often said, “I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong.”

He possessed one of the essential qualities for a politician and that was the faculty for remembering not only faces but names. He never forgot a person he had once met, and this gave him unbounded power and influence. General Robert Toombs was one of his warmest personal friends, although they frequently disagreed in politics, and as he stood over his grave the tears streamed from his eyes.

Stephens was the first to secure a charter for a female school for classics and arts, thus giving to Georgia in the Wesleyan Female College at Macon *the first chartered college for women in the world.*

Stephens was ever "an earnest student of the science of government, and his writings in illustration of it possess great philosophical value. His utterances have always commanded the respectful attention of his political antagonists, and his long and brilliant public career by universal consent ranked him among the foremost of American statesmen."

Rev. DeWitt Talmage, in a sermon preached at Brooklyn Tabernacle, said in speaking of Stephens: "He was not well for sixty years, first going on one cane, then on two canes, then one cane and a crutch, then on two crutches, afterward to a wheel chair—wheeled into the railroad train, wheeled into the steamboat, wheeled into the hotel, wheeled into the Congressional hall, wheeled into the gubernatorial mansion, wheeled into the stage of the opera house at Savannah, where he took his final cold, wheeled up to the sick-bed on which he laid down to die. What inspiration for all invalids—why give up the battle of life because some of your weapons are captured!

"But, Alexander H. Stephens is not dead. He lives. He widens out into grander existence. He has moved up and on. He has gone up among the giants. Never has there been in this country a grander lesson of immortality for the American people. So much soul and so little body. Roll on, sweet day, which shall bring us into companionship with those who on earth were so kind and gentle and loving, and who, having passed on, are now more radiant than when we knew them. I am glad for this additional evidence that Christianity is not an imbecile fabrication. If it had been a sham, Alexander H. Stephens would have been the man to have found it out. I am glad to point to his name on the scroll of the gospel mighty. Young man, scoffed at for your verdancy and weak-

ness in believing in the religion of your fathers, I advise you to carry in your pocket a scroll a yard long, all full of the names of those who, like Alexander H. Stephens, believed in Christ and the Bible and then ask the scoffer to explain that."

WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY, one of the South's great orators and statesmen, was born in the Abbeville District, S. C., in 1814. His father was Benjamin Cudworth Yancey, the author of "Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar." His mother was Caroline Bird of Georgia. He was educated at Franklin College and went to Alabama in 1836. He was successively a planter, editor, lawyer, member of the Legislature, State Senator, member of Congress, a leading political spirit in the Charleston Convention in 1860, and a member of the Alabama Secession Convention. He was really the master spirit, towering above all others in his splendid gifts of argumentative eloquence. President Davis appointed him Commissioner to England and France in behalf of the Confederacy. Upon his return he became a member of the Confederate States Senate and remained a member until his death in 1863.

His speeches on *The Life and Character of Andrew Jackson*, *Life and Character of John Caldwell Calhoun*, and *The Dignity and Rights of Woman*, an address delivered before a young ladies' school at Baltimore, with his many political speeches, give but a faint idea of the great work he accomplished as a literary man and statesman.

WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON.

Ravenna, Ohio.

1812.

1882.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

The first white child born in the Western Reserve was William Tappan Thompson, of Ravenna, Ohio. His father was a Virginian, but his mother was a native of Dublin, and it must have been from her he inherited his wit and native humor. He was only eleven when she died, and he and his father went to Philadelphia to live. Losing his father soon after this, while still quite a lad, he was forced to work to support himself, and he entered the office of the "Chronicle," one of the leading Philadelphia papers of that day. While at work there he met James D. Webster, who afterwards became territorial governor of Florida. Something about the young man attracted Mr. Webster, so he engaged him as a private secretary; he was twenty-three at this time. He studied law under Mr. Webster, and possibly would have begun the practice of law in Georgia, at Augusta, where he later moved, had he not met Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, who persuaded him to unite forces with him and edit the "States Rights Sentinel." The war with the Seminoles came on soon after this, and Thompson volunteered. This diverted him from newspaper work for a year. When he returned to Augusta he became editor of the "Mirror," the first purely literary paper in Georgia. Financially it was a failure, and it was forced to be merged into the "Family Companion," which was edited then in Macon; of course this compelled him to move there. In 1840 he was asked to take charge of the "Miscellany," Madison, Georgia. It was at this time the idea came to him to write the *Major Jones's Letters*, which have made his name famous.

There has been, and is still, a class of whites in the South, the most ignorant, and yet the best meaning people in the world. This class is known as the poor whites or crackers. They have in their veins the best blood, being descendants of the Huguenots and Scotch-Irish, who came over in early Colonial days and settled in the mountain districts of the State, and were thus cut off for generations from all educational advantages, so that their descendants have lost all ambition to be learned, and have rather gloried in being unconventional and caring little because they murder the king's English. These crackers are honest until it is proverbial, and the shutting of a door or bolting a window, night or day, is an unheard-of-thing among them. They are hospitable in the extreme. What they have, if only one day's rations, they gladly divide with a newcomer. They have a certain kind of pride that makes them brook no interference with their rights or imputation against their honor. The negroes have always held them in contempt, calling them "po' white trash," and they have tolerated the negro in slavery, but have not been able to tolerate him in his "uppity educated ways."

Now, these people have furnished material for many of our Southern writers, and Thompson, knowing them well, chose them as the theme for his *Letters*.

It is said that Major Joseph H. Butt, who recently died in Gainesville, Georgia, was the original "Major Jones." He was an old bachelor, an ideal of the courteous, chivalric, aristocratic Southern gentleman. He was an intimate friend of Judge Longstreet and Thompson. He himself had been a newspaper man, editing at one time the "Eagle," at Gainesville.

These "crackers," living as they have for generations, far remote from the cities or centers of civilization, have advanced but little. Their language is a peculiar dialect, exhibiting a mixture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

These *Letters* of Thompson's were collected and first pub-

lished under the name of *Major Jones's Courtship*, because that letter happened to be the first in the book. How many mishaps befell the gallant "Major Jones!" Well-meaning, brave, chivalrous he was; but constantly making himself ridiculous. The humor is always wholesome, however, never vulgar. One of the funniest of the dilemmas into which the Major falls is when he attempts to give himself as a Christmas present to Miss Mary, his sweetheart. The description of his getting into the mealbag and getting out of it; the fear of the dogs, and the laugh of the girls when discovered are all very amusing. Two editions of these *Letters* appeared—one under the title of "Rancy Cottem's Courtship," by Major Joseph Jones, and the other "Major Jones's Georgia Scenes," which Mr. Thompson said were unauthorized and unwarrantable liberties.

In 1845 he moved to Baltimore, and there edited the "Western Continent," a weekly, and he was not only the editor, but sole proprietor of this paper. He sold out and moved to Savannah, Georgia, in 1850, where he founded the "Morning News" and was connected with that paper until his death.

When the War between the States began he became aide to Governor Joseph E. Brown, the War Governor of Georgia. In 1864 he entered the ranks as a volunteer. At one time he was one of the wardens of the port of Savannah, was a member of the Constitutional Convention that met in 1877, and was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1868.

His political editorials were sometimes very bitter, but in private life he was noted for his genial disposition. His Major Jones series consisted of *Major Jones's Courtship*, *Major Jones's Chronicles of Pineville* and *Major Jones's Sketches of Travel*.

He tried his hand in other lines of literary work. He wrote a farce called *The Live Indian*, then dramatized the Vicar of Wakefield, which really was successfully produced not only in this country, but in England.

He died in 1882, and his daughter, Mrs. May A. Wade, made another collection of his *Letters*, calling them *John's Alive, or the Bride of a Ghost, and Other Sketches*, which were published at Philadelphia in 1883.

PREFACE TO MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP.

Well, I do believe if I was an author I would sooner write a dozen books nor one preface; it's a great deal easier to write a heap of nonsense than it is to put a good face on it after it's writ—and I don't know when I've had a job that's puzzled me so much how to begin it. I've looked over a heap of books to see how other writers done, but they all seem to be about the same thing. They all feel a monstrous desire to benefit the public one way or other—some is anxious to tell all they know about certain matters, just for the good of the public—some wants to edify the public—some has been 'swaded by friends to give ther book to the public—and others have been induced to publish ther writins jest fer the benefit of futer generations—but not one of 'em ever had a *idee* to make a cent for, themselves.

When Mr. Thompson fust writ me word he was gwine to put my letters in a book, I felt sort o' skeered, for fear them bominable critics mought take hold of it and tear it all to flinders—as they always nabs a'most everything that's got a kiver on; but when I come to think, I remembered ther was two ways of gittin into a field—under, as well as over a fence. Well, the critics is like a pretty considerable high fence round the public taste, and books gits into the world of letters jist as hogs does into a tater patch—some over and some under. Now and then one gits hung, and the way it gits peppered is distressing—but them that gits in under the fence is jest as safe as them that gits in over. I'm perfectly satisfied with the under route, so I don't think the critics will tackle my book much.

Ther ain't a single lie in my book, and I'm determined ther shan't be none in the preface.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH JONES.

Pineville, Ga.

JOHNSON HOOPER.

Wilmington, North Carolina.

1815.

1863.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

Johnson Hooper was a North Carolinian by birth, but when quite a child his parents moved to Alabama, and he has been closely identified with that State. He early became interested in newspaper work, and we find him first an editor, then a lawyer, and later a statesman, and must not forget that he was Secretary of the Provisional Congress which convened in Montgomery to frame the Confederate government.

In 1845 there appeared in one of the Alabama dailies a striking article, describing the gambling sharpers of the Southwest, in the early settlement of that country. Every one wondered who the author of these *Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs* could be. It was a day of *nom de plumes* and it was some time before the public realized that Johnson Hooper, the editor, was the author. So successful was this venture that it was soon followed by *Widow Rugby's Husband* and *Other Tales of Alabama*, and while these were failures, falling far short of his first efforts, they did portray the same characteristics of the cracker whites in Alabama that Longstreet and Thompson had given, and afterwards Richard Malcolm Johnston gave in Georgia. We find there the same conflict between ignorance and progress—the ridiculous suspicions on the one hand and the extreme credulity on the other; the inborn rascality and the struggle between goodness and greed; the superstitious ideas of God, and the total lack of any religion—a picture at one and the same time pathetic and humorous.

One of the best illustrations of the fun-making part of Mr.

Hooper's book is the extract given describing the census officer when he comes to an old widow's house to secure the desired information. Here the suspicious element in her nature is shown. It is not clear what she suspects him of, but had it been in Georgia one would easily guess that the widow was running a "still," or "blind tiger," and that this was an officer of the law to raid it. However, whatever it is she is hiding she begins to suspect this census officer is after it, and at once she threatens to "sic" the dogs on him. No matter how small or how large are the possessions of these cracker folk, they all are rich in dogs and tow-headed children. One of these crackers was asked once how many dogs he had, and the reply was: "Us ain't got many dogs—there's Rowse and 'Towse, Suk and her nine pups, six yaller hound dogs and two pinters—that's all."

When the widow sees that the census officer is in no way intimidated by the threat of the dogs she undertakes to tell of the wonderful things these dogs had done just a few days before:

"Last week Bill Stonecker's two-year-old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp tuck him by the throat and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose to save the world." "Yes, ma'am," said the census officer, meekly. "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

At length he ventured to remark that he would just jot down the age, sex and complexion of each member of the family.

"No sich a thing—you'll do no sich a thing," said she. "I've got five in my family, and they are all a plaguey sight whiter than you, and whether they are he's or she's or white or black it is none of your consarns."

In her wrath the widow turns upon the government officials, not sparing the president himself.

"A pretty fellow to be eating his vittles out'n gold spoons

that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky."

The officer bides his time and finally ventures upon another remark, but not until he is safely mounted upon his horse:

"Do you want to get married?"

"Here, Bull!" shouted the widow. "Sic him, Pomp—s-i-c, sic; sic him, Bull!"

It is needless to say the officer put spurs to his horse to escape the fate of the two-year-old steer before described.

It has been said that humor has greatly improved since Hooper's and Bagby's day, but it is to be doubted, for the humor of the present time is strained and therefore less natural. The results of the war, which changed the condition of the negro, in a great degree changed also the conditions of these cracker folk. Hooper later became so prominent as a statesman that he, like Longstreet, was ashamed of his humorous writings and would gladly have suppressed them; but they had taken such hold upon the people he found it a task too difficult to be accomplished.

His father was a journalist, and his mother was a lineal descendant of Jeremy Taylor, the English poet and cavalier divine, so one can well understand that at fifteen he should have been found writing for the press. His wife was the daughter of Hon. Greene D. Brantley, of Chambers, and they had several children; one a lawyer now in Mississippi, another a merchant in New York.

There was another humorist who belonged to this period, a Tennessean, George W. Harris, who wrote "Sut Lovingood's Yarns." He gives the picture of the Tennessee common cracker, who differs in many respects from the Tennessee mountain cracker that Charles Egbert Craddock gives with such effect.

JANE TANDY CROSS.

Harrisburg, Kentucky.

1817.

1870.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

Jane Tandy (Chinn) Cross was born in Harrisburg, Kentucky, 1817. Her father was Judge Chinn, of that place. She was educated at Shelbyville, Kentucky, at Mrs. Tevis's boarding-school. She was scarcely eighteen when she married Hon. Ben Hardin, of her native state, and accompanied him to Cuba, where he was forced to go for his health. He lived only seven years after marriage, leaving her with three little children to support. In six years she married Dr. Joseph Cross, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Every one knows the life of a Methodist minister's wife, and from that time, as she expressed it, her life was as roving as an Arab's yet happy withal, for true happiness consists in duty faithfully performed. The crowning glory of Mrs. Cross's life was her Christianity. She was devoted to her church, full of faith and good works, and a helpmeet to her husband.

Two years were spent in Kentucky, two in Tennessee, five months in Alabama, and four years in South Carolina. Then they traveled in Europe a year and returning to Spartanburg engaged in teaching. In 1859 they moved to Texas, where she remained until she "refugeed" to Georgia during the War between the States.

Her Southern sentiments were so intense that she and her daughters were imprisoned at Camp Chase for six months. *Six Months under a Cloud*, a series of letters filled with amusing and pathetic incidents of prison life, was written after they were released, and received with enthusiasm by her readers.

She was known to the literary world before this, for while in Europe she had sent charming letters to the "Christian Advocate," "Charleston Courier," and other periodicals. While in Georgia she published *From the Calm Center*. Her books were mostly written for little children, *Heart Blossoms*, *Wayside Flowerets*, *Bible Gleanings*, and *Drift-Wood*.

She spoke French, Italian and Spanish fluently. Her translation of a Spanish story gives us an idea of her knowledge of that language. Her poetry is usually very sad. The poem *To Mariana Cross* is touchingly beautiful. It was written in memory of her only child by her last marriage, who died in her fourteenth year. Mrs. Cross herself died in 1870. The following tribute is paid by one of her old pupils, Mrs. E. B. Smith, of Georgia:

"Mrs. Cross was a remarkable woman in many respects. Her genial feeling, and her elegant manners rendered her a delightful companion. As a conversationalist she was unequalled. She was for more than twenty years a teacher, and she was eminently qualified for that profession. She seemed to discover intuitively the mental caliber of her scholars, their strong and weak points, and inspired them with ambition and zeal. Her sympathy and interest in their duties, her lectures, reading and varied means of imparting information, assured her a success rarely equaled. Her personal magnetism was great, and she gave an impetus for good to many who have since taken their places as useful and exemplary members of society. Rest thee, sweet spirit! Thy blessed words, thy prayers, thy tears, thy holy life, will purify and point many to an immortality with thee in heaven."

JOHN LE CONTE.

Liberty County, Georgia.

1818.

1891.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

John Le Conte, Liberty county, Georgia, 1818, was the son of Louis Le Conte, a noted botanist, who was descended from a French Huguenot family that settled in New York in the seventeenth century. There are few families that can present more eminent scientists than the Le Conte family of Georgia. Although Louis Le Conte did not publish any of his investigations in botany, other naturalists have done so, and the world has received the benefit. He inculcated in his sons the love for science and truth for their own value. He was a man of independence of character, firm, yet gentle. His brother, John Eaton Le Conte, 1784-1860, lived in Philadelphia, and published several papers on natural history. One of these papers, *North American Butterflies*, was reprinted in Paris. He was a member of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and also president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. He contributed very valuable papers to scientific journals.

Two sons of Louis Le Conte, John and Joseph, both became eminent men of science. Their mother died when the boys were quite young, and left six children to the father's care. It was Alexander Stephens who prepared John for college. He was graduated from Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, at Athens. While there he showed such aptness for mathematics that one of his classmates said: "Give John Le Conte the cosine a and he can prove anything." After leaving Athens he studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, and moved to Savannah, Georgia,

to practice medicine in 1842. In 1841 he married Miss Josephine Graham, of New York, a young lady of Scotch and English ancestry. Her extraordinary beauty, brilliancy and wit made her the center of attraction in every social gathering.

Dr. John Le Conte accepted the chair of Natural Science and Chemistry in Franklin College. In 1857 he discovered the sensitiveness of flame to musical vibrations.

His home, which was in the belt of desolation left by Sherman's raid through Carolina, was destroyed by fire, and the manuscript of *General Physics*, the labor of many years, was lost. Then followed the period of Reconstruction in South Carolina, and the domestic affliction in the loss of his daughter just grown to womanhood—all of which tended to make scientific investigation impossible. He moved to New York and lectured on chemistry, and then accepted the professorship of mechanical philosophy in the South Carolina College at Columbia. In 1869 he was made president, and afterwards professor of physics in the University of California. His scientific work extended over fifty years. He contributed to the scientific journals of both Europe and America. His works are *The Philosophy of Medicine* and *The Study of the Physical Sciences*.

His brother, Joseph Le Conte, was called "The Evolutionist."

JOSEPH LE CONTE.

Liberty County, Georgia.

1823.

1905.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Among Georgians who have labored in the field of science there is none more distinguished, perhaps, than Joseph Le Conte. He was a man who studied and saw things for himself. He is perhaps the greatest Georgian who ever made science a profession.

He was born in Liberty county, Georgia, February 26, 1823. He was the fifth child and youngest son of Louis Le Conte. The Le Conte family was of Huguenot origin, but his mother was a Puritan; she died when he was very young, and his father endeavored to be both father and mother to the children. At an early age Joseph was sent to school to the near-by log cabin schoolhouse, but during the evenings and holidays he spent his time in hunting and swimming. He became an expert swimmer before he was grown. His father's house and garden were of almost ideal beauty, and he took pleasure in showing them to visitors, of whom there were many. The plantation was called "Woodmanston." It was there that Alexander H. Stephens taught school for a number of years, and Joseph and his brother John were prepared for college by him. He entered the University of Georgia when he was fifteen years old; four years later he graduated with an A. B., and soon after with an A. M. The next summer he spent with his sister in Washington City, where he saw Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. After spending several years in traveling, he entered college at New York to study medicine. During each summer vacation he visited the Great

Lakes and other points of interest. He did not merely see things but saw them with the eye of a scientist. After taking his M. D. degree he returned home without any idea, however, of practicing his profession. He was finally compelled to do so by circumstances. He practiced at Midway for a year or two and then at Macon. In the meantime he married a Miss Nisbet, a sister of E. A. Nisbet. He had a good field open for him in Macon, for his relatives were the most prominent people in the city, but he was not satisfied. He was a great lover of science, and the study of birds, plants, the structure of the earth and such things interested him so greatly that he decided to go to Harvard and study with the great Agassiz. He completed this course and came home still with no definite purpose in view. He was living on his farm and collecting birds and plants, when he was called to Oglethorpe College at Midway, accepting a salary of one thousand dollars per year. He remained there a year, teaching all the sciences except astronomy, and then accepted the chair of geology, botany and French at the University of Georgia. Every Monday morning he had a class in natural theology, for at that time all Monday morning exercises at that college were more or less of a religious nature. He remained with the University till 1856, and then went to the South Carolina College at Clemson as professor of chemistry and geology. There he labored faithfully till the War between the States broke out, and he was employed by the Confederate government to manufacture medicine. After the war he returned to the college and resumed his work, but he was dissatisfied with conditions in the South and decided to go West. He and his brother John were both elected professors in the University of California, where he remained for thirty years. When he went, the University was in its infancy with not more than thirty students in all, but in his late years more than four hundred students attended his lectures. He died in 1905.

During his life he was always looking for something new, and usually he found it. Most of his summers were spent traveling in the West, and there were few places of interest that were not visited by him. He was one of the leading thinkers of his time. His works are confined chiefly to geology and evolution.

Once when traveling in Italy he entered the room of a distinguished scientist and was greatly flattered to find on the table one of his own books. Again in England a prominent member of Parliament showed him one of his works and turned over page after page, pointing out the marked passages which he had found especially valuable. He was not only known in America, but all over the world. He was personally acquainted with many of the great men of the day.

He had many honors conferred upon him during his life by the scientific societies of America and by the University of California, where the students almost idolized him, and the University of Georgia has named the biological laboratory for him. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Georgia in 1879.

William Louis Jones, M.D., born in Liberty county, Georgia, 1827, is a nephew of Louis Le Conte. He graduated at Franklin College, was at Harvard, under Agassiz, and studied and practiced medicine.

He succeeded Dr. Joseph Le Conte as professor of chemistry and natural history at Franklin College. At the close of the war Dr. Jones bought the "Southern Cultivator" and edited it first in Athens, then later in Atlanta. He contributed to this, as well as to the "Southern Farm" and "Weekly Constitution," many valuable scientific articles.

His connection with the University was renewed, but he resigned in order to devote more time to his newspaper work. His friends trust that his many papers on agriculture and kindred scientific subjects will be published.

JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY.

Lincoln County, Georgia.

1825.

1903.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

J. L. M. Curry, D.D., LL.D., born in Lincoln county, Georgia, was of Scotch and English ancestry. He was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1843, and afterwards studied law at Harvard. He occupied many posts of honor in his native State and in Alabama, his adopted State. He was at one time president of Howard College, then located at Marion, Alabama. He was sent to the Alabama Legislature three times, represented Georgia twice in Congress, was made Minister to Spain in Cleveland's first administration, and then again sent to Spain as Ambassador to represent the United States when Alphonso XIII. was crowned. He spoke the Spanish language fluently, as did also his accomplished wife, who accompanied him.

He was made one of the trustees for the large sum of money left by George Peabody, a Northern man, in 1867, for industrial education in the South. These two millions of dollars were wisely used, largely in establishing or aiding normal schools, and thus became the means of rapidly advancing the cause of education at industrial centers throughout the South. Then when the Slater fund was given by another Northern philanthropist for the purpose of educating negroes for the ministry, Dr. Curry was again chosen to aid in directing this money.

He was a man of charming manners, besides being a man of culture and extended information. He was a Baptist in relig-

ious views, and was always considered one of the most prominent divines of that denomination. Mercer University, where he took his theological degree, appreciating his ability, conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. and his alma mater, the University of Georgia, later conferred the same degree.

Dr. Curry has written many newspaper articles and reviews, but his literary reputation rests upon his books. He wrote *Constitutional Government in Spain*, *Gladstone, Establishment and Disestablishment*, *or Progress of Soul Liberty in America*, *The Southern States of the American Union*, and *A History of the Peabody Education Fund*.

He died in Asheville, North Carolina, in 1903. His home had been in Washington City for many years, and there he was a man of influence in diplomatic circles.

DARK MEMORIES OF OLD ANDERSONVILLE.

(Civil History of the Confederate States.)

Let us look into the prison history of the Confederacy.

On July 22, 1862, the cartel was adopted. All prisoners were to be released in ten days after their capture. The very day after this cartel of exchange was signed Major-General John Pope, on July 23, 1862, issued orders that allowed his soldiers to shoot as spies and as enemies of the United States government all Virginia farmers who were found tilling the soil or sowing grain or cultivating crops on farms within his rear, and even inside his lines. Hundreds were shot down in the field before the Confederate government could arrest such conduct and get Pope's order rescinded. America, in later years, became incensed even to making war on Spain because General Weyler took his cue from General Pope, that illustrious example that so pleased Weyler that he ordered his own walk along the same path.

By persistent effort of our commissioner, the cartel lasted one year. The Confederacy, seeing the emaciated condition of such prisoners as had returned, was intense in her desire for exchange, and the Confederacy was unprepared for the action of Stanton, order No. 209, breaking the cartel. By this order Federal prisoners were not to be exchanged or even paroled. The cemetery at Andersonville was founded on this order. It was like passing sentence upon Federal prisoners, for the North knew that the Confederacy was without medicines and doctors and not equipped to care for

prisoners. Hence Mr. Davis and Colonel Ould, the commissioner of exchange, put forth every effort to get rescinded order No. 209, and Colonel Ould was given the largest authority in dealing with Major Mulford, United States agent of exchange. Everything was done to emphasize the fact that we were scant of food, of doctors, of medicine—indeed, absolutely unprepared to hold captives.

A deaf ear was turned to it all.

It is an interesting history to follow the Confederate authorities in their effort to abate prison suffering. Colonel Ould, from the day the cartel was disregarded, pleaded for medicines and physicians, offering to pay the Federals in cotton for them, as the Federal captives needed these. No replies were made to Commissioner Ould.

In 1864 prisoners increased fearfully at Andersonville, and to care for them became serious. No medicines for sick, no proper food. To relieve the prisoners and acquaint the Lincoln cabinet with prison conditions and the need of exchange and medicines and physicians, a delegation of prisoners was sent to Washington at urgent request of Captain Wirz. These Federal soldiers and prisoners went on that mission of mercy and came back and reported "failure." They told the prisoners their own government had abandoned them and exchange or medicines they would not get from Stanton. This created despondency among the prisoners. It is to be hoped the fate of those who went on that mission was such as should befall heroes and brave men. A monument should be erected to them, thus illustrating the efforts of the Confederacy on the side of humanity.

These heroes met the same answer as Alexander H. Stephens, who was sent on a mission of mercy in behalf of the prisoners authorized by Mr. Davis to plead for exchange, and failing in that to secure medicines and needful supplies for such as were kept in confinement. But Mr. Stephens was not allowed to see Lincoln as he hoped. Mr. Stephens always declared his mission in behalf of the prisoners had not been a failure had he been allowed to see Mr. Lincoln. Stanton stopped him at the "outer guard," to use Mr. Davis's language. Admiral S. P. Lee, U. S. N., commanding the blockade squadron at Newport News, communicated with the Washington government, stating the object of Mr. Stephens's mission. To quote President Davis's own words, "Your mission is simply one of humanity, and has no political aspect." Most pathetic picture that—the Vice-President of the Confederacy, himself feeble, but for humanity's sake on a rugged tour to Washington to appeal to Lincoln's cabinet to save life.

CHARLES H. SMITH.

Gwinnett County, Georgia.

1826.

1903.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Charles H. Smith, better known as Bill Arp, was born in Gwinnett county, Georgia, 1826. His father was a Massachusetts man, his mother a South Carolinian. Mr. Smith settled in Savannah when he first moved to Georgia. There he taught school, and it was there that he met and married one of his pupils. He never returned North to live, but settled in Georgia, and his son Charles, the subject of this sketch, was born in that State. He tells us that he "grew up as bad as other town boys, went to school some, and worked some." He entered Franklin College at Athens, but did not graduate; studied law, and then married. His wife was Miss Mary Octavia Hutchins. In speaking of her to a friend, years afterwards, he said: "When I told her the sweet old story, she was a brunette beauty of sweet sixteen, with a strain of Indian blood in her veins, which came straight down from Pocahontas, through the Randolphs, of Virginia, and you see I argued the case with her this way: if that Indian maiden of centuries ago loved John Smith to a degree that she threw herself between him and the death-dealing war club, why couldn't this particular Indian maiden love Charles H. Smith? My plea was successful, and many happy years, and a large family have blessed our union. She was one of ten, I was one of ten; we have ten, and they have twenty, making in all fifty with whom we have to mingle." He was a merchant at one time, but when the war commenced he began to write rebellious letters in a humorous way, which attracted

attention, not merely for the humor contained in them, but from the fact that all that he said was so good-naturedly said, and so much to the point that every true Southerner felt that "Bill Arp" echoed his own thoughts and feelings. From the time that he asked "Mister Linkhorn for a *lectle* more time" to the present day, all looked to him to express what they felt. At first these letters were written in the Josh Billings style of spelling, but this was afterwards laid aside.

The *nom de plume* "Bill Arp" was adopted in this way: When President Lincoln called for volunteers at the outbreak of the war, Mr. Smith, who was living at Rome, Georgia, wrote a ludicrous criticism on the call. He read the article to a group of friends on a street corner, and after a hearty laugh they begged him to publish it, but he said he was not willing to have his name signed. In the crowd attracted by the reading was a country wag named Bill Arp, who suggested that his name be put to it. At once the signature became popular.

In the War between the States, Mr. Smith served in the Army of Northern Virginia; the first year as major on the staff of General Bartow, who was killed at Manassas, after that he was transferred to General G. T. ("Tige") Anderson's staff. In 1863 he was sent by President Davis to Macon to assist in the organization of a military court for the purpose of trying prisoners charged with treason against the Confederacy.

He accompanied Davis on his humiliating flight from Millen to Macon, and when Wilson's raid made matters too warm for them at the latter place, he made a short visit to his wife and children, then with her father at Lawrenceville. Fearing the court records would fall into the hands of the enemy, he bound them in a bundle with a strong cord, to which he attached a rock, and threw the package into Yellow river.

The "Courier-Journal" said of his letter to Artemus Ward in 1865, that "It was the first chirp of any bird after the surrender, and gave relief and hope to thousands of drooping

hearts. Another paper said, "His writings are a delightful mixture of humor and philosophy. There is no cynicism in his nature, and he always pictures the brightest side of domestic life, and encourages his readers to live up to it and enjoy it."

In the suburbs of Cartersville, a small town in North Georgia, may be seen the old Southern mansion, "The Shadows," the home of "Bill Arp," named by his son, Victor Smith, of The New York Press staff, on account of the shadows from the grand red oaks scattered over the front lawn.

His children, six sons and four daughters, live in several States.

He has told us much about himself and about his family in the letters which he sent out weekly for nearly thirty years. These "talking letters," as Coleridge would call them, draw us near to the writer and make us feel the same interest we would feel in letters from a personal friend.

He bought a farm at Cartersville, Georgia, after the war, and there he lived and wrote. His home life was always very happy. His cheerful philosophy brightened all around him. His description of the condition of a home without the mother shows how helpless he felt when "Mrs. Arp" left home:

"The clock ran down. Two lamp chimneys burst. The fire popped out and burnt a hole in the carpet while we were at supper, and everything is going wrong just because Mrs. Arp's gone. I'm poking around now and hunting for consolation. I've half a mind to drop her a postal card and say, 'Carl is not well,' and then go to meet her on the first train that could bring her. It does look like a woman with ten children wouldn't be so foolish about one of them, but there is no discount on a mother's anxiety. I wonder what would become of children if they didn't have a parent to spur 'em up? In fact it takes a couple of parents to keep things straight at my house. . . . It's mighty still and solemn and lonely around here now. Lonely ain't the word, nor howlin' wilderness. There ain't

any word to express the goneness and desolation that we feel. . . . The dog goes whining around—the Maltese cats are mewling, and the children look lost and droopy. But we'll get over it in a day or two, maybe, and then for a high old time."

Bill Arp wrote weekly letters to the "Constitution" and the "Sunny South," and published a *History of Georgia*.

A versatile writer said he was Sydney Smith and Lawrence Sterne combined, having all of their excellences and none of their faults.

A country woman said: "Don't Bill Arp tell things the plainest? I have laughed till I cried over some of his letters; for the same things had happened in our own family, and it seemed that he must have been right here in the house when he wrote them."

An admirer states: "His writings are not always equally spicy; but they are all replete with sound practical sense, and his great noble heart, filled with love and sympathy for the every-day cares and trials of his fellow man, throbs like an undertone of music in every sentence—now rippling in laughter over some little comical scene in his own household, and then melting to exquisite pathos by some touching incident in his vicinity or a backward glance to the beautiful meadow-land of his boyhood. Ah, he is a poet!"

"'Carpe diem' was his motto. Old folks and children alike enjoyed his genial writings, and his letters were welcomed in every household where he was known."

In 1903 death claimed him, and his cheery, hopeful letters are greatly missed. He was an inspiration to all young writers, and always lent a helping hand.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE SOUTH.

The old time aristocrat was a gentleman. He was of good stock and thoroughbred. Whether riding or walking you could tell him by his carriage—by the vehicle he rode in or the measured dignity with which he walked about. That vehicle was as unique as a Chinaman's palanquin. It did not rest on elliptical springs, but was swung high between four half circles, and the dickey, or driver's seat was perched still higher and the driver's bell-crowned hat was the first thing that came in sight as the equipage rose in view over the distant hill. There were two folding staircases to this vehicle and nobody but an aristocratic lady could ascend or descend them with aristocratic grace. The gentleman who was born and bred to this luxury was a king in his way—limited, it is true, but nevertheless a king. His house was not a palace, but it was large and roomy, having a broad hall and massive chimneys and a verandah ornamented with Corinthian columns. The mansion was generally situated in a grove of venerable oaks. It was set back one hundred or two hundred yards from the big road, and the lane that led to its hospitable gate was bordered with cedars or Lombardy poplars. These cedars are still left in many places, but the poplars died with the Old South. They died at the top very like their owners. Prominent in the rear of this mansion was the old gin house, with the spacious circus ground underneath where the horses went round and round under the great cog-wheels, and the little darkies rode on the beams and popped their home-made whips. Not far away were the negro cabins and the orchard and the big family garden, and all around were fowls and pigs and pigeons and honey bees and hound dogs and pickaninnies to keep things lively. The owner of the plantation was a gentleman and was so regarded by his neighbors and a nobleman without the title of nobility. He had been through college and to New York and Saratoga and had come back and married another gentleman's daughter and settled down. The old folks on both sides had given them a start and built the mansion, and sent over a share of the family negroes to begin life with.

He dressed well, and carried a gold-headed cane and a massive watch and chain that were made of pure gold at Geneva. There was a seal attached—a heavy prismatic seal that had his monogram. The manner in which he toyed with this chain and seal was one of the visible signs of a gentleman. It was as significant as the motions of a lady's fan.

These old time gentlemen kept open house and all who came were welcome. There was no need to send word that you were coming, for food and shelter were always ready. A boy was called to take the horses and put them up and feed them. There was plenty of corn and fodder in the crib, plenty of big fat hams and leaf-lard in the smoke-house,

plenty of turkeys and chickens in the back yard, plenty of preserves in the pantry, plenty of trained servants to do all the work while the lady of the house entertained her guests. How proud were these family servants to show off before the visitors. They shared the family standing in the community and had but little respect for what they called the "po' white trash." These aristocrats had wealth, dignity, and leisure, and Solomon says that in leisure there is wisdom, and so these men became the lawmakers, the jurists, the statesmen and they were the shining lights in the councils of the nation.

The result of the war was a fearful fall to the aristocracy of the South. They lost many of their noble sons in the army and their property soon after. The extent of their misfortunes no one will ever know, for "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." Many of them suffered and were strong. The collapse of them was awful. They had not been raised to exercise self-denial or economy, and it was humiliating in the extreme for them to descend to the level of the common people. But they did it, and did it heroically.

The children of these old patriarchs had to come down some, and the children of the common people came up some, and they have met upon a common plane, and are now working happily together, both in social and business life. Spirit and blood have united with energy and muscle and it makes a good team—the best all round team the South has ever had.

GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY.

Buckingham County, Virginia.

1828.

1883.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

George William Bagby was the son of a merchant who lived at Lynchburg, Virginia. His life as a child is humorously told in an article he prepared for "The Southern Literary Messenger," called *Good Eating*. He says that he was accustomed to spend much of his time when a small boy at the home of an old aunt, who lived in the county of Cumberland, so far out in the country that "she took to good eating as a recourse against ennui—splendid, hot, high, light bread—rolls and biscuits and waffles and battercakes and muffins and pone and ash-cake and hoe-cake, and salt-risen bread and apple-pone and cracklin' bread and many other breads; to say nothing about fritters and pancakes and suet dumplings and all sorts of other nice things she had. Then hog-killing time! when we reveled in spare-ribs, backbone, sausages, chines, souse, and brains. How I did eat brains! Don't ask me whether I ate pig-tails too, tasting them gently with the tip of my tongue while they were burning hot. Tell me nothing of Charles Lamb's Chinese theory of the origin of roast pig: mankind would never have learned the sublime virtue of cooked pig-skin but for the Virginia practice of eating pig-tails."

He was early sent to a boarding-school, "Edgehill," Princeton, New Jersey; there his appetite was "bigger than his breeches," as he expressed it; they lived plainly and were compelled to speak French at the table. The session only lasted five months, and the boys were not allowed to eat both butter

and molasses with their bread. The students from the South could not return home during the vacation, and extra privileges were granted them, such as "lying abed until breakfast time, and *eating the much-desired butter and molasses together with their bread.*"

His teacher at this school was Dr. John S. Hart, who afterwards became principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. He was always very fond of this happy-hearted Virginia boy, who was not only good-humored himself but made every one else so. One of his friends at this school was a burly North Carolinian, "a mighty good fellow twenty years old," who took a great fancy to the younger boy and divided things to eat with him. He had come to study Latin and Greek preparatory to a course of medicine, and afterwards went to Philadelphia to take his degree. It may have been through the influence of this friend Jones that George Williams' attention was turned to medicine. The school days under Mr. Hart were filled with joys and sorrows—joys when fishing days, New Year's, Thanksgiving, Christmas and Fourth of July days came with the extra good things to eat, and when "the boxes of goodies" from home arrived; sorrows when he lost a whole week from school because of eating too much toasted cheese or from eating from breakfast time till the sun went down stolen apples from a neighboring orchard.

In 1843 he entered Delaware College, but left at the end of his Sophomore year. He then studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and received his degree; although afterwards known as Dr. Bagby he really never practiced. He moved to Richmond, Virginia, and began literary work, writing articles and witty letters under the *nom de plume* of *Mosis Addums*. These articles were well received, for they were not only witty but wise, and gave many interesting aspects of Southern life and manners. These views of life before the War between the States are very valuable now, and many of

them seem like fairy stories to the young of this generation. There were no times comparable to those when life was free to master and to slave on the old plantations "befo' de war."

In 1853 Dr. Bagby became the editor of the Daily Express, Lynchburg, Virginia, and was for several years Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent, Charleston Mercury, and Richmond Dispatch, and also wrote many articles for Harper's Magazine. The one that attracted the most attention was *My Wife and My Theory about Wives*. He also wrote for the Atlantic Monthly. Just as the war cloud was gathering over the South he began to edit "The Southern Literary Messenger," succeeding John R. Thompson, and had charge of this paper until the close of the war. At the same time he was associate editor of the Richmond Whig, and correspondent for many of the papers throughout the South—Charleston Mercury, Mobile Register, Memphis Appeal, Columbus (Georgia) Herald, and the Southern Illustrated News.

When the war ended his eyes had been so overtaxed—for writing by candle light was not conducive to strong eyesight—that he determined to go upon the lecture platform. Lecture touring was not as popular then as now, but Bagby was so witty that wherever he went throughout Virginia or Maryland he had fine audiences and was successful. These lectures were called *Bacon and Greens*, or *The Native Virginians*, *Womenfolks*, *An Apology for Fools*, *My Uncle Flatback's Plantation*, *Meekin's Twinses*, *Jud Brownin's Account of Rubinstein's Playing*, and *What I Did with My Fifty Millions*. His other writings were *Letters to Mozis Addums* and *Letters to Billy Irvins*. These were collected by his wife after his death and published under the title of *Writings of Dr. Bagby*. They are in two volumes, and are very scarce now.

His best known article is *Jud Brownin's Playing*. *What I Did with My Fifty Millions* was a sort of Utopian prophecy, and read in the light of present day philanthropy does seem prophetic.

Dr. Bagby was State Librarian of Virginia for eight years. He lived at Richmond quietly with his family until 1883.

He clothed wisdom in humor, and poked many a sugar-coated sermon down the throats of his passive readers. He possessed unusual ability in describing American life, and had always an enthusiasm for literature.

JUD. BROWNING'S ACCOUNT OF RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING.

"When he first sat down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wished he hadn't come. He tweedled-leedled a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodled som on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s'I, "What sort of fool playin' is that." And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turning the wheel of a candy cage. 'Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nuthin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other. I'd—

"But my neighbor says, 'Heish!' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see that Ruben was beginnin' to take interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all began singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms; a leetle more and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed; the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbor, 'that's music, that is.'

"But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist come over things; I got low-spirited d'recly. Then a silver rain began to fall; I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings; and the rest rolled away like round rubies.

It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands, and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadows. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. Then, all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He rinned and he rar'd, he tipped and he tar'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me like all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick, he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"'Go it, my Rube!"

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! Put him out!"

"With that some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

"He had changed his tune agin. He hopt-light ladies and tiptoed fine from eend to eend of the keyboard. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit, one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory.

"He stopt a minute or two, to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, till she fairly yelled. He knockt er down and he stompt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her

up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the tribble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pint of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nuthin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetched up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his center, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannons, seige-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shell, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shook, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—Bang!

"With a bang! he lifted hisself bodily into the a'r, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose strikin' every single, solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quavers, and I know'd no mo'."

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON.

Newberry District, South Carolina.

1829.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

James Wood Davidson was born in the Newberry District of South Carolina, in 1829. He is of Scotch ancestry, "his grandfather, Alexander Davidson, having left Scotland *immediately* after the battle of Culloden, 1746, when Charles Edward's cause went under."

He was graduated with distinction from the Columbia College, South Carolina, in 1849, taking the degree of A.B., and afterwards, in 1855, that of A.M. After graduation he taught, and was at one time professor of Greek in Mount Zion College at Winnsboro, South Carolina. He moved to Columbia and taught Greek and Latin as joint principal in the high school in that city. He then enlisted as private in Hampton's mounted company, but later joined the infantry under Robert E. Lee in Virginia and continued under Lee until his surrender.

Mr. Davidson says he "has never surrendered," and it is very certain he has never been reconstructed. When Sherman burnt Columbia he destroyed every article of property owned by Mr. Davidson, including a very valuable library, and manuscripts of ten years' literary work. No one can form an idea of what this loss was to him.

After the war he entered the field of journalism, and as he expresses it, "did more arduous service pen-fighting carpetbaggers than he ever did sword-fighting Yankees." This was a necessity in South Carolina just after the war, for that State particularly suffered from the inroads of "carpetbaggers" and "scalawags." Mr. Davidson, with a patriotism born in all Caro-

linians, fought with a will, and was enabled to do most excellent work in combating the threatened evils.

In 1871 he moved to Washington, D. C., and then to New York City, where he spent eleven years as literary editor of the New York "Evening Post," and engaged in other journalistic and literary work. He is truly an indefatigable worker, as is shown by the amount of material, published and unpublished, that he has prepared since his library and manuscripts were burned.

His first book, *The Living Writers of the South*, appeared in 1869, and his *History of South Carolina* the same year. This last is used very generally as a text-book in his native State. *The Correspondent* appeared in 1886; *The Poetry of the Future* in 1888. This little book takes radical ground on prosody, and was received very favorably by the Boston press. The Appletons asked Mr. Davidson to write *The Florida of To-Day* to replace an older book.

He is now at work on a *Dictionary of Southern Authors*. More than four thousand writers have already been found, each of whom has written at least one book, some more than fifty. He is not able now to publish this voluminous work, but hopes to do so soon. It will be a very valuable addition to literature, and especially Southern literature.

While teaching Homer he conceived a fiction of life in Homeric times, entitled *Helen of Troy*, but he has never had time to finish this. He was on the editorial staff of "The Standard Dictionary," under the direction of Funk & Wagnalls.

CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

Savannah, Georgia.

1831.

1893..

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

"The Macaulay of the South."—*George Bancroft.*

Charles Colcock Jones came from an old family, his ancestors having removed from England to South Carolina nearly two centuries ago. During the Revolutionary War his grandfather, John Jones, espoused the cause of the patriots, and, as a major in the Continental army, fell in the conflict around Savannah in 1779. His father, Rev. Charles C. Jones, D.D., was a distinguished minister and pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Savannah when his son, the historian, was born, October, 1831. A year afterwards he resigned his charge and moved to his plantation in Liberty county, Georgia, where he became greatly interested in the religious training of the negroes. To them he freely gave his time, talents and money, and did much for their moral and religious improvement. He was a gentleman of liberal education, a wealthy planter, an eloquent preacher, a well-known teacher, and an author of several works.

The boyhood of Charles C. Jones, Jr., was spent on the two plantations in Liberty county,—one a rice plantation, the other a cotton plantation. There the streams abounded in fish. An indulgent father supplied the boy with guns, dogs, horses, row-boats, sailboats and fishing tackle, so that at an early age he became an expert with the gun, the oar, and the line, and ambitious to excel in shooting, riding, swimming and sailing. This outdoor exercise laid the foundation for a strong and vigorous constitution, and the training then received made a lasting impression.

His early studies were pursued at home, generally under private tutors, but occasionally under his father's supervision. His freshman and sophomore years were spent at the South Carolina College at Columbia, then in the zenith of its prosperity, presided over by Hon. William C. Preston. His junior and senior years were spent at Princeton, New Jersey. There he took high rank and graduated with distinction. He selected law as his profession, and went to Philadelphia to study. He then entered the law school at Cambridge and received his degree of LL.B. in 1855. Besides taking the law course he attended the lectures of Agassiz, Longfellow, Wyman, Lowell and Holmes.

In 1854 he returned to his home in Liberty county, and in the winter of that year entered the law office of Ward and Owens, in Savannah. When Ward went abroad as Minister to China, and Owens retired from the firm, Hon. Henry R. Jackson, who had been Minister to Austria, became a member of the firm, which was then Ward, Jackson and Jones.

In 1858 Colonel Jones married Miss Ruth Berrien Whitehead, of Burke county, Georgia. His second wife was Miss Eva Berrien Eve, of Augusta, Georgia. Both wives were grandnieces of Hon. John McPherson Berrien, a prominent man during Andrew Jackson's administration.

Colonel Jones was a secessionist, and it is believed that one of the earliest addresses on that subject, delivered in Savannah, fell from his lips. When the call was made for troops to defend the South, Colonel Jones joined the Chatham Artillery and was mustered into the Confederate service as a senior first lieutenant. He was chief of artillery during the siege of Savannah, which siege he has so graphically described in his work on that subject.

After the war he moved with his family to New York and there resumed his practice of law. His success was gratifying. He derived great benefit from a literary point of view by his

sojourn there. His association with literary characters and societies was agreeable, and his opportunities for study and research so much greater than he could have enjoyed at that time in the disorganized South. In 1877 he returned to Georgia and settled at Montrose in Summerville, near Augusta, Georgia. There he lived until his death, in 1893, and carried on his practice of law in the city. Aside from his professional labors he was not unmindful of historical research and literary pursuits. The truth is while he never neglected his practice, law was not to him a very jealous mistress. For him history, biography and archæology presented more enticing attractions.

In 1879 Colonel Jones spent several months in travel. He examined with care, while in England, the records in the British Museum, and the Public Records Office so as to gather valuable material concerning the American colonies, which information he used in his *History of Georgia*. This history George Bancroft pronounced the finest State history he had ever read, and that its high qualities entitled its author to be called the "Macaulay of the South." This work is in two volumes, and shows painstaking study and deep reflection.

In personal appearance Colonel Jones was erect, six feet high, well built, broad shouldered, with a massive head covered with ringlets sprinkled with gray. His countenance was genial, his features handsome, eyes blue and penetrating—indeed he was a man of commanding presence, and the soul of courtliness and grace. To charming conversational powers, affable manners and social qualities of a high order, he united an interest in everything savoring of intellectual development.

He was a rapid worker—seldom revising or correcting a manuscript until it was finished. His *Siege of Savannah* was written in seven evenings; his two volumes of the *History of Georgia* in seven months; and his *Histories of Savannah and Augusta* in two months. His penmanship was faultless, being not only legible but very attractive. His *Antiquities of the*

Southern Indians was the first book to bring him into prominence with European scholars. Since its appearance he has been regarded as the best authority upon that subject, and stands high with scientific circles abroad.

He was the eldest of his family, and had only one brother and sister. His brother, Professor Joseph Jones, two years his junior, was himself a noted man. He made a mark not only in the educational, but in the medical and scientific world. His achievements as an author command the respect and esteem of all. He was a profound scholar, a skilled professor, and a noted chemist. Colonel Jones's son, Charles Edgeworth Jones, is also a writer. He has furnished some very valuable articles to literary magazines, and has accomplished much in editing his father's work.

He was twice complimented with the degree of Doctor of Laws, and was honored with membership in various literary and scientific societies both in this country and in Europe. Viewing the numerous and varied works of his accomplished pen, he was, without exaggeration, the most prolific author Georgia has ever produced, and he stands at the head of the historical writers of the South of his generation.

His works are too numerous to mention all.

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| Monumental Remains of Georgia, | The Siege of Savannah in December, 1864, |
| Historical Sketch of Tomo-Chi-Chi, Mico of the Yamacraws, | The Dead Towns of Georgia, |
| Antiquity of the Southern Indians, | The Life and Services of Commodore Tatnall, |
| Memorial History of Augusta, | A Roster of General Officers, etc., in |
| The Life, Literary Labors, and Neglected Grave of Richard Henry Wilde, | Confederate Service, |
| Historical Sketch of the Chatham Coasts, | The History of Georgia, |
| Artillery, | Negro Myths from the Georgia |
| Last Days, Death and Burial of General Henry Lee, | Memorial History of Savannah, |
| | Biographical Sketch of Major John Habersham of Georgia. |

JOHN WILLIAM JONES, D. D.

Virginia.

1836.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Dr. J. William Jones, a Virginian, and a man truly loyal to all that pertains to the South, and especially to his native State, has been instrumental through his literary labors in drawing attention to historical misrepresentations of the South, and thus has done a great work which must not be overlooked. Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, has given the following sketch of Dr. Jones's life:

"Dr. Jones is a Virginian by birth, education, and long residence. An alumnus of the University of Virginia, and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, he was under appointment as missionary to China when the great War between the States burst on the country. He promptly enlisted as a private soldier in the Louisa Blues, of Louisa, Virginia, afterwards Company D, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, of which A. P. Hill, J. A. Walker and J. E. B. Terrill—all afterwards generals—were the field officers. After serving in the ranks for the first year of the war, Dr. Jones was made chaplain of his regiment, and grim old General Jubal Early, in whose brigade and division he served, once alluded to him at a Confederate reunion as 'My friend and old comrade J. William Jones, who was first a private soldier and then a chaplain in my command, and of whom I am glad to testify that *when he became chaplain he did not cease to be a true and gallant soldier.*'

"In November, 1863, he became missionary chaplain to A. P. Hill's corps, and served in that position until the close of the war. Never wounded or seriously sick, Chaplain Jones was

able to follow the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia from Harper's Ferry, in 1861, to Appomattox Courthouse, in 1865, without being absent from his post during any important march or battle of that army.

"He was an active worker in those great revivals in which over fifteen thousand of Lee's veterans professed faith in Christ—baptizing four hundred and ten soldiers with his own hands, and preaching in meetings in which several thousand professed conversion. From October, 1865, to June, 1871, he was pastor in Lexington, Virginia, and one of the chaplains of Washington College, when General R. E. Lee was president, and a constant worker in the Virginia Military Institute. About one hundred and fifty students and cadets professed conversion in connection with his labors, and of these some thirty have become ministers of the Gospel. Since 1871, Dr. Jones has served successively as agent of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, superintendent of the Virginia Baptist Sunday-school and colportage work, assistant secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist convention, chaplain of the University of Virginia, chaplain of the Miller School, and pastor of several churches.

"From January, 1876, to July, 1887, he was secretary of the Southern Historical Society, whose headquarters were in Richmond, Virginia, and edited fourteen volumes of the "Southern Historical Papers"—a collection of rare interest, and real historical value. In 1874 Washington and Lee University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

"Dr. Jones has been a constant student, a wide reader, and a very prolific writer. In 1874, with the full approval of Mrs. Lee and the faculty of Washington and Lee University, and free access to General Lee's private papers and letters, he published *Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of R. E. Lee*—a volume which has had a wide sale, and elicited the most favorable criticisms. Since then he has published *Army of*

Northern Virginia Memorial Volume—an appendix to Cooke's *Life of Jackson*; *Christ in the Camp, or Religion in Lee's Army*—'The Jefferson Davis Memorial Volume'; and a *School History of the United States*, which is being widely introduced into our schools, and all of these books have had a large circulation.

"He has been so frequent a contributor to newspapers, magazines and encyclopedias that a collection of these miscellaneous writings would make a series of volumes more extensive than the foregoing all put together.

"Dr. Jones has been for some years chaplain general of the United Confederate Veterans, is a regular attendant at their reunions, is widely known, and has hosts of friends among the Confederate veterans."

Dr. Jones has lectured throughout the South, and in this way has reached a larger audience than through his books. He was invited to Massachusetts to deliver his lecture on Stonewall Jackson, and cordially received by a large audience.

His works are:

Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of R. E. Lee.	Fourteen Volumes of Southern Historical Society Papers.
Christ in the Camp, or Religion in Lee's Army.	Sketches of Southern Generals.
Army of Northern Virginia Memorial Volume.	Discipline and Morale of Confederate Soldiers.
The Jefferson Davis Memorial Volume.	The Confederate View of the Prison Question.
Appendix to Cooke's <i>Life of Stonewall Jackson</i> .	Our Fallen Alumni of the University of Virginia.
School History of the United States.	The Study of American History in Our Schools and Colleges.
High School and College History of the United States. [Jones and Ellett.]	

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Vevay, Indiana.

1837.

1902.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC

The Eggleston's were Southerners. Edward's father was a Virginian, a graduate of William and Mary College, who moved in early manhood to Vevay, Indiana, to practice law. There his boy was born and there he continued to live until he was seventeen years old. His father died when quite a young man, being scarcely thirty, yet we can see the impress that he left upon his son. One direction given him was "Never tell a lie, and knock down any man that says you do," and another was "Never be a politician, for in politics a man is as much disgusted with the rascality of his friends as of his enemies."

Until Edward was ten years old, he had the reputation of being a very dull boy. He really had, in all, not more than two years of school life; his main education came from his habit of reading. He learned several languages by studying them out himself.

The schools in his boyhood were very different from the schools of to-day. He tells us, "I was made to go through Webster's blue-back spelling book five times before I was thought fit to begin to read; and my mother, twenty years earlier, spelled it through nine times before she was allowed to begin the reader." The schoolmaster himself was often unable to spell the simplest words. The discipline, too, was often brutal. He says that the long birch switches hanging on hooks against the wall haunted him day and night, and that whenever there was an outburst between teacher and pupils, the thoughtless child often received the punishment he did not rightfully de-

serve. As the master was ever ready to fly into a passion, the fun-loving boys were ever ready to "poke him up." It was as exciting sport as bull-baiting or poking sticks through a fence at a cross dog. He tells of an incident where five or six boys went to a circus without getting permission, and that the next morning the schoolmaster called them out on the floor and asked them: "So you went to the circus, did you?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Well, the others didn't get a chance to see the circus, so you boys just show them what it looked like, and how the horses galloped around the ring. Join hands in a circle. Now start!" With that he began whipping them as they trotted around the stove.

Eggleston's parents were strict Methodists and he was never allowed to read novels. Ambition to become a good scholar caused him to overtax his brain and a severe illness followed. He took long walks with his brother, George Cary Eggleston, who also became an author. They followed a plan that Edward devised of walking ten minutes and resting three, as he had noticed that long rest after long exercise produced a stiffness in the muscles. By economizing strength he was enabled oftentimes to walk from sunrise to sunset without apparent harm.

At school he was the recognized captain of all his schoolmates. His word was as near law as anything could be. Although physically the inferior of most of the boys, yet he was never thought a weakling. He asked no odds of any one and took his knocks manfully. His companions recognized him as superior in knowledge and ability, and superior also in judgment, knowing him to be perfectly just and absolutely without fear or favor.

At seventeen he went to Virginia to visit his relatives. He entered a boarding school in Amelia county, and later he went to Minnesota and divided his time between farming, surveying and photography. He then concluded to enter the ministry and began as a circuit preacher, traveling from town to town with

his Bible in his saddlebags. This experience gave him material for his books, one of which, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, sold very rapidly.

This is a faithful picture of life in Southern Indiana forty years ago. It has been published more than twenty years, yet it sells better than many new books. It has been followed by *Roxy* and *The Hoosier Schoolboy*. Both of these stories—pictures drawn from his native village, Vevay, Indiana—contain reflections of his childhood. The books that made the most lasting impression upon his mind were Franklin's "Autobiography," Thomson's "Seasons," and Pope's "Essay on Man."

Eggleston later became an ordained minister. His health failing, he acted as agent of the Bible Society, but finally was forced to abandon this for journalism. He was connected with the "Little Corporal," to which he contributed many children's stories, then he became editor of the "Sunday-School Teacher," and increased its circulation sevenfold. In 1870 he was made literary editor of the New York "Independent" and editor of "Hearth and Home." It was in the latter that his *Hoosier Schoolmaster* appeared first as a serial. In 1874 he tried the ministerial work again at Brooklyn, but health again failed and he retired to his beautiful home on Lake George. If surroundings can inspire a writer the lovely waters of Lake George should do it. It was there that he wrote most of his books. His wife was his able assistant until her death in 1889. His daughters are Mrs. Seely and Miss Allegra Eggleston, who lived with him. Eggleston's last novel deals with New York life. He wrote *A First Book of American History* and *The Beginner of a Nation*, besides his *Household History of the United States and Its People*, and a *School History of the United States*.

He died at his beautiful home on Lake George in 1902. He was of the South and yet not wholly Southern.

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Nashville, Tennessee.

1848.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

Laura C. Holloway was born in Nashville, Tennessee, 1848. She is called the "Brooklyn authoress." Her maiden name was Carter, and at the early age of fourteen she was married to Junius B. Holloway, of Kentucky, a friend of Henry Clay's family. She is now Mrs. Langford, but is known in literature by her first husband's name. Mrs. Holloway's father was at one time Governor of Tennessee, and a very prominent man in the State. At the age of eleven his precocious daughter began to contribute to Southern periodicals, and was only twenty-two when she wrote her most noted book, *The Ladies of the White House*, of which one hundred and forty thousand copies were soon sold in this country, and twenty-five thousand in England and other European countries. Miss Harriet Lane, who presided over the White House during Buchanan's administration, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Holloway, and it was at her suggestion that this book was written. During the three years that she was writing it, she was a guest at the White House, and Dr. Benson J. Lossing, the historian of the Presidents, paid the work a high compliment when he said that the book "would be forever associated with the history of the republic." Her lecture, *The Perils of the Hour, or Woman's Place in America*, was pronounced by Henry Ward Beecher the most eloquent lecture ever delivered to the women of America. Mrs. Holloway edited Miss Cleveland's "Poems of George Eliot." Mrs. Cleveland frequently presents *The Ladies of the White House* to girl friends as a wedding gift.

Her other works are:

Adelaide Neilson, the Beautiful Ac-	Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned
tress,	King,
Charlotte Bronte, or Flowers from	Mothers of Great Men and Women,
a Yorkshire Moor,	The Buddhist's Diet Book,
Representative American Fortunes,	The Saviour in Verse,
and the Men who Made Them,	The Woman's Story.
Howard the Christian Soldier,	

MISS ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS, Washington, Georgia, 1847, a poet and an authoress, has written several pleasant and attractive books. Her first work was *A Family Secret*, descriptive of Southern life. In this the dialect and folklore of the negro is particularly well pictured. *A Mere Adventurer*, a more ambitious work, did not appear until 1879. In this Miss Andrews makes a plea for a more extended field of usefulness for woman, showing her fitness for diversified work. Her *Prince Hal* is considered by some to be her best book. The letters of "Elzey Hay" were written mostly from Florida to the "Augusta Chronicle."

Miss Andrews's home, Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia, is a town noted for its culture and refinement. She was educated at the LaGrange Female College, and attracted attention on account of her literary attainments. She was for years a teacher at Wesleyan Female College at Macon—the "mother of all female colleges"—and now is teaching in Montgomery, Alabama.

It is said of her that she is never idle, and that even when her health failed her for a time, she labored and planned for future work. She is a popular contributor to current literature in Georgia, writing stories, criticisms, humorous sketches and poems.

Her other works are *Botany All the Year Round*, *How He was Tempted*, *The Story of an Ugly Girl*, *The Mistake of His Life*.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

Athens, Georgia.

1850.

1889.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The bravest speech made for the last quarter of a century was made by Mr. Grady at the New England dinner in New York about two or three years ago. That speech, great for wisdom, great for kindness, great for peace, great for bravery, will go down to generations with Webster's speech at Bunker Hill, and Edmund Burke's speech on Warren Hastings."—*T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.*

"He was the leader of the New South, and died in the great work of impressing its marvelous growth and national inspiration upon the willing ears of the North."—*Chauncey Depew.*

Henry Grady was an Athens boy, Athens born, and Athens bred. His early education was obtained at a little school taught by Mrs. Elvira Lee, the daughter of Dr. Alonzo Church, a former president of Franklin College. No one can estimate the influence of this lovely Christian woman upon the character of her pupils, each of whom was as dear to her as a child. Although quite deaf, she consented to teach a few boys and girls, most of them children of intimate friends or neighbors. In this little school each scholar had his or her peculiar mode of study, and because the teacher was deaf all studied aloud. Many pupils from the busy hive have become known in the political and literary world. Not that the noisy hum of the schoolroom is to be commended, far from it, but rather the impress of the teacher, for at last the teacher does much to make the pupil.

"The war was an obstacle to education in the South, and impeded Mr. Grady in his youthful studies. He was quite fond of visiting the camp of his father's soldiers, and through his youth evinced such a profound interest and sympathy for the

soldiers of both the Confederate and Union armies as was remarkable in a child so young. He never suffered one in need to pass him by without an interview about his adventures; and these interviews always ended with a charitable division on the part of young Grady of the contents of his pockets. Many a wounded and war-worn soldier found a warm friend in the youthful Grady, and went away with clear profit from his acquaintance, whether he wore the blue or the gray.

"Four years of warfare had thinned the ranks of Lee's army, until, forced to evacuate Richmond, the Army of Northern Virginia had made its last great stand for the Confederacy. In one of the battles around Petersburg, Major Grady lost his life, and his remains were brought home to his loved ones, and now rest beneath the sod of Oconee Cemetery. His sword and flag still hang upon the wall at the home of his widow. While the father gave his life in defense of the old South, the son laid down his upon the altar of his country in maintaining the honor and integrity of a new South, which promises so much at this stage of the nation's history."

Years passed and the lad was promoted to Mr. Carroll's High School for boys. At the close of the war he entered the University of Georgia, and belonged to the famous class of 1868 when Dr. Lipscomb was chancellor. Even in college Henry was no student, but he was an indefatigable reader, and took unusual interest in his literary societies. He was encouraged by Mr. Carlton Hillyer to take an active part in the debating society. Mr. Hillyer was very proud of Henry Grady's talents, and no doubt was greatly responsible for his attention to oratory. His interest in the debating societies left but little time for text-books. In spite of his being a careless student, he was a great favorite with his professors, and much beloved by all his college mates. From the University of Georgia he went to the University of Virginia.

In 1871 he married Miss Julia King, the daughter of Dr.

William King, of Athens, Georgia. Her mother is the "Aunt Susie" of the "Weekly Constitution," Atlanta. After marriage he moved to Rome, Georgia, and bought part ownership in the "Rome Commercial," and aided in editing it; but this paper soon became involved in bankruptcy and greatly crippled the finances of the young proprietor. Then he moved to Atlanta and became part owner of the "Atlanta Herald," but that soon failed. He made another effort and started the "Atlanta Capitol," but this shared the same fate as the others. These disappointments instead of discouraging him served only the more to arouse the manly spirit within him, and urged him to nobler resolves. He now stood upon the verge of poverty, but not of despair, but borrowed fifty dollars, gave twenty to his wife and started to a new field of labor. The "Wilmington Star" offered him twelve hundred dollars as editor. He decided to accept, but some presentiment made him buy his ticket to New York instead. He wrote an editorial for the "New York Herald" which was accepted and a position on the paper as Southern correspondent was tendered him. Five years he worked faithfully for them. Almost immediately upon his return to Atlanta the "Constitution" gave him a position on the editorial staff. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, lent him twenty thousand dollars to buy an interest in the paper. He thus became identified thoroughly with Atlanta and her interests. No man ever did more for her prosperity. He never hesitated to spend time or money when it would serve her welfare.

Mr. Grady's father was William S. Grady, a major in the Confederate army. His mother was Miss Ann Gartrell. It was from her he received his bright and sunny nature, which was ever characteristic of him.

His death came sooner than any one expected. He sacrificed himself for his country's sake. She needed his voice on a momentous question of the day, and ill as he was he felt that he must obey. Contrary to his physician's advice, contrary to his

wife's pleading, contrary to his better judgment, he went to Boston. It was at Plymouth Rock that he made the speech which cost him his life. He came home exhausted and pneumonia followed. His physicians did all in their power to save him, but the disease had gone too far for human aid.

But the object of this sketch is not to speak of Mr. Grady as an orator nor as a patriot, but as an editor, journalist and statesman, and of his ability in directing and moulding public opinion.

The influence of his work as editor of the "Atlanta Constitution" is measured not by the boundaries of the South alone, but extends to the very borders of the nation.

The "Chicago Tribune" said that his indefatigable and versatile pen gained him a wide circle of admirers, and that it was a matter of profound regret that a journalist of such abilities should have been cut off even before he had reached his prime.

WORKS.

Lectures.

Newspaper Articles.

Literary Addresses.

Short Stories.

Extracts from speech on *The Race Problem in the South*, delivered in Boston, New England, December 12, 1889:

The stoutest apostle of the church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet-hall, and to discuss the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner. But, Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of the disaster that must follow further misunderstanding and estrangement; if these must be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm—then, sir, I shall find the courage to proceed.

* * * * *

My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends on its right solution.

* * * * *

Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in this republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this republic because he is an alien and inferior. The red man was owner of the land—the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable—but they hindered both sections and are gone! But the black man, clothed with every privilege of government, affecting but one section, is pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard, and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not, that every other race has been routed or excluded, without rhyme or reason. It matters not, that wherever the whites and blacks have touched, in any era or in any clime, there has been irreconcilable violence. It matters not, that no two races, however similar, have ever lived anywhere at any time, on the same soil, with equal rights in peace! In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy, which has not, perhaps, changed American prejudice—to make certain here, what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks—and to reverse, under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history. And driven, sir, to this superhuman task with an impatience that brooks no delay—a rigor that accepts no excuse—and a suspicion that discourages frankness and sincerity, we do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric that we can not disentangle it if we would—so bound up in our honorable obligation to the world, that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, He alone can know. But this, the weakest and wisest of us do know; we can not solve it with less than your tolerant and patient sympathy, with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood—and that, when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us, and hear the beating of your approving hearts!

The resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South—the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history—whose courage and fortitude you tested in five years of the fiercest war—whose energy has made bricks without straw and spread splendor amid the ashes of their war-wasted homes—these men wear this problem in their hearts and their brains, by day and by night. They realize, as you can not, what this problem means—what they owe to this kindly and dependent race—the measure of their debt to the world in whose despite they defended and maintained slavery. And though their feet are hindered in its undergrowth, and their march cumbered with its burdens, they have lost neither the patience from which comes clearness, nor the faith from which comes courage. Nor, sir, when in passionate moments is disclosed to them that vague and awful shadow, with its lurid

abysses, and its crimson stains, into which I pray God they may never go, are they struck with more of apprehension than is needed to complete their consecration!

Such is the temper of my people. But what of the problem itself? Mr. President, we need not go one step further unless you concede right here that the people I speak for are as honest, as sensible, and as just as your people, and seeking as earnestly as you would in their place, to rightly solve a problem that touches them at every vital point. If you insist that they are ruffians, blindly striving with bludgeon and shotgun to plunder and oppress a race, then I shall tax your patience in vain. But admit they are men of common sense and common honesty—wisely modifying an environment they can not wholly disregard—guiding and controlling as best they can the vicious and irresponsible of either race—compensating error with frankness, and retrieving in patience what they lose in passion—and conscious all the time that wrong means ruin—admit this, and we may reach an understanding to-night.

* * * * *

What we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone you can judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best. Fourth, loyalty to the republic, for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section, and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts, that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us to-night to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans, and we fight for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne of earth. France, Brazil—these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission. And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of His millennial harvest, and He will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until His full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way—aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day, when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered treasures, let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the Lakes to the Gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill, serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory, blazing out the path, and making clear the way, up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time.

CHAPTER IX.

Representative Poets of the Republic.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON.....	1823-1873
FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.....	1823-1874
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CHAPTER IX.

Representative Poets of the Republic.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON.

Richmond, Virginia.

1823.

1873.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

John R. Thompson was born in 1823 at Richmond, Virginia, and died there in 1873. He received his college education at the University of Virginia, then graduated in law and began to practice, but as his clients were so few he became discouraged and, turning his attention to literature, undertook "The Southern Literary Messenger," and for twelve years was its editor, making it one of the best periodicals of the country; as he was thus brought in contact with the literary workers he had many contributors to it. Paul Hamilton Hayne, Henry Timrod, James Barron Hope, Philip Pendleton Cooke sent their first poems to its columns, and many of John Esten Cooke's stories were printed in it. It really was responsible for giving the greatest stimulus to the writers of the South.

Donald Mitchell's *Dream Life* and *Reveries of a Bachelor* were also first sent to Thompson, possibly because "Ik Marvel" had married Miss Mary Pringle, a South Carolina beauty, and his heart was interested in all things Southern.

Everything was encouraging from a literary standpoint, and success seemed assured, but his health failed. Thinking a

warmer climate would benefit him, he went to Georgia and settled at Augusta, becoming editor of "The Southern Field and Fireside," but continuing feeble, he decided to travel in Europe for several years, and was greatly benefited. His letters written during this time contain charming descriptions of his journeys.

When the War between the States ended, and there was little to encourage literature at the South, he went to New York, as many others did to secure work, as well as to be away from the awful scenes of Reconstruction which were being enacted. He became literary editor of the "New York Evening Post." In 1872 came another physical break down, and physician and friends advised him to try the Colorado air, and as a last resort he went West, but it was too late for any real help; he died in less than a year and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond.

He was a very brilliant writer, and made friends rapidly on account of his gentle, genial manners. He was a charming talker and lecturer, and frequently recited his own poems before large and cultured audiences.

His works consist of letters, poems, sketches and editorials; whatever he wrote had a careful and finished touch. It is to be greatly regretted that his poems have never been collected and published in book form. While in England he contributed to Cornhill and Blackwood Magazines; his best work, however, appeared in his own magazine, "The Southern Literary Messenger," and "The Land we Love."

One of his poems that has been most frequently copied is *Music in Camp*. In this he describes the two armies which encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock; when "Home, Sweet Home" was played the hearts of the soldiers in the blue and gray were alike touched.

His heart must have been thinking of his Southland while in Switzerland, as he stood on Rigi's top and penned those beautiful words, *Patriotism*—

Whoe'er has stood upon Rigi's height
And watched the sunset fading into night,
While every moment some new star was born
From the bold Ejar to the Matterhorn
Has seen, as steadily the airy tide
Of the darkness deepened up the mountain side,
The glowing summits, slowly, one by one,
Lose the soft crimson splendor of the sun,
(Like the lights in some cathedral dim
Extinguished singly with the dying hymn),
'Till the last flush would lovingly repose
Upon the Jungfrau's purple waste of snows.
Thus, O my country! when primeval gloom
Shall over earth its ancient reign resume;
When Night Eternal shall its march begin
O'er the round world and all that is therein;
As dark oblivion's rising waves absorb
All human trophies, thus shall Glory's orb
Thy lone sublimity the latest see
And pour its parting radiance on thee!

His best known poems are *Ashby*, *Virginia*, *The Greek Slave*, *Stuart*, *The Battle Rainbow* and *Carcassonne*.

His prose articles were numerous, and possibly the one on *The Life and Character of Edgar Allan Poe* is the best. He was a fine critic and was highly esteemed by the editors of the "New York Evening Post" for they said that no man had ever filled the position of literary editor more acceptably.

Thompson is the author of the only book by an American of which there is in existence but *one* copy: *Across the Atlantic; or Sketches of English and Continental Travel* was printed by him, the publishers sending him the first copy that came from the press. A fire that night destroyed books, proofs and all, leaving only that one copy in existence.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

Clinton, Baldwin County, Georgia.

1823.

1874.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

Francis Orrery Ticknor, the author of *Little Giffen of Tennessee*, was a busy physician of Columbus, Georgia, but he was never too busy to devote his leisure moments to literature. He was born at Clinton, Baldwin county, Georgia, in 1823; his widowed mother moved to Columbus in his childhood. She gave him a liberal education in one of the leading schools in Massachusetts, and there he afterwards studied medicine, although he later attended lectures in New York and Philadelphia, and was graduated from a medical college in Pennsylvania.

He married in 1848 Miss Rosa Nelson, the daughter of Major Thomas M. Nelson, of Virginia. Her home was Pagebrook in Clarke county. She was the great-granddaughter of Colonel Byrd of Westover, Virginia, and her husband never tired of hearing her describe the old home where her childhood was spent, and it was in memory of this home and its inmates that he wrote his poem, *Virginians of the Valley*—

“The knightliest of the knightly race,
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there in valleys fair,
The Lily and the Rose,
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.”

This poem was dedicated to his brother, who edited his book of poems; being unwilling to allow his own name to appear he substituted the name of General Lee.

. Dr. Ticknor loved literature, but he loved also the culture of fruits and flowers, and after his marriage bought a farm, Torch Hill, near Columbus, so that this taste in a measure could be gratified. While driving back and forth to see his patients he would write poems on prescription blanks, and some of his best work was done in this way. While engaged in a conversation with a large planter concerning agricultural matters he thought out and jotted down his poem *Peruvian Guano*.

The Doctor was so afraid that his love of literature, books, music, painting, flowers and fruits would make him appear impractical, and would set a poor example to his young boys, whom he was anxious to have grow up strong, sturdy workers, that he always wrote poetry under protest.

One of his boys, unusually bright and precocious, brought his buggy and horse to the door one day, and some one remarked: "That boy is so bright you should give him the best education." "He has a better education now than I have," replied the doctor, "for I have never yet been able to harness a horse."

The youngest child was very delicate, and one evening as his mother was trying to put him to sleep, singing to him and telling him stories, he said, "Tell papa to make a note about the glory up in the skies, and I'll go to sleep." Dr. Ticknor was sitting near, and, on being told of the child's request, without moving from his seat wrote that exquisite poem ending:

"Sing of that glory!
So simple the task,
The easiest story
Childhood can ask!

Not the harp that rejoices,
Not the seraph that sings,

Not the shouting of voices,
Not the shining of wings;
But the Peace and the Rest
And the Love-light that smiled
In the eyes of the Christ
On the soul of a child."

Dr. Ticknor's poems are all about familiar themes, so that they have a local and special interest. The circumstances under which he wrote *Little Giffen* will be interesting, for it is a true story from beginning to end.

Columbus, like so many cities in the South, was often filled with sick and wounded soldiers, brought in after a battle in the neighborhood, and improvised hospitals were quickly provided so that they could be cared for by the ladies of the place. Mrs. Ticknor was passing through one of these wards one day and a little fellow, scarcely more than a child, for he was not yet fifteen, was lying on a cot, emaciated, pale, and very sick—

"Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee."

She raised his head to give him some nourishment, and her mother-heart went out to the sick boy so far from home—

"Utter Lazarus, heel to head."

and she begged the doctor to allow her to take him to her country home, where she could give him more constant attention. The request was granted, and his improvement became rapid, although he was compelled to go on crutches for a long time. For seven months she nursed him, and as his strength returned he insisted upon helping in many ways about the house. Mrs. Ticknor taught him to read and write, and for this he seemed very grateful. At the end of the seven months came the news that Johnston was being pressed by the enemy. "I must go," he said, "but I will write if I am spared."

"A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye."

He left, days passed, then came news of a battle, but never came news of Little Giffen—

“I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the courtly knights of Arthur’s ring
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I’d give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.”

Miss Rowland edited Dr. Ticknor’s poems just after his death, and Paul Hamilton Hayne wrote the introductory sketch, but many poems were omitted from this edition lest their intense Southern sentiment should make the book unpopular at the North. Mrs. Ticknor still preserves many of these manuscripts, and hopes soon to have them published.

There was a call for brass and other metals during the War between the States which the women eagerly supplied by giving up brass andirons, fenders, shovels, tongs, candlesticks, copper bath-tubs, and copper kettles. Many of the mothers would gladly have given their very lives to save their boys, and to aid their country.

Dr. Ticknor saw the willingness—nay, eagerness—with which these Southern matrons parted with their household treasures, and the poem *Old Brass* was written, but has never been published.

Old Brass! Why it burns with a glory
Of carbuncles, diamonds and pearls.
With the very crown jewels of story,
Enwreathed with the tresses of girls.
The mail of the maiden Joanna,
Cornelia’s pure fireside fame;
Lucrece with her white soul of honor—
La Motte with arrows of flame.

Old Brass! It is bright with the splendor,
Of womanhood’s loftiest day,
With the proud eyes of Judith, the slender,

Swift fingers of Charlotte Corday!
With the flash of the far away cymbals
When Miriam sang by the sea;
Old Brass! Why it twinkles and trembles
With the swords and the songs of the free!

Whatever Dr. Ticknor undertook to do, he did well. Whether it was as a physician administering to his patients, or as a poet singing the songs as they came from his heart, or as a gardener tending his fruits and flowers, he did all with a master hand. Mr. Berckmans, of Augusta, visited him once to see "an orchard without a defect," and florists admitted that his "Cloth of Gold" and "Malmaison" roses surpassed any they had ever seen.

Like many poets of the South, Dr. Ticknor has never had justice done him by compilers of encyclopedias and dictionaries of poets. May the time soon come when the writers of the South shall be accorded their due meed of praise, and when the children of the South shall be taught from text-books that are just to all sections of our land!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

1825.

1899.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Her rhymes run off with an airy tinkle and twinkle that show her work to be no labored manufacture, but the true effluence of a soul to whom the poem form is innate and essential."—*The Critic*.

"The *Childhood of the Old Masters*, by Mrs. Preston, a collection of truly original poems, is most unlike in all respects what any one else has done."—*Jean Ingelow*.

"Mrs. Preston's *Stories from the Greek* deserve to stand beside Lord Lytton's 'Tales of Miletus.'"—*London Saturday Review*.

The best woman poet of the South is undoubtedly Margaret J. Preston. If the province of a poet be to make one think, to make one act, to attribute finer feelings and motives to actions—then she was indeed a true poet, for devotion to God, devotion to country and love for human kind permeates everything she has ever written. What an exquisite gem is her *Chisel-work*—

"'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
And day by day
He is clipping whatever environs
The form away;
Which under His skillful cutting,
He means shall be
Wrought silently out to beauty
Of such degree,
Of faultless and full perfection,
That angel eyes
Shall look on the finished labor
With new surprise
That even his boundless patience

Could grave His own
Features upon such fractured
And stubborn stone."

She was always greatly distressed at the indifference of the Southern people to the literature of their own section, and with prophetic eye saw the great undeveloped intellectual talent only waiting for some encouragement to reveal itself.

As a poet she was most painstaking and exact; one can not find any false rhythm in her work, and there is always the artist's touch in the choice of meter and language; and she rises often to surpassing heights of poetic fancy and eloquence of expression.

She always shrank from public notice, and said "People may criticise my work, but not myself." She may rightfully be called the "Mimosa of Southern literature."

She was of Scotch descent, being the great-granddaughter of the Laird of Newton. Her grandparents came to this country after their marriage in Edinburgh, and settled in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Her father, Rev. Dr. Junkin, was a Presbyterian minister who was widely known as one of the most distinguished educators of his day. He founded Lafayette College, the largest and best endowed institution of its kind in Pennsylvania, and was afterwards President of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia. General Robert E. Lee succeeded him to the latter position.

Reared and educated beneath college walls by a cultured father, and wooed and won in college halls by a cultured professor, is it strange that Mrs. Preston should have developed at an early age a taste for literary pursuits, or that she should have "thought in numbers" when only a child?

She was educated almost wholly by her learned father; read Latin and Greek with him at twelve, wrote metrical versions of Greek odes at sixteen, was familiar with the works of the lit-

erary men and women of the day, so that one is not surprised to find in her writings a classic inspiration that came from Greek poetry, and a knowledge of modern literature as well that came from an acquaintance with the authors of the day.

"One of her earliest memories is standing at her father's knee when only a little over three years old learning the Hebrew alphabet. She never went to school except as a very little girl, and received her education from her father and private tutors at home. Many a winter morning she was accustomed to rise at five o'clock to read Latin and Greek with her father before breakfast, this being the only time he could command for her out of his busy day."

In 1857 she married Colonel I. T. L. Preston, the founder of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia. Theirs was an ideally happy married life, spent in the retirement of a home well suited to the tastes of a poet and a refined woman. There her two sons grew to manhood; Dr. George I. Preston, who has already contributed some valuable articles to medical and literary journals, and Herbert R. Preston, a young lawyer; their homes are now in Baltimore, Maryland. One of her sisters, a noble and intellectual woman, was the first wife of General Stonewall Jackson.

With all her literary attainments, and these were of high order, her pride was that she never neglected her duties as wife, mother, mistress, hostess, neighbor and friend.

She corresponded with Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Philip Bourke Marston and other well-known writers. Paul Hamilton Hayne and Andrew A. Lipscomb were two of her greatest literary admirers, and frequent were the letters that passed between them. How they enjoyed the friendly criticism of each other's poems! At times she was greatly discouraged at the tardy recognition of the work she had done, and especially so after her eyes failed and she became largely dependent upon an amanuensis.

In one of her poems she seems to voice this discouragement, although it was written earlier in her life—

“What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer’s grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade’s bugle blast,
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need that the spurring pæan roll,
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy’s blandest breath,
If whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No, no, if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it, while I am alive to hear.”

She was never wholly satisfied with any work that she did, and always longed to perfect it still more. Something of this thought is shown in her *Mona Lisa*—

“Done? Nothing that my pencil ever touches
Is wholly done. There’s some evasive grace
Always beyond, which still I fail to reach,
As heretofore, I’ve failed to hold and fix
Your Mona Lisa’s changeful loveliness.”

So beautiful was her trust in God, and so submissive and resigned was she to His will that we long for more from her pen. Although she was born of Northern parents in a Northern State, yet she became truly Southern, for she not only had married a Virginian, but spent the years of her youth on Southern soil. She taught her boys patriotism, loyalty to Virginia and all that State stood for.

Her novel *Silverwood*, written before her marriage, was published anonymously, and no persuasion on the part of her publishers, who offered to double the price paid for the manuscript if she would allow her name to appear with it, could make her consent.

Her *Beechenbrook*, a “Rhyme of the War,” written by firelight during the evenings of one week, made her very popular at the South, and with this she first allowed her name to appear. Eight editions followed rapidly as proof of its kindly reception.

Perhaps the qualities which most endear Mrs. Preston to the American reading public are the humanity and spiritual insight recognizable in all that she has written. Her soul speaks to us in her simplest ballads; her religious poems are written in a winning and graceful style without cant or affectation.

She was less known as a critic, but was equally successful in this line. Much of her work in prose, which is fully equal in grace and diction to her poetical work, has never been credited to her. For many years in order to advance Southern literature, she helped to edit gratuitously the literary columns of several of the best papers and quarterlies of the South.

The friend of many years, Paul H. Hayne, was accustomed to say: "Mrs. Preston is one of the best writers of sonnets in America," and "The Boston Literary World" said, "Mrs. Preston as a poet is always sure of her motives; her imagery is never vague or misapplied; her command of metrical resources is inevitably firm and true while never harsh or pedantic. These qualities are shown in the *Colonial Ballads*, where fragments of tradition or historical allusions are worked out through full circle and made to convey some weighty meaning. Perhaps the most gratifying of all the varied and acceptable contents of Mrs. Preston's book are the sonnets, which are every one so exquisitely wrought and so full of intellectual strength."

Mrs. Preston helps us to live truer and nobler lives by teaching us to love the Source and Giver of all life. Her husband was the spur to her literary work, and when he died she was little inclined to write, and so, as it were, her pen was laid aside. Her eyesight, too, became impaired, and whatever was written in her late years had to be done by dictation. Her last days were spent in the home of her son, Dr. Preston, in Baltimore.

Her works are:

Silverwood,
Beechenbrook,
Old Songs and New,
Cartoons,

For Love's Sake
Monographs,
Colonial Ballads,
Aunt Dorothy.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

Norfolk, Virginia.

1827.

1887.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

In enumerating the poets of America the author of *The Charge of Balaklava* must not be omitted. He was a native of Norfolk, Virginia, and was educated at William and Mary College. Before the war he was admitted to the bar and practiced in Elizabeth City. He had won some literary distinction from a series of poems that he had published in a Baltimore periodical, using the pen-name of Henry Ellen, Esq. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, and was captain and quartermaster, serving during the entire war. At the close, when the conquered soldiers returned to their homes penniless and with spirits almost crushed, James Barron Hope was roused to action by being chosen to assume the charge of the public schools in Norfolk, his native town, and at the same time he edited the Norfolk "Landmark," a daily newspaper. On the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, a joint committee of the United States Senate and House of Representatives invited him to deliver an address entitled *Arms and the Man*; this afterwards appeared with other poems. His writings include *Leoni di Monota*, *Elegiac Ode*, and *Other Poems*, and *Under the Empire*, but not one has any more poetic merit than *The Charge of Balaklava*. "This," as the "Literary Messenger" said, "combines all the wild and incongruous elements of battle, victory, defeat, death and glory in its triumph and rhythm."

It is almost impossible by short extracts to give a full conception of the beauty of his poems. In *Leoni di Monota* there

are thought, dramatic effect, and the evidences of swift observation, but all so closely linked that the poem can not be judged by fragments.

In *Summer Studies* one is reminded of summer sounds and sylvan scenes. His devotion to the South is shown in his memorial songs. From one recited at the dedication of the Warrenton, Virginia, memorial shaft the following lines are quoted:

"We come to raise this mournful shaft
Above the consecrated dust
Of heroes, who laid down their lives
For what they deemed most just.

"Antigone herself was not
More tender in her pious care
Of her dead brother, than to-day
Virginia's daughters are.

"They need no almoners of fame
To give them laurel crown or bust;
Their deeds will live when shaft and urn
Have crumbled into dust.

"A Roman emperor, when death
Stood full before his steadfast eye,
Cried out and said, 'Come, lift me up,
For I would standing die.'

"And they died standing in the cause
Of the great South, on Honor's field—
Here every patriot hero sleeps
On unsundered shield."

There is not one commonplace line in his Yorktown Centennial poem. In his own words it has been said of him:

"A King once said of a Prince struck down,
Taller he seems in death;
And this speech holds true for now as then,
'Tis after death we measure men.
And as mists of the past are rolled away.
Our heroes who died in their tatters gray
Grow taller and greater in all their parts,
Till they fill our minds as they filled our hearts.

And for those that lament them there's this relief,
That Glory sits by the side of Grief,
Yes, they grow taller as the years pass by
And the World learns how they can do and die."

The following extract is taken from the prize essay read before the Hope-Maury Chapter of Daughters of Confederacy at Norfolk:

"From time to time he published lyrics of exquisite sweetness or now and then a war song.

"One of his longest and best poems, *The Legend of Verona*, can not fail to deeply impress the reader. Vividly before us are brought the lives of Italy's sons and daughters. We see and understand the secret workings of a nature that was all fire, and while we shudder at the terrible revenge of the wronged lady on her traitorous friend, yet we sympathize with her sufferings and feel sad as we read of her melancholy fate.

"Perhaps, however, he is best known as the author and deliverer of political speeches on historical anniversaries, such as the Yorktown Centennial and the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first settlement at Jamestown; or by his beautiful and impressive poems delivered on such occasions as the dedication of the Firemen's Monument in Elmwood cemetery of our own city, and that erected to Washington's memory, at Richmond.

"His words were also uttered when the corner-stone of Lee's monument was laid, but the speaker, instead of the beloved poet, was William Gordon McCabe. The bard was with the Commander he had loved so well.

"He did not reach the years of threescore and ten, allotted to man, but laid down his work while his intellect was yet undimmed by age, and the future seemed still to hold golden gifts in store for him. He suffered no decline of strength, for his call was without warning, and his death without pain. The last day of his life, September 15, 1887, was devoted to his usual work. When his duties were done he returned home and

sought his room to rest. There, in the twilight, soon after, they found him sleeping that sleep that knows no waking while Time endures, for the Death Angel had come with his mandate, and the poet's soul had entered eternity. 'Heart disease,' said the doctors, and Norfolk aghast heard the news of his death.

"The numerous and sincere tributes offered to his memory by men from all ranks of life would in themselves be enough to reveal his character and bear testimony to the regard in which he was held. The schools mourned the decease of their superintendent, the newspaper men deeply regretted the loss of their colleague, old veterans missed their comrade. Literature lamented the death of her gifted son, and those who knew him sorrowed for their friend. But the deepest grief of all was felt in the silent house of which he had been the head, for though he had busied himself in his city's welfare, he had never neglected his home, and his heartbroken wife and children wept inconsolably for the beloved husband and father.

"They laid him to rest in Elmwood cemetery, where many another of his gallant comrades are sleeping, and still his grave is decked with flowers by loving hands and draped each Memorial Day with the flag for which he fought.

"The world in its busy confusion may forget the bard who sleeps beneath the trees of Elmwood, but Virginia will never forget him. He was hers and hers only. So she enrolls his name upon the scroll where shine the names of her illustrious sons, close to that of him whose praises he sang with his dying breath, and for his epitaph inscribes the lament of his sorrowing friend, Rev. Beverly Tucker—

"And when the many pilgrims come to gaze
Upon the sculptured form of mighty Lee,
They'll not forget the bard who sang his praise
With dying breath but deathless melody.
For on the statue which a country rears,
Tho' graven by no hand we'll surely see,
E'en tho' it be through blinding mists of tears,
Thy name forever linked with that of Lee."

HENRY TIMROD.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1829.

1867.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The ablest poet the South had yet produced."

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

"One of the truest and sweetest singers this country has given to the world."—*Paul H. Hayne.*

"Among men of letters, he was always esteemed as a most sympathetic companion; timid, reserved, unready, if taken by surprise, but highly cultivated, and still more highly endowed."—*J. Dickson Bruns.*

Henry Timrod was the son of William Timrod, who was himself a poet, and Miss Prince, a beautiful girl, "whose perfection of face and form caught the poet's fancy, and whose perfection of character won and kept the poet's heart through twenty-six years of married life." It was from his mother that Henry Timrod derived that intensely passionate love of Nature which so distinguished him. "A walk in the woods to her was food and drink, and the sight of a green field was joy inexpressible." The children would recall her love for flowers and trees and for the stars; and how she would make them notice the glintings of the sunshine through the leaves, and the lights and shadows side by side, and the streak of moonlight on the floor. "She would sit absorbed, watching the tree-branches as they waved in the wind and would say: 'Don't they seem to be whispering to each other?'" And yet to this strong love of Nature she added sound practical sense and such sweetness and gentleness and forbearance of disposition that her daughter said she was without doubt the most perfect character she ever knew.

The father was a gifted man—self-educated, full of information, and early attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens

by his brilliant talents. Lawyers, politicians and editors gathered around the shop of this skilled mechanic to listen to his eloquent conversation. He seemed "a provincial Coleridge holding his little audiences spellbound by the mingled audacity and originality of his remarks." His songs and sonnets prove that he was a poet of no mean ability. Washington Irving said of his ode *To Time*: "Tom Moore could have written no finer lyric." His name lives chiefly through the reputation of his "Blue-eyed Harry," of whom he wrote so feelingly, and who inherited his father's poetic genius.

Born in a city, pent up in its dusty avenues, Henry Timrod longed for the untrammelled freedom of the country; "he doted upon its waving fields, its deep blue skies, and the glory of the changing seasons."

He obtained his primary education at one of the best schools in Charleston. His deskmate was Paul Hamilton Hayne, his lifelong friend and biographer. They were about the same age, and having similar tastes their acquaintance fast ripened into friendship. His first poem was written in school and submitted to this friend to read. "While," as Mr. Hayne said, "we were hobnobbing together over it, our principal (who united the morals of Pecksniff with the learning of Squeers) meanly assaulted us in the rear, effectually quenching for the time all æsthetic enthusiasm."

Another teacher who appreciated his character and mind thus described him as a boy: "Modest and diffident, with a nervous utterance, but with melody ever in his heart and on his lips. Though always slow of speech he was yet like Burns, quick to learn. The chariot wheels might jar in the gate through which he tried to drive his winged steeds, but the horses were of celestial temper, and the car of purest gold." Mr. Hayne, in speaking of him says he was "shy, but neither melancholy nor morose; he was passionate, impulsive, eagerly ambitious, with a thirst for knowledge hard to satiate. But

too close a devotion to books did not destroy the natural lightness and simplicity of youth. He mingled freely with his comrades, all of whom respected, while some dearly loved him." He was fond of outdoor sports—running, leaping, jumping, swimming and even *fighting*.

When sixteen or seventeen he entered the University of Georgia, where his poetical powers began to give promise of the future. He composed love verses frantic or tender to every pretty girl he met.

He was forced to return to his home before his college course was completed, on account of financial troubles and his own ill health, and later entered upon the study of law, becoming a student in the office of a distinguished lawyer, James L. Petigru, Esq. Judge Bryan says: "Timrod was too wholly a poet to keep company long with so exacting a mistress as the law."

Every writer has a model; this poet's master of song was Wordsworth; he studied his works with such loving earnestness that he caught the spirit of simplicity and truth, so characteristic of the "Old Laker's" style.

Finding the law so distasteful he abandoned it and renewing his classical studies with a view to teaching, became a tutor in the household of a Carolina planter, and at every opportunity hurried down to Charleston to be welcomed by a small "coterie of friends" among whom was no less a distinguished personage than William Gilmore Simms, who always delighted to gather around him the younger literary men of his acquaintance. It was with this group of congenial spirits that the idea originated of starting a Southern literary magazine to serve as an exponent of Southern talent and culture. Mr. John Russell was induced to undertake the practical management of the work, hence it was called for him "Russell's Magazine"; in this many of Timrod's best poems appeared, which were afterwards collected in a small volume and published in 1860 by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston.

In 1861 he began a series of war poems suggested by the incidents of the great conflict, "and struck a higher and finer note than had ever yet escaped his lyre." He remained in Charleston during the first months of the war, "serving his country more effectually with his pen than he could have served her with his sword."

In 1862 a project was formed by his friends and admirers to have published in London a volume of his poems, beautifully illustrated and highly embellished, which they intended to present to the author, but the scheme failed, and the poet was bitterly disappointed. He wrote: "The project of publishing my poems in England *has been silently but altogether dropped!* An unspeakable disappointment! So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies, the hope of every poet who has not money." The disappointment was even still greater to his loving and devoted mother.

After the battle of Shiloh he became war correspondent of the "Charleston Mercury," but was totally unfit for camp life and returned in a short time to his home in Columbia, South Carolina. In 1864 he married Miss Katie Goodwin, the "Katie" of his poetic visions; she was an English girl who had come over to this country in 1860 to visit a brother who had married Timrod's sister; her father had accompanied her, but as he died soon after his arrival she decided not to return to England, but to remain in Charleston with her brother, and it was at this brother's house that the poet met her.

Of her he wrote:

"By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
Along with English creeds and thought—
Entangled in her golden hair—
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
I cannot tell but—here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle whose twilight skies

No darker are than Katie's eyes
 She seems to me go where she will,
 An English girl in England still."

The poet's heart had been moved by love before he met her, as his poem *The Two Portraits* shows, but not until "Katie" came with

"Loftier charms
 Than love e'er gave to mortal arms,
 A spell is woven on the air
 From your brown eyes and golden hair,
 And all at once you seem to stand,
 Before me as your native land,
 With all her greatness in your guise,
 And all her glory in your eyes,"

did he fully surrender.

One son, little Willie, was given to them as a Christmas gift, but God only spared him to them a few months; he died suddenly, and in the little grave the larger portion of the father's heart was buried; he was never himself again. How different the two letters to his old schoolmate—one was dated December, 1864, the other March, 1866:

"At length, my dear Paul, we stand upon the same height of paternity—quite a celestial elevation to me! If you could only see my boy! Everybody wonders at him! He is so transparently fair; so ethereal!" Then later: "Dear old fellow; heart and hand, body, soul and spirit, I am still yours! You ask me to tell you my story for the last year. I can embody it all in a few words: *beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope!*"

A year after Timrod's marriage, Sherman and his troops gained possession of Columbia, South Carolina. What followed is known to all—the conflagration, the sack, the universal terror and despair! In a letter to Mr. Hayne he wrote: "We have lived for a long period and are still living on the pro-

ceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and silver plate. We have—let me see! Yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge—bedstead!! In a forlorn hope I forwarded some poems to Northern periodicals, and in every instance they were coldly declined.

“As for supporting myself and large family—wife, mother, sister and nieces—by *literary* work—’tis utterly preposterous! Little Jack Horner, who sang for his supper and got his plum cake, was a far more lucky minstrel than I am!

“To confess the truth, my dear Paul, I not only feel that I can write no more verse, but I am perfectly indifferent to the fate of what I have already composed. I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion for—*one hundred dollars in hand.*”

He afterwards received a position of assistant secretary, or clerk, which he said, “ensures me a month’s supply of bread and bacon.”

When his health became wretched, the doctors prescribed a change of air. How could he take the prescription with poverty at hand? “I must stay here like a lugubrious fowl and scratch for corn,” he wrote to a friend; but finally he did go to “Copse Hill” to visit the Haynes, and a month’s sojourn with them did much to improve both health and spirits, but finally business forced him to return to Charleston; soon two hemorrhages followed and he failed rapidly. To his sister watching by his side he said: “Do you remember that little poem of mine?—

‘Somewhere on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop and the sunshine
Waits a solemn hour for me.’

“Now that hour, which then seemed so far away, has come. May I be able to say, “Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” In October of 1867 he passed away.

"High-hearted poets, as Bryant, Whipple, Holmes and Whittier would have recognized at once his genius, as well as his modest worth and purity of temperament, and it is to be greatly regretted that his lot was cast in a time that he could have no personal acquaintance with the New York and Boston literati. Had it been so no doubt his fate would have been wholly different!"

He was buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church, Columbia. "Nature, kinder to his senseless ashes than ever fortune had been to the living man, is prodigal around his grave—unmarked and unrecorded though it be." Beautiful flowers and verdant grasses are everywhere to be seen.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Carlyle McKinley composed a beautiful poem while standing at Timrod's grave.

Pierce Bruns, in writing of Timrod, says:

"Disappointed in every private enterprise which he undertook; doomed to see the failure of the great public cause which he had championed; dying in early manhood, a ruined man among a ruined people; and through it all, up to the very last, doing his duty, Henry Timrod has always seemed to us the very incarnation of Knightly Defeat. And here we must ask our readers to bear in mind that the chronicle of Timrod's life is not merely a record of the misfortunes of one just man, pursued by a relentless fate, but also the history of his nation. His virtues were those of the Southern people; his misfortunes but a part of the common ruin that overwhelmed the entire South.

"Therefore it is that above all the rest Timrod holds the first place in the hearts of the Southern people, as the truest poet of their nation, the great Confederate South, for he spoke from his own heart and his voice was the voice of his people.

"This it is which makes Timrod's poems so dear to the Southern people, and also renders them invaluable to the rest of the American republic.

"Himself of the Southern breed, with the fierce blood of the Clan Graeme in his veins, he was not the man to stand unmoved in time of war. Under the stirring influences of this period he poured forth in quick succession those martial lyrics in which every word rings like steel on steel. Nor was he content to serve his country with his pen alone. He enlisted and went to the front.

"His health failed and he tried newspaper work. Again his hopes were crushed, for Columbia was entered by Sherman's army and laid in ashes. We believe that the office of the 'South Carolinian,' Timrod's paper, had the honor of being the first building to be destroyed by the Northern troops. Of this Paul Hayne says: 'As one whose vigorous, patriotic editorials had made him obnoxious to Federal vengeance, Timrod was forced, while this foreign army occupied the town to remain concealed. When they left he rejoined his anxious "womenkind," to behold, in common with thousands of others, such a scene of desolation as mortal eyes have seldom dwelt upon.' "

The one characteristic above all others that marked Timrod's life was his unfaltering trust; there was no false note, no doubtful sentiment, no selfish grief even when fortune smiled least upon him. There was no bitterness nor moaning nor complaining, and when the ravages of war reduced him to direst poverty a note of cheer so characteristic of him sounded clearest.

Timrod was a true patriot. He loved his Southern land, and he loved his native State. "No fairer land," he said, "hath fired a poet's lays, or given a home to man." His *Memorial Day Ode*, *Carolina*, *Cry to Arms*, *Unknown Dead*, *Storm and Calm* have already become a part of abiding American literature.

His father, William Timrod, was no mean poet himself. His

Mocking Bird is thought by many to surpass the poems of far more noted poets who have written upon the same theme :

"In russet coat
Most homely, like true genius bursting forth,
In spite of adverse fortune a full choir
Within himself, the merry mock bird sate,
Filling the air with melody, and at times
In the rapt favor of his sweetest song,
His quivering form would spring into the sky,
In spiral circles, as if he would catch
New powers from kindred warblers in the cloud
Who would bend down to greet him."

Henry Timrod was his "blue-eyed Harry" whose shouts of joy were music to that fond father's ear.

ODE.

[Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.]

I.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
 More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
 Than when some cannon-moulded pile
 Shall overlook this bay.

V.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
 There is no holier spot of ground
 Than where defeated valor lies,
 By morning beauty crowned!

Of these lines on "Carolina," Paul Hayne says: "I read them first, and was thrilled with their power and pathos upon a stormy March evening in Fort Sumter! Walking along the battlements, under the red light of a tempestuous sunset, the wind steadily and loudly blowing from off the bar across the tossing and moaning waste of waters, driven inland; with scores of gulls and white sea-birds flying and shrieking around me, those wild voices of nature mingled strangely with the rhythmic roll and beat of the poet's impassioned music. The very spirit or dark genius of the troubled scene appeared to take up and to repeat the verses—

CAROLINA.

I.

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
 Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
 Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
 Carolina!
 He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
 He scorns the lances of thy palm;
 Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
 Carolina!
 Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
 A spot is on thy garment's rim;
 Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
 Carolina!

II.

Call thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,

Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,

Carolina!

Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,

Carolina!

III.

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle bed,

Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,

Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,

Carolina!

IV.

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,

Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon the strand,

Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,

Carolina!

V.

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,

Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,

Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,

Carolina!

VI.

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,

Carolina!

When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,

Carolina!

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,

Carolina!

VII.

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,

Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,

Carolina!

Fling down thine gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,

Carolina!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1830.

1886.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Paul Hayne, the sweetest songster of our Sunny South."

—*Montgomery Folsom.*

"Sunshine and music are the poet's dower;
He sings and lo! the land is wed to fame;
It may have wealth and excellence and power;
But o'er them all, men write the poet's name;
'Tis Burns's land, or Schiller's clime or Hayne's—
O'er every ruler's right the poet reigns."

—*Benj. S. Parker.*

Possibly the most active spirit in the literary movement of the South was Paul Hamilton Hayne, a Carolinian by birth, a Georgian by adoption. He came from a wealthy, cultured home and early began the practice of law, but after the reverses of war moved to Georgia and devoted himself to literary work. He belonged to the school of lyrists, and his war songs are his best lyrics. He was to the South what Whittier was to the North. Thompson called him "a knight of chivalry, a troubadour, a minnesinger, misunderstood and not fully appreciated, who ought to have lived ages ago in some bright and sunny land."

No Southern poet has written so much or done so much to give a literary impulse to this section of the country, and he deserves to be called the "Laureate of the South." His verse has the wealth and warmth of both his native and his adopted State. One can hear the sighing of the pine trees about his home at Copse Hill as he writes; one can hear the swish of the ocean as it beats on the Carolina shores; and one can hear the

voice in the *Midnight Thunder*, and in the *Windless Rain*. Had he written no other poem than *Lyric of Action*, it would have immortalized him, for a poem that could arrest the would-be suicide's hand and put into his heart new hope and a desire to live is a great poem.

Hayne received an anonymous letter expressing gratitude for this poem which the writer said had saved him from death.

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
 O'er the past that's withered and dead;
 What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be fled?
 Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
 Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
 "Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal."

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
 Are a burden too heavy to bear,
 What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
 Of a jealous and craven despair?
 Down, down with the fetters of fear!
 In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
 With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
 From His throne in life's nethermost fires,
 "Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
 Of the soul that repents and aspires.
 If pure thou hast made thy desires,
 There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain,
 Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
 Unbound by the past, which is dead!
 What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be fled?
 Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead:
 And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun
 Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won!

"Hayne is distinctly the Southern poet. No one save Lanier has any claim to divide that honor with him. His work will live, and his fame will increase as the South which he so loved comes to a fuller knowledge of him, and of what is noblest in her."

Miss Josephine Walton, an intimate friend of the family, gives the following sketch of his life:

Paul Hamilton Hayne—God's New Year gift to his parents and their rich legacy to the world—was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830, but having spent the last twenty years of his life in Georgia, is claimed by "The Empire State" as her best beloved adopted son. In colonial times his English ancestors settled in South Carolina—of which State his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, the distinguished statesman and orator, was once Governor. The poet's father, Lieutenant Hayne, a naval officer, died at sea when his only child and namesake was an infant. His saintly mother lived with her son at "Copse Hill," his noted home among the pines, until her death, a few years ago. In his poem dedicated to her, he thus expresses his appreciation of the encouragement she gave him when first he "tried his wings" soon after his ninth birthday:

"Thou didst not taunt thy fledgling son,
Nor view its flight with scorning;
The bird thou saidst grown fleet and strong,
Might yet outsoar the morning."

John Stuart Mill taught that the ideal marriage is the result of the blending of the lives of people not bound alone by heart ties, but also possessing corresponding intellectual gifts—congenial tastes and oneness of purpose being implied requisites. Such a union was solemnized when Paul Hayne, May 20, 1852, clasped as his own the hand of Mary Middleton Michel—the hand he afterwards immortalized as *The Bonny Brown Hand* in the poem which ends with these beautiful lines:

"That little hand, that fervent hand of bonny brown,
The hand which points the path to Heaven, yet makes a Heaven of earth."

The devotion to his wife, whose name is inseparable from her husband's fame, is expressed in other poems, *To My Wife*, *An Anniversary*, *Love's Autumn*, *Apart*, *A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet*, and in the following lines:

"O deathless love that lies
In the clear midnight of those passionate eyes!
Joy waneth! Fortune flies!
What then? Thou still art here, soul of my soul, my wife!"
—*From the Woods.*

Mrs. Hayne's father, Dr. William Michel, of Charleston, was the youngest surgeon in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1864 Napoleon III. presented him with a medal in recognition of his "services under fire on the field."

Before Paul Hayne's marriage he was admitted to the bar, but relinquished the practice of his profession for a literary career. Delicate from childhood, he was incapacitated for field service during the War between the States, therefore became an aide on Governor Pickens's staff, and with his devoted pen, "mightier than the sword," by such appeals as the poem entitled *Charleston*, encouraged his countrymen to noble deeds and nobler dying for "Our South," as he termed his beloved land. His unswerving allegiance to her in war and peace, as well as his genius, won him the title of "The Poet of the South." He is also known as "The Poet of the Pines," "The Longfellow of the South," and "The Lament of the South." His loyalty gained him universal respect and entitles him to the love of every true Southerner.

Speaking of "Copse Hill," his home near Grovetown, Georgia, Maurice Thompson says: "Glancing at the little dingy house you can not realize that here lives one of the most famous poets of the world—Paul H. Hayne, the friend and peer of Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier. The rough interior of this home completely transformed by the skillful hands of his loving wife, is the wonder and admiration of all who visit it. The

walls of his study are covered with well-chosen illustrations from art journals and weeklies.' Copies of fine pictures in this homely form and likenesses of the good and great men and women of these and other times attract immediate attention. The unique home-made furniture, the carpenter's bench used in building the cottage changed into the poet's desk, bookcases made of boxes, all tastefully covered and ornamented with papering corresponding to that on the walls, fascinate the beholder. That the dainty and frail-looking little wife could accomplish such work and at the same time, soon after the war, do the cooking and washing for the family, was a miracle of love, otherwise it would have been impossible. Later on, with the burden of domestic service greatly lightened, as her husband's amanuensis, she averaged a thousand letters a year, besides was his valued critic, and often suggested names for his poems."

Writing of him, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston said: "There is no poet in America who has written more lovingly or discriminately about nature in her ever varying aspects. We are sure that in his loyal allegiance to her he is not a whit behind Wordsworth, and we do not hesitate to say that he has often a grace that the old Laker lacks." Her favorite among his poems was *Unveiled*.

Edwin P. Whipple, the great Boston critic and essayist, said, in his review of *Legends and Lyrics*: "It contains the ripest results of the genius of the most eminent of living Southern poets. *Daphles*, *Cambyzes* and the *Macrobian Bow*, *Fortunio*, *The Story of Glaucus the Thessalian*, and especially *The Wife of Brittany* would, if published under the name of the author of 'The Earthly Paradise,' obtain at once a recognition on both sides of the Atlantic. We can not see that the American poet is one whit inferior to his accomplished English contemporary in tenderness and ideal charm, while we venture to say he has more than Morris the true poetic enthusiasm and unwithhold-

ing abandonment to the sentiment suggested by his themes. We congratulate the South on possessing such a poet."

In indorsing what Whipple said of Mr. Hayne as a narrative poet, William Cullen Bryant wrote: "This is high praise, but it is well merited and Mr. Hayne is even more happy in his lyrical than in his narrative poems; grace, tenderness and truth are characteristic of them all." Bayard Taylor said in reference to these poems: "I prefer Mr. Hayne's atmosphere to that of William Morris; the latter's is Novemberish while Mr. Hayne's is the breath of May."

In regard to his versatility the distinguished Herman Grimm, of Germany, wrote of the *Complete Edition of his Poems*, "The circle which the poems embrace is great, and the poet's spirit is everywhere at home."

Eugene L. Didier, one of Poe's biographers, said: "His many delicious sonnets have earned him the title of 'The Sonnet Writer of America,' " and added, "He has touched all the chords of his lyre." In *The Mountain of the Lovers* we enjoy a glimpse of the quaint charm of the old chronicles. In *Five Pictures* he is intensely realistic. Thomas S. Collier, the poet and story-writer, said: "Mr. Hayne has the lyric gift and his shorter poems have a ring and richness that recall the glories of the grand Elizabethan period. In fact he has the true poet's ready facility in all forms of verse, from the sonorous periods of the ode to the swiftness and ring of the music-waking sonnet, and in each shows the same careful and artistic workmanship."

Mr. Hayne's correspondence for a number of years with such congenial spirits as Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, Philip Bourke Marston, and others in this country gave him great pleasure. After his death a letter arrived from Wilkie Collins in which he expressed great anxiety about his friend, and wished to know how he had fared during the Charleston earthquake, for as he was on a cruise the sad news was slow in reaching Collins.

Those who had the privilege of Mr. Hayne's personal ac-

quaintance were drawn to him regardless of rank and condition. Many people loved him who were incapable of appreciating his genius, but these always felt sure of his sympathy in sorrow and trouble, and of his kindly interest at all times. From a memorial editorial the following tribute has been taken: "It has been said that the critics of posterity will write him down amongst the noblest bards. But it is not among the critics or the great ones that he will be best remembered and best understood. In the heart where sorrow has entered on its mission of mildew in the soul, Paul Hayne and his dove-like threnodies of song will have the warmest welcome and make the longest stay. With all his triumphs Paul Hayne's heart was not here. He was an humble Christian over whom heaven bent so low that he reached up and put his treasures there. Amid our tears we can rejoice that he has inherited the wedding garment of white and a part in the first resurrection."

Several of the testimonials of affection received by him were from children. A boy who had never seen him stinted himself to send him five dollars from his small earnings, and expressed the wish that he would buy with it something that he would "use all the time." A napkin-ring with the poet's name on one side and the appreciative little friend's on the other was chosen as a daily reminder.

Among his namesakes is a most promising Indian boy of the Sioux tribe, who corresponded with Mrs. Hayne. His first letter to her began: "My Dear Loving." A poor and uneducated woman asked for one of his poems, "because," she said, "he was so good to my little cousin." None can read his poems for children and fail to understand his love for them or their love for him. At a reception given him, in his reply to the poetic greeting he said:

"If Christ's pure favorites love me, all is well,
Let fame's proud trump its lordlier echoes cease,
And graven on my pastoral tomb

Be these brief words traced in the sunrise bloom,
His lays though marred, yet bore one Heavenly spell,
The children loved him, so he sleeps in peace."

The following lines from *On the Decline of Faith* illustrate his child-like trust:

"O man! when faith succumbs, and reason reels,
Turn to thy heart that reasons not, but feels;
Creeds change! shrines perish! still (her instinct saith),
Still the soul, the soul must conquer Death,
Hold fast to God, and God will hold thee fast."

E. P. Roe said of *Face to Face*, the "Poet's Death Song":
"I shall carry it with me in my pocketbook, so that I may often read it, and think of its truth. It is one of those poems which minister to life as well as prepare for death."

July 6, 1886, "God's Angel of Perfect Love" bore the soul of our beloved poet to his heavenly home.

His body rests in the cemetery in Augusta, Georgia. The Memorial church at Grovetown; the dedication in Blackmore's "Spring-Haven," which reads: "To the memory of my revered friend—Paul Hamilton Hayne, Poet, Patriot and Philanthropist"; the naming for him in Birmingham, Alabama, of the largest and handsomest school building in the South; the literary societies bearing his honored name; and the monument erected in Augusta, Georgia—all tributes of love—will keep in mind his memory.

Mrs. Hayne continued to live at "Copse Hill" with her gifted and devoted son until her death. Much of her time was spent in furnishing material for sketches of her husband, of whom she loved to talk and write, and in corresponding with his literary friends and acknowledging, when practicable, the endless tributes paid to him.

In lines to his son he said:

"I pray the angel in whose hands the sun
Of mortal fates in mystic darkness lies,

That to the soul which fills these deeping eyes,
Sun-crowned and clear the spirit of song may come;
That strong winged fancies, with melodious hum
Of plumed vans, may touch to sweet surprise
His poet nature, born to glow and rise
And thrill to worship though the world be dumb."

That this prayer has been answered none who read the exquisite poems of William H. Hayne will doubt.

An eminent lawyer said that no sketch of Paul Hayne would be complete which did not mention his gift of oratory. Like the silver-tongued Webster, he held his audiences spellbound. None who have had the privilege of hearing him read will ever forget the mellow tones of his musical voice.

In a recent periodical, a Northern writer says: "Paul H. Hayne, well known as a Southern poet, belonged to the whole country—North as well as South, East as well as West recognized his genius. And to-day no true American, no matter where he lives, hears the mention of the sweet singer's name without sentiments of love and reverence for his memory, and a feeling of pride that so grand a man, so true a poet was born upon American soil. True, he was named the 'Lament of the South,' and well did he deserve it, for no other Southern writer has done so much for the literature of that section; but the fact remains that while we of the North gladly accorded to him while living that distinction, and while we say of him now that he was the greatest poet the South has ever produced, yet would we claim him, not as the representative of any particular section, but rather as a representative American poet, and still more, he was one of the world's greatest poets."

Black Cudjo, a low country negro from the coast of South Carolina, will illustrate the difference in the dialect of a Middle Georgia negro as given by Joel Chandler Harris in his "Uncle Remus," and a Virginia negro as given by Thomas Nelson Page in "Marse Chan," and a Mississippi negro as given in

"Nebuchadnezzar," by Irwin Russell. The intonations are just as distinctly different as if they spoke different languages.

CUDJO.

Well, Maussa! if you want to heer,
I'll tell you 'bout um true.
Doh de berry taut ob dat bad time
Is fit to tun me blue.

Mass Tom and me was born, I tink,
'Bout de same year and day,
And we was boys togedder, Boss!
In ebbery sport and play.

Ole Missus gib me to Mass Tom
Wid her las failin' bret;
And so I boun—in conscience boun,
Tur stick to him till det.

At las' ole Maussa, he teck sick
Wid chill and feber high,
And de good Dokter shake 'e head,
And say he sure fur die.

And so true 'nuff de sickness bun
And freeze out all he life,
And soon ole Maussa sleep in peace
'Long side 'e fateful wife.

Den ebbery ting de lan' could show,
De crap, de hoss, de cows,
Wid all dem nigger in de fiel'
And all dem in he house.

Day b'long to my Mass Tom fur true,
And so dat berry year,
He pick me out from all de folks
To meck me obersheer.

I done my bes', but niggers, sir—
Dey is a lazy pack,
One buckra man will do mo' wuck
Dan five and twenty blacks.

I jeered dem, and I wolloped dem,
 And cussed dem, too—but law;
 De debble heself could nebber keep
 Dem rascals up to taw!

And when de war was ober, Boss,
 Mass Tom, he cum to me,
 And say, I sabe he life dat time,
 And so he meck me free.

I'll gib you house and lan', sez he
 And wid dem plough and mule,
 I tank him kind, but, Boss, sez I,
 Wha' meck you tink me fool?

I nebber see free nigger yet,
 But what he lie and steal,
 Lie to 'e boss, 'e wife, 'e chile,
 In de cabin, and de fiel'.

And as for tieffin' dem free cuss
 Is all like Lightfoot Jack,
 Who carry de lass blanket off
 Frum he sick mudder back!

I stays wid you! sez I agin,
 I meck de nigger wuck,
 I wuck myself, and may be, Boss,
 We'll bring back de ole luck.

But don't you pizen me no more
 Wid talk ob freedom sweet!
 But sabe dat gab to stuff the years
 Of de next fool dat you meet!

His works are:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Poems, Volumes I., II., and III., | Poem for Charleston Centennial, |
| Biographical Sketch of Henry | Legends and Lyrics, |
| Timrod, | The Mountain of the Lovers, |
| Poem. William Gilmore Simms, | The Battle of King's Mountain, |
| Yorktown Centennial Lyric, | The Return of Peace, |
| Complete Poems (Lothrop & Co., | Sesqui Centennial Ode, 1883, |
| Boston), | The Broken Battalions. |

FATHER RYAN (ABRAM J. RYAN).

Norfolk, Virginia.

1834.

1886.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The songs of the dead poets will be music to the living until time shall be no more."

The poet who came nearest to the heart of the South with his war poems and songs was Father Ryan, too rapid a writer possibly to give finished work, but why search for perfect diction and style or meter when a song touches the heart? Can we ever forget the *Conquered Banner*?

"Furl it, fold it, let it rest—
For there's not a man to wave it
And there's not a sword to save it
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it—hide it—it is best.

"Furl that banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore the foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined disseyer,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead."

Father Ryan wrote these words and felt that they so feebly expressed his feelings that he threw them into the waste basket where they were found and rescued as by chance by the maid.

Possibly the poem oftenest quoted is *The Sword of Lee*.

"Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain so free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

Everything Father Ryan wrote had a musical ring about it. How beautiful is his *Song of the Mystic*:

"In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley
'Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men like the Dove of the Deluge
The message of Peace they may bring.

"Do you ask me the name of this Valley
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth far away between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer."

"He was a charming poet—one who could rekindle the smoldering embers in the heart, and make them burn with a fiercer flame than those which burned on vestal altars. He combined in one nature the impulsiveness of the Celt and the warm-heartedness of the Southerner, and when he died he was mourned by all, irrespective of creed. A Roman Catholic, he was honored by Protestants; an Irishman, he was loved and admired by native Americans. Outside of race and creed, he was respected for his true manhood."

Like nearly all great men, Father Ryan owed much to the early training and example of a Christian mother, and it was

to her he dedicated his poems, or as he expressed it, "laid the simple rhymes as a garland of love at her feet." What more beautiful offering could be made by a gifted son to a loving mother?

Mrs. Ryan was a woman of great sweetness of temper; her smiles threw much sunshine into his life, and her piety had much to do in shaping his character for God. He said, in speaking of his childhood days:

"I felt
To listen to my mother's prayer,
God was with my mother, there."

The South claims him as her son, and rightfully so, because his heart beat in such sympathy with her hopes and her aspirations, but the entire country claims him as its poet and unites in doing honor to his memory.

When a lad of seven or eight years of age he went to Saint Louis with his parents, and there received his early training under the "Brothers of the Christian Schools." Even at that tender age he showed signs of mental activity and poetical genius which led many to hope for great results. His teachers loved him, for he was apt and thoughtful as a scholar; his schoolmates also loved him, for he was modest and unassuming in character, always kind and just. He had such a reverence for sacred things and places, and such an ardent nature that the vocation of priest was at once chosen for him. The youth, perfectly willing to enter this field of labor, "bent all his energies towards acquiring the necessary education to fit him for this exalted vocation," and he soon was admitted to the ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, New York. It was a great trial to part from friends and relatives, for home and parents are ever dear to "the pure of heart," but he was all aglow with the fervor that animated him in the pursuit of his holy purpose. He graduated from this school with distinction, was ordained priest and began at once the active duties of missionary life.

When the War between the States began he joined the Confederate army as chaplain, and served in that capacity until its close. He was a man of deep conviction and a strict adherent to principle, and after the war ended clung to the principles for which he fought, and was slow to accept results which he believed were fraught with disaster to the people of his section. As a Southerner of the most pronounced kind he would not make concessions to the conquering North; their chariot wheels had laid waste and desolate the land, and he for one could not bow and kiss the hands that had caused all this woe; yet when the dreadful scourge of yellow fever devastated the South, and death reaped a harvest in Memphis and elsewhere, and the heart of the North went out in sympathy to the South in its dire affliction, it was Father Ryan who tuned his lyre and sang that glorious melody, *Reunited*—

“The Northland, strong in love, and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife;
Forgot that souls with dreams of hate
Or unforgiveness e’er was rife,
Forgotten was each thought and hushed;
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed.”

Thus it was the angel of affliction and the angel of charity joined hands together and pronounced the benediction over a restored Union and a reunited people.

Father Ryan’s was an open, manly character, in which there was no dissimulation. He was ever moved by kind impulses and influenced by charitable feelings; he never wrote a line for harm’s sake nor for hate’s sake as he tells us; he shrank from anything that was mean or sordid. He was generous to a fault; this was the ennobling principle of his nature, the motive power of his actions, and the mainspring of his life. He was faithful in his friendships—was never false to any one and was never known to violate an obligation.

At the close of the war when he heard of Lee’s surrender he

wrote the poem *Conquered Banner*, which alone would have immortalized him.

He lived at one time in Nashville, Tennessee, and then moved to Clarksville, Tennessee, and later still to Augusta, Georgia. He edited the "Banner of the South" for five years, but this work was too regular and exacting; he could only write when inspired. Scott could write "Lady of the Lake," and Tom Moore could write "Lalla Rookh," but neither could edit a paper, and Father Ryan failed as they failed.

He took charge of Saint Mary's church in Mobile, Alabama, in 1870, and remained there thirteen years. Afterwards he obtained leave from Bishop Quinlan to lecture in her behalf, and while engaged in this work his health failed. He entered a Franciscan monastery to rest, and while there started his *Life of Christ*, but before it was finished the Angel of Death called him home.

One act of his connected with the War between the States deserves to be mentioned in any sketch that is written of him. When the smallpox was raging in 1862 in the Gratiot State Prison, the chaplain alarmed sought safety in flight, and none was found who was willing to risk his life by ministering to the sick and dying. One day a man asked for a minister to pray with him, and the officer in charge sent for Father Ryan. Before the messenger returned he was at his post of duty, and for months continued there doing what he could to relieve the suffering.

At the close of the war he lived near Beauvoir, Mississippi, the home of President Davis, and became an intimate friend of the Davis family.

The patriotic women of the Southland began at once to remove the bodies of the Confederate dead to cemeteries in cities and towns and to erect monuments to their memory. Memorial Day began to be observed, and Father Ryan was invited to deliver the memorial address at Fredericksburg, Virginia. In

that address he read for the first time his *March of the Deathless Dead*.

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a Nation's trust,
And fell in a cause though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief;
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a nation's grief.

The foeman need not frown,
They all are powerless now,
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreath each brow.

He was always a great sympathizer with Ireland and her sons. The Emerald Isle was his father's land, and her sons were his brothers. His feelings found vent in *Erin's Flag*—

"Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner of green!
The blood of her sons has but brightened its sheen;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No, no! God is just."

He had an intense love for music, and would sit for hours at the piano, playing sad touching songs, and then the spirit of the music would take possession of him and he would pen some of his finest lines. He wrote always in a hurry; had he been as painstaking as Gray, the English poet, his name would now be enshrined among the greatest poets of the English-speaking world.

Father Ryan seemed to feel that he would die young, and really looked forward to death with satisfaction, for he felt to

die was great gain. He had some heart trouble, and when the physician, after a thorough examination, told him to prepare for death, he replied: "Why, I have prepared for that long years ago."

"I am glad that I am going;
What a strange and sweet delight
Is through all my being glowing,
When I know that, sure, to-night
I will pass from earth to meet Him
Whom I loved through all the years,
Who will crown me when I greet Him,
And will kiss away my tears!"

He won distinction as an orator, a lecturer, an essayist and poet. "The chief merits of his poems would seem to be the simple sublimity of his verses; the rare and chaste beauty of his conceptions; the richness and grandeur of his thoughts, and their easy natural flow; the refined elegance and captivating force of the terms he employed as the medium through which he communicates those thoughts, and the weird fancy which throws around them charms peculiarly their own. These and other merits will win for their author enduring fame." He is said to have written more in the style of Edgar Allan Poe than any other writer—still his style is characteristic. He was a born poet; it requires rare qualifications to be a poet and these he possessed in an eminent degree. "Fame had selected him as worthy to wear the laurel wreath due to the sons of Genius." He was, however, himself unconscious of the fact. "He brought his offerings to the twin altars of Religion and Patriotism and laid them there humbly and devoutly in the spirit of self-consecration, of loyalty and of adoration."

"As the setting sun on a calm eve sinks beneath the horizon, gilding the heavens with its mild yet gorgeous splendor, so did the grand soul of Father Ryan pass into eternity, leaving behind the bright light of his genius and virtues—the one to illu-

mine the firmament of literature, and the other to serve as a shining example to men."

"Out of the shadow of sadness,
 Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the blest;
 Out of a land very dreary,
 Out of a land very weary,
 Into the rapture of rest."

On one occasion it was published far and wide that on a certain Sabbath evening Father Ryan would address his congregation on the subject of "Love." There was not a man nor woman in Georgia who was indifferent to that subject as it would probably be treated by the distinguished poet-priest. Before sundown the street was thronged, the church could not have held another person, before services began women fainted and were with difficulty carried over the heads of the curious congregation, which could not move to make a passage-way. The building was too dimly lighted for the magnificent toilettes to be exhibited or examined. When the censers began to swing and the incense to rise the closeness was oppressive beyond endurance.

Father Ryan talked of "Love." The silence in the auditorium was unbroken, discomfort was forgotten, and every word was listened to with intensest interest. It was the grandest and most beautiful sermon upon *Charity*, the love that thinketh and speaketh no evil;* and upon the ineffable love of God for His unworthy children.

None who heard that remarkable discourse could ever forget it or fail to become better and finer for having heard it.

WORKS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous,
Song of the Mystic,
The Sword of Robert Lee,
The Prayer of the South, | The Conquered Banner.
Gather the Sacred Dust,
— Their Story Runneth Thus,
Erin's Flag.
A Crown for Our Queen (prose). |
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HENRY LYNDEN FLASH.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

1835.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

The parents of Henry Flash came from the West Indies to this country and were living in Cincinnati, Ohio, when this son was born in 1835. Two years later they moved to New Orleans, and the early life of the poet is associated with that charming and delightful Southern city, composed of cultured and refined people, his schoolmates and playmates being the children of the best families of Louisiana. At the age of fifteen he was sent to a military school in Kentucky, and was graduated from that Institute in 1852. In 1857 he traveled abroad, spending a year at Florence and studying the lives and works of the great artists, sculptors and writers of that Italian city. When he returned he settled at Mobile, Alabama, and there became interested in mercantile enterprises. That he courted the Muse of Poetry at this time is very evident, for his first and for a long time his only volume of poems was published in 1860—a very small volume, only one hundred and sixty-eight pages, and dedicated to his mother, but the year 1860 was a most unfortunate year in which to bring before his countrymen a book of poems. Had he written war songs urging men to action they would have been better received, perhaps, for the dark cloud of war was rapidly gathering over our beloved land, and men and women had little time for cultivating poetry.

When the War between the States began Flash entered the Confederate service, first as aide on General William J. Hardee's staff, in active service at Perryville; then as aide on

General Joe Wheeler's staff; and was in the battle of Chickamauga. Later he became war correspondent and edited the "Telegraph and Confederate," published at Macon, Georgia. When the war ended he moved to Galveston, and he must have carried there the memory of a sweetheart whom he left behind, judging from his poem, *In Galveston*. This sweetheart may have been Miss Clara Dolsen, of New Orleans, whom he married in 1870.

IN GALVESTON.

We parted, love, some months ago,
 In pleasant Summer weather;
 You blamed the Fates that you and I
 Could not remain together!
 "Take this, my love"—you gave a kiss—
 "Let not this parting vex us;
 I'll win papa's consent at home,
 And you'll win fame in Texas.

I traveled many a weary day,
 By land as well as water,
 Tho' sore dismayed, thro' storm and shade,
 (Vide Lord Ullin's daughter),
 I pushed ahead and reached at length
 This famous island city.
 I've looked around but can not find
 That Temple—more's the pity!

That Temple—Fame's, you know—of which
 You've read in song and story;
 And where you bade me write my name.
 Among the Sons of Glory.
 "Oh, carve it, love," you proudly said,
 "By Shakespeare and by Dante,"
 The name is carved, but, oh, 'tis nailed,
 Upon a wooden shanty.

And underneath is writ, that I—
 Your lover and your poet—
 ('Tis painted on a six-foot sign,
 That all the world may know it),

Will sell for cash (the thing will out—
It is, indeed, of no use,
That I should try to hide the fact),
All kinds of "Eastern Produce!"

In 1868 he left Galveston and returned to his old home at New Orleans, and then, after his marriage, moved to Los Angeles, where he now lives. He has become such a successful merchant that he has been able to retire from business. There are two children, a son and a daughter. His poem *Little Clara* was evidently written just after his daughter's birth.

LITTLE CLARA.

She is sweeter than the violets
That blow in hidden places;
And brighter, too, than star or dew,
More graceful than the Graces.
I can not doubt she came to me
To be my special teacher,
And show me truths I failed to learn
From any earthly preacher.

I care no more for musty tomes,
The relics of the ages—
Her wisdom, fresh from God, exceeds
The wisdom of the Sages.
The secrets hidden from our eyes,
Her finer sense discloses,
Translates the song the skylark sings,
And reads the heart of roses.

For her the Fairies come and go,
Obedient to her wishes—
And tell her of the hidden haunts
Of birds and beasts and fishes.
She hears the whispering of the Elves
From forest glades and mountains—
Communes with Dryads in the trees,
And Naiads in the fountains.

But thrice the silver orange buds
Have burst in starry flowers,

Since from the Heavenly Land she came
To bless this home of ours.
The light the Father's presence lent
Still lingers on her features—
That stainless glow by which we know
His unpolluted creatures.

Her laughter soft as rippling rills
Dispels my present sorrow—
Her fearless glance of innocence
Gives courage for the morrow.
The power with which she sways my life
Is holy and inherent—
Reverses facts—makes me the child,
And her, the guiding parent.

Henry Flash began writing for newspapers and magazines when only fifteen years of age; but when he was a man of business and was forced to make money for daily living, he could devote only spare moments to his muse. His poems attracted much attention during the War between the States, and were published in the New Orleans and Mobile papers as well as in the "Telegraph and Confederate" in Macon. While his poems on the death of *Zollicoffer*, *Stonewall Jackson*, *Leonidas Polk* made him well known, the beautiful little poems that appeared in the daily papers about the same time will linger longest in the memory—such for instance are *The Shadows in the Valley* and *What She Brought Me*.

SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY.

There's a mossy shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And daisies sleep in winter
'Neath a coverlid of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dewdrop pure and bright
Is the epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night.

WHAT SHE BROUGHT ME.

This faded flower that you see,
Was given me a year ago,
By one whose little dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
And she's a blonde and very fair,
And sunset tints are not so bright,
As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks
That come and go like living things,
Her voice is softer than the brook's
That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes,
And rosy flushes of the cheek,
That told of tender thoughts her lips
Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said,
And she was mine as long as life;
I gently laid the flower aside,
And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up with earnest look,
And said, "Oh, prize the flower"—
And tender tears were in her eyes—
"It is my only dower."

She brought me Faith and Hope and Truth,
She brought me gentle thoughts and love—
And soul as pure as those that float
Around the throne above.

But earthly things she nothing had,
Except this faded flower you see,
And, though 'tis worthless in your eyes,
'Tis very dear to me.

Personally Mr. Flash is charming, quick at repartee, very witty, and excellent company. He has not done all that it was possible for him to do, and it is to be regretted that he did not have a spur such as poverty or literary ambition to call forth his best efforts. His poems were each written at one sitting. Like Poe he does not believe in long poetic composition. He has been compared to this mystic poet in other respects, for he worships the beautiful, and is rich in weird imagination.

A friend and admirer of his, a Japanese story-writer, Adachi Kinuosuke, who came to this country to receive his education at Vanderbilt, says: "He is a patriot and a poet, neglected by men, and neglecting himself, and yet the seed God planted within him would sprout willy-nilly. It is like a fertile California valley, unplowed, and seen only by the eyes of the stars and God, that would burst into a marvelous symphony of colors, because it can not help itself, it is its nature. He has buried nearly forty years of the most rigorous portion of his life in the dust, foul air, and curses of the money-getting struggle, but the astounding patience and partiality of the Muses are his." This foreigner came across a volume of Flash's poems which had been given to a young lady in 1868, and instantly recognizing the merit in them wondered why the people of his own Southland had allowed him to remain so long unrecognized by the writers of encyclopedias.

These lines of his seem like a prophecy about himself:

She twined the laurel in my hair,
And said, "O Poet! win renown,
Till earth shall recognize the claim
And legalize the crown."

"Men's praise is little worth," I said,
"There is no grandeur in their nod -
Did they not twine a crown of thorns
And crucify their God?"

"Ah! true, indeed," she sighing said,
"Yet, still I long to see you, when,
Crowned with the Poet's wreath, you stand
The cynosure of men."

"But few," I said, "who sing the cause
Of Right against the giant Wrong,
Can hope to gain the laurel-wreath
To compensate the song.

"For those who best deserve the prize
Are so forward of their time,
That years roll by before men hear
The echo of their rhyme.

"And when at length it strikes their ears,
They forward march with doubtful tread,
And reach the point whence came the strain,
To find the Poet dead.

"So tell me not of earthly wreaths;
To deck so low a head as mine,
While they died crownless who have sung
In strains almost divine.

"No! bid me rather seek His praise,
Who doth sustain me in the strife,
Till death shall crown me with the leaves
Plucked from the Tree of Life.

"And then the wreath that decks my brow,
No power of earth can trample down;
For God will recognize the claim,
Eternalize the crown."

The following is his poem, *The Confederate Flag*:

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Four stormy years we saw it gleam,
A people's hope,—and then refurled,
Even while its glory was the theme,
Of half the world.

A beacon that with streaming ray,
Dazzled a struggling nation's sight,—
Seeming a pillar of cloud by day,
Of fire by night.

They jeer, who trembled as it hung,
Comet-like blazoning the sky,—
And heroes such as Homer sung,
Followed it to die.

It fell, but stainless as it rose,—
Martyred like Stephen, in the strife,—
Passing like him, girdled with foes,
From death to life.

Fame's trophy! Sanctified with tears—
Planted forever at her portal—
Folded, true * * * What then? Four short years
Made it immortal!

When the War between the States ended, Flash's muse remained silent for many years; his hope seemed crushed and it was hard for any life or brightness to spring up under the new condition of affairs, but as the years passed on his loyalty to the Star-Spangled Banner was shown in *The Flag*, written after the Spanish-American War:

THE FLAG.

Up with the banner of the free!
Its stars and stripes unfurl,
And let the battle beauty blaze
Above a startled world.

No more around its towering staff
The folds shall twine again,
Till falls beneath its righteous wrath
The gonfalon of Spain.

That flag with constellated stars
Shines ever in the van!
And, like the rainbow in the storm,
Presages peace to man.
For still amid the cannon's roar
It sanctifies the fight,
And flames along the battle lines
The emblem of the Right.

It seeks no conquest—knows no fear;
Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere,
As resolute as Fate.
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
No stain its honor mars,
And Freedom smiles, her fate secure,
Beneath its steadfast stars.

The Neale Publishing Company has just brought out a volume of poems by Mr. Flash. General Wheeler's appreciation of his work greatly pleased him, for it meant a great deal to have his old commander say that his poems were "melodious and flexible," and that one of the most pleasing characteristics of his verses was "the exquisite polish that he gave them." Many of these poems appeared in the volume of the sixties, but added to them are some of later date. The human note makes Flash's poems of great value, for it gives a vitality to them that will cause them undoubtedly to live.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

Baltimore, Maryland.

1839.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

James Ryder Randall, born at Baltimore, Maryland, 1839, is the author of *Maryland, My Maryland*, that thrilling war lyric, one of the master-works that is destined never to die. "In its life Mr. Randall lives, and he will continue to live as long as literature has a place among the inhabitants of the globe."

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that it was the best poem produced on either side during the War between the States.

Its author is of English and French ancestry, "with a dash of Irish." His father was John K. Randall. James was educated at the Roman Catholic College in Georgetown, D. C., and received the degree of LL.D. at Notre Dame, Indiana. In 1860 he went to New Orleans, the most picturesque city of the South, to engage in journalistic work, and later was appointed to a professorship at Poydras College, Pointe Coupée, Louisiana. While there one night he arose from a feverish dream and wrote the words of *Maryland, My Maryland*. The poem was sent to the "New Orleans Delta," and, like Byron, Randall awoke one morning to find himself famous.

The following is the story of its being set to music: Frederic Berat chose the tune "Ma Normandie," but later the lovely German "Tannebaum, O Tannebaum" was selected as being more spirited. After the battle of Manassas, General Beauregard invited some Maryland ladies to visit his headquarters, and while there the Washington Artillery of New Orleans serenaded them. The "Boys in Gray" asked for a song, and Miss

Jennie Cary, standing at the door of the tent, sang *Maryland, My Maryland*. The soldiers caught up the refrain, and the whole camp rang with the beautiful melody. As the last notes died away "three cheers and a tiger" were given. It was said that there was not a dry eye in the tent, and not a rim upon a cap outside. From that time *Maryland* became a national war-song of the South.

At the close of the war Mr. Randall married at Summit, South Carolina, Miss Kate Hammond, the daughter of Colonel Marcus Hammond. He again applied himself to his journalistic work, accepting the position as editor of the "Augusta Constitutionalist," afterwards associated with the "Augusta Chronicle," and was connected with these papers for twenty years.

Mr. Randall's ability as a journalist and special writer received most cordial appreciation and practical encouragement from Hon. Patrick Walsh, the editor of the "Augusta Chronicle," who was the general manager of the Southern Associated Press, and widely known as an able writer, and champion of the Industrial South. A warm personal friendship existed between the patriotic and noble-hearted Walsh and the author of *My Maryland*.

In 1886 he resigned his position on the "Chronicle" to become associated with the Anniston "Hot Blast"; in 1887 he went to Baltimore, his old home, and became an editorial writer on the Baltimore press.

After the battle of Manassas, when an extra session of the Maryland Legislature was called with a view to secession, Randall wrote his second war song, *There's Life in the Old Land Yet*. When Pelham was killed, his *In Memoriam*, so full of beauty and pathos, followed. After this his *Arlington* and the quartette of war songs was complete. Mr. Randall's beautiful devotional poems have never been published; his friends trust they may be soon.

The thought of writing *Why the Robin's Breast is Red* came to him one night at the theater. The poem is founded upon the tradition that a robin on the crucifixion day, in trying to take one of the thorns from the Savior's crown, pierced his silver breast and dyed it crimson with the blood. Two other poems must be mentioned, *Young Marcellus* and *Eidolon*. In 1889 Mr. Randall was invited to deliver an original poem before his Alma Mater on the occasion of its centennial, but ill health prevented the acceptance.

He has been called the "Tyrtæus" of the late war. Like the Greek poet he not only inspired the soldiers with his war songs, but by his elegiac exhortations he revived their constancy and courage.

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!
 His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland!
 Avenge the patriotic gore
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
 And be the battle-queen of yore,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland!
 My Mother-State! to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland!
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland!
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust;

Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'Tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia shall not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic Semper"—'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come! to thine own heroic throng,
Striding with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But, lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

JOHN PELHAM.

Just as the spring came laughing through the strife
With all its gorgeous cheer;
In the glad April of historic life—
Fell the great cannoneer.

Grander and nobler than the child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steed,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt—
The champion of the truth—
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand,
Over the spotless shield!

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While, 'round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Macon, Georgia.

1842.

1881.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"When one reads Lanier, he is reminded of two writers, Milton and Ruskin. More than any other great English authors they are dominated by this beauty of holiness. Lanier was saturated with it. It shines out of every line he wrote."—*William Hayes Ward.*

"Short as was his literary life, and hindered though it were, its fruit will fill a large space in the garnering of the poetic art of our country."

"Sidney Lanier cast the glamour of his marvelous fancy over the common incidents of every-day life, and they became lustrous with supernal beauty."—*W. J. Scott.*

"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with the hand."

Taken all in all, Sidney Lanier is the poet that stands first in Southern literature. He is now generally recognized as the most distinctive figure in American men of letters since the passing away of the New England group of poets.

He was of Huguenot blood, descended on the Lanier side from musicians and painters, and on the Anderson side from musicians, poets and orators. It is not surprising then that when quite a young child he showed unusual talent for music, and played well on flute, piano, guitar, banjo, violin, and organ before receiving any instruction. He said of himself: "My life has been filled with music." Before he was able to write legibly he played the piano.

He showed himself friendly to every one, made friends rapidly, and impressed all who met him with a chivalry that was

peculiarly his own. As he grew older it was said of him that he could not enter a room nor a street car without bringing with him a breeziness and cheer which made all conscious of his presence. His school years were spent in Macon, Georgia. At fifteen he was sent to Oglethorpe College, Midway (near Milledgeville), Georgia, for his parents were very strict Presbyterians and this was their denominational college in the State. There it was his good fortune to come under the influence of Dr. Charles W. Lane, who was the professor of mathematics. One of Lanier's classmates thus describes this teacher: "One of the sunniest, sweetest Calvinists that ever nestled close to the heart of Arminians. His cottage at Midway was a Bethel; it was God's house and Heaven's gate."

Possibly the teacher who most impressed Lanier's life was Dr. James Woodrow, who had the department of science. Lanier was greatly attached to him, and sympathized with him when he was tried and condemned by the church for holding evolution theories. He was greatly influenced by him, for he came into close companionship with him at a formative period in his career; it was that which turned his mind in the direction of scientific investigation, and revealed to him the value of science in modern life and its relation to poetry and religion. Lanier's mind was decidedly mathematical and he became a leader in that department, as well as prominent in his philosophical and scientific studies; but he testified that his greatest benefit was derived from a literary debating society which he attended regularly while a student at Oglethorpe College. His flute was not neglected, and his college mates declared, "Sid would play upon his flute like one inspired while we would listen." "We have seen him," one said, "walk up and down the room and with his flute extemporize the sweetest music ever vouchsafed to mortal ear. At such times it would seem as if his soul were in a trance, and could only find existence in the ecstasy of a tone that would catch our souls with his into the

very seventh heaven of harmony. He is the finest flute player I ever heard."

Lanier was a great student of literature, reading with eagerness the old English writers, and poring with delight over German authors, but his flute playing and reading did not interfere with his studies, for he graduated in 1860 first in his class. That summer he visited his grandfather, who lived on a large estate in east Tennessee, near some fashionable springs, and gained a glimpse of the best life in the old South before the devastation that so soon followed. His *Tiger Lilies*, a novel, was founded upon facts he gained while at this "Saratoga of the South." It has been called "a luxuriant unpruned work," "a wild prose poem," but (we must remember) it was written in haste, within three weeks.

Had Lanier written nothing more than *The English Novel, and the Principles of its Development*, he would have been known as a scholar of deep and original thought, and yet it is not as a prose writer that he was at his best.

When the war began he and his brother Clifford enlisted as privates in the Macon Volunteers of the Second Georgia Battalion. He had quite a taste for military life, for when a mere boy he organized a company of his playmates and drilled them so well that "an honored place was granted them in the military parades of their elders." Though offered promotion several times Sidney never accepted it, as he would have been separated from his dearly beloved brother. "The two were inseparable—these slender, gray-eyed youths, full of enthusiasm. Clifford was grave and earnest, Sidney, the elder, playful, with a dainty mirthfulness, a tender humor often reminding us of Mendelssohn, most like the great musician as we know him in E. Berger's charming book. He was slight—so slight that he could not have numbered twenty summers, but the heights of eternity were foreshadowed in the forehead's marble dream."

During the first year in camp, the life was easy and pleasant;

Sidney spent his time in mastering French, German and Spanish, and in playing his flute; later on he was in the battles of Seven Pines, Drewry's Bluff, and the Seven Days' battles round Richmond. After the fight at Malvern Hill the brothers were transferred to the Signal Service and stationed for a short time at Petersburg; and there he felt the first symptoms of consumption, against which in after years he fought so heroically. A friend writing of him at this time says: "His letter of introduction to us was a torn piece of coarse Confederate paper tied by a guitar string to our door-knob, on which was written:

PORCH, SATURDAY MORNING. 1 o'clock.

Did all that mortal men could do to serenade you—failure owing entirely to inclemency of the weather.

FIELD CORPS.

How often after that did we sit on moonlight nights enthralled by the entrancing melodies of his flute. Child as I was, I felt even then that we sat in the aurora of a sunrise which was to put out all the stars."

Later he saw service in Virginia and North Carolina and toward the last of the war the two brothers were separated, each being in charge of a vessel to run the blockade. Sidney was captured and imprisoned at Point Lookout, and those four months of distress and suffering were the cause of his physical weakness. He could never speak of those awful days without distress, for the memory of them was harrowing. He had concealed his flute in his sleeve and this proved his only joy and consolation. One of his fellow prisoners said that it was an angel imprisoned to cheer and console them. But it is not as a musician or as a soldier that Lanier shines brightest, but as a man and a poet.

"That love of man for men,
That joyed in all sweet possibilities;
That faith which hallowed love and life.
So he, Heaven-taught in his large heartedness,

Smiled with his spirit eyes athwart the veil;
 That human loves, too oft keep closely drawn.
 So hearts leaped up to breathe his freer atmosphere,
 And eyes smiled truer for his radiance clear,
 And souls grew loftier when his teachings fell,
 And all gave love.
 Aye the patience and the smile
 Which glossed his pain, the courtesy!
 The sweet quaint thoughts which gave his poems birth!"

Sidney Lanier was a man of broader culture and of finer scholarship than the majority of our Southern writers; this came in large measure from his extensive reading. He lacked the power to create in fiction as some of our other authors have done, but he was a far better representative of the man of letters.

His literary life really began in the winter of 1873, and his first poems were written to his absent wife (he had married Miss Mary Day in 1867). He left her and his two boys to accept a position in the Peabody Orchestra in Baltimore, and his letters to her at this period show clearly the inner soul of the writer. Edwin Mims, in his "Life of Sidney Lanier," gives his New Year's letter to his wife: "A thousand-fold happy New Year to thee, and I would that thy whole year may be as full of sweetness as my heart is full of thee. All day I dwell with my dear ones there with thee. I do so long for one hearty romp with my boys again! Kiss them for me, and say over their heads my New Year's prayer, that whether God may color their lives white or black, they may continually grow in a large hearty manhood compounded of strength and love.

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"Let us try to teach them, dear wife, that it is only the small soul that ever cherishes bitterness; for the climate of a large loving heart is too warm for that frigid plant. Let us lead them to love everything in the world, and above the world and under the world adequately; that is the sum and

substance of a perfect life. And so God's divine rest be upon every head under the roof that covers thine this night, prayeth thy
HUSBAND."

Mrs. Lanier always had an unwavering confidence in her husband's genius. Many of his poems are dedicated to her. In *My Springs* he says:

"O Love, O wife, thine eyes are they
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

"Oval and large and passion pure,
And gray and wise and honest
Soft as a dying violet's breath, sure,
Yet calmly unafraid of death.

"Dear eyes, dear eyes! And rare complete,
Being heavenly sure and earthly sweet,
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then you shine."

"Never," writes a friend in after years, "never has true conjugal love in its sustaining, ennobling, every-day helpfulness to an artist soul been more truly sung than by Lanier."

He had not been married a year before a violent hemorrhage of the lungs alarmed his friends and wife, and caused him to resign the principalship at Prattville. His father begged him to make Macon his home and enter his law firm; this he did, and for five years studied and practiced law, but the terrible struggle against consumption had fairly begun and his suffering frame was only held here a little while by his great force of will. A racking cough and evident decline of strength sent him to New York in search of medical aid and then, by the advice of his physicians, to Texas for a change of climate, while Mrs. Lanier and children remained with his father in Macon. This did not bring the desired health, and knowing that at the best his life would not be long, and conscious of his genius, he

determined to devote his efforts to music and poetry, so he returned to Macon and convinced his father that the law was not for him, as he felt it a sacred duty to give to the world the songs that pressed him for utterance. "With his flute and pen, as sword and staff, he turned his face northward where an author had better opportunities for study and observation than in the struggling South, in which pretty much the whole of life had been merely not dying." In Baltimore, where he made his home, he was engaged as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts. Asger Hamerik, his director for six years in this orchestra, thus speaks of him:

"I will never forget the impression he made on me when he played the flute concerto of Emil Hartman at a Peabody Symphony Concert in 1878—his tall, handsome, manly presence; his flute breathing noble sorrows, noble joys; the orchestra softly responding. The audience was spellbound. Such distinction, such refinement! He stood the master, the genius."

During this period he was carrying on a course of study in Anglo-Saxon and the early English texts, yet for months at a time he was compelled to give up all work and seek a change of air. He went to Pennsylvania, Texas, Florida and North Carolina, but the winter of 1876 found him again in Baltimore at his old place in the orchestra, studying, and writing some of his short poems. Having contracted a fresh cold in November, his physicians ordered him South, and in company with his devoted wife he sought the Florida coast and at Tampa was benefited by the balmy air. Later he slowly journeyed northward, lingering awhile with friends in Georgia, and, after a short stay with his family in Tennessee, returned to Baltimore and for three winters played in the Peabody Concerts.

At this time he put his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon to a practical use by delivering a course of lectures to thirty young ladies in private parlors. He also undertook a course of Shakespearean lectures which, though they taxed his waning strength

to the utmost, brought no financial reward, but were the means of procuring him the chair of English Literature at Johns Hopkins, and with this appointment came the notice that he would receive a regular salary; this stimulated his flagging energies and aided him to give utterance to his songs. Chief among these were the *Song of the Chattahoochee*, *A Song of Love*, *The Revenge of Hamish*. Truly, as some writer has said, they were written with his life-blood.

Weakened by exhausting hemorrhages, he went for the summer to Rockingham Springs, Virginia, and here in his feebleness "did the full work of a strong man," for besides numerous beautiful poems composed at this time he sent to press his *Science of English Verse*, written in six weeks, which is the only book in existence that gives the scientific basis of poetry. A severe illness seized him there, but rallying he returned to Baltimore. The amount of work which the dying man then accomplished was marvelous. He opened three lecture courses in schools, attended constant rehearsals, lectured at the University, and all this time was writing poems.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, who loved him so dearly and with whom he was so congenial, and whom Lanier called "My dear and sweet Richard," wrote inquiring about his health, and he replied:

"I can't send a very satisfactory answer to your health inquiries. A mean, pusillanimous fever took hold of me two months ago, and it is still as impregnably fixed as a cockle-burr in a sheep's tail. I do no labor, except works of necessity—such as kissing Mary, who is a more ravishing angel than ever—and works of mercy, such as letting off the world from any of my poetry for awhile. Give my love to the chestnut trees and all the rest of the family.

Your friend, S. L."

It is said that it was under one of these chestnut trees out at

"Pen Lucy," Colonel Johnston's home in Baltimore, that his finest poem, *Marshes of Glynn*, was written. He was very fond of Brunswick, Georgia, where he spent a great deal of his time, and there it was that he learned to so love these marshes of Glynn. How exquisite is that poem:

"As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God,
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and skies,
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me ahold on the greatness of God;
Oh, like the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.
How still the plains of the waters be
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height;
And it is night.

"And now from the vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn."

He seemed to be conscious that death was near when he wrote his *Sunrise*.

"And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee—
My soul shall float, friend Sun, the day being done."

In a sheltered valley at Lynn, near the Tryon Mountain of North Carolina, he died even sooner than his loved ones expected, but ready when the Master called. His body was taken to Baltimore for burial, and beautiful tributes were paid by colleagues and friends. Sad it is that he did not realize the place that his name was to hold in literature. Let us learn a lesson

from this and give the roses of appreciation to the living, for they can bring to the dead no pleasure.

Abernethy says: "Lanier's poems are the rarest product of English and American literature during the last quarter of a century. His character was so pure, so refined, and so chivalrous, and in the pursuits of his ideals he was so noble and devoted, that rightfully he may be called the Sir Galahad among American poets."

It has been said that the *Ballad of the Trees* and *The Master*, and *The Marshes of Glynn* are "religion set to music."

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The Thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content,
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

Bayard Taylor was one of the first to appreciate Lanier. He was instrumental in having him selected to write the Cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition, 1876. Dudley Buck wrote the music, and Thomas's orchestra played it and Thomas himself directed the singing of it.

When *Corn* appeared he said it was the first new voice of song which the South had blown over the ashes of battle. "The whole poem," he said, "throbs with sunshine and is musical with the murmurs of growing things."

Lanier appreciated Taylor's encouragement and appreciation, as was shown by his poem written to him in 1879.

Lippincott's Magazine announced that a star of the first magnitude had appeared.

Mrs. Lanier, in writing to a friend, said of him, "The hills and trees and streams and clouds and birds and bees were his dear companions, his teachers, the very sustenance and life-givers of our eager, dreaming boy. The hunter's instinct came to him by heredity. As a lad, for hours he lay on the hill slopes fragrant with deep carpeting of pine needles around his Macon home, or along the wooded banks of the Ocmulgee river—'stretched prone in summer's mortal ecstasy'—feeding upon the forms and motions of beauty which in after years he returned to the Creator in song."

To know Sidney Lanier one must read *The Symphony*—a poem in which the different musical instruments of the orchestra, one after another, plead the part of love—that love which worketh no ill to his neighbor.

Sidney Lanier was a true worshiper of Nature. Whether his song was of the field lark, the blackbird, the swamp robin or the swarming gnats of a July morning, he never lost sight of the waving corn, the marsh grass, the long grey moss, the low-spreading live oak or the jasmine vines—all spoke to him of God, and through Nature he always looked up to Nature's God.

The flowers also always held for him some beautiful lesson. From his *Rose-Morals* is taken this thought:

"Would that my songs might be
What roses make by day and night—
Distillments of my clod of misery
Into delight.

"Soul, could'st thou bare thy breast
As yon red rose, and dare the day,
All clean, and large, and calm with velvet rests?
Say yea—say yea!

"Ah, dear my Rose, good-bye;
 The wind is up; so drift away.
 That songs from me as leaves from thee may fly,
 I strive, I pray."

"Reckoned by the figures on the dial's face, his years were few; but measured by the far-reaching results of his life-work, they were like the stars for multitude."

WORKS.

Tiger Lilies, a Novel,	Poems, Volume I.,
Florida: Its Scenery, Climate and History,	Poems, Volume II.,
The Boy's King Arthur,	The Boy's Froissart,
The Boy's Mabinogion,	The Science of English Verse,
	The Boy's Percy,
	The English Novel.

CLIFFORD ANDERSON LANIER, born at Griffin, Georgia, 1844, was a brother of Sidney Lanier and can not be separated from him in a history of literature. Their devotion to each other was beautiful and has been mentioned in the life of the older brother. The parents of these two poets were Robert S. Lanier and Mary J. Anderson, and their home was Macon, Georgia.

Clifford Lanier was only sixteen when the War between the States began. He was too young for regular service, but he insisted upon entering the army with his brother Sidney, and together they were ordered to Virginia. Later he became a signal officer of a Blockade Runner, was wrecked and went to Cuba. After the war was over he lived in Macon. In 1867 he married Miss Wilhelmina Clopton, of Montgomery, Alabama. He was superintendent of the public schools of that city and later entered the real estate business.

Clifford Lanier has inherited too much literary taste and ability to be satisfied with a business career. He had written poems with his brother, but his best work has been since Sidney

Lanier's death. His volume *Apollo and Keats* was dedicated to his wife, "To my lovely and steadfast comrade, whose approval has ever been my most welcome laurel (*love's* reserve yielding to the lures of Art), I offer this volume."

"The poet, raptured, gazing wifeward, said:
 'Thou art the self of Beauty to my sight;
 From dainty feet to glory-crowned head
 Thy figure shapen is in lines of light;
 With perfect rhyme those little arms, upward spread,
 A pulsing couplet form in rhythm right;
 And o'er thy bosom drape the vestments white
 Tenderly as words by music vested.
 If verse now had the graphic warmth of sun,
 If Love *could* body what his heart would hide,
 If thou wast less than wifely vested sun,
 Dear love of thee might yield to Art's fond pride,
 And, dressed in poet's breath, these veils aside,
 Thou should'st be wife and poem merged in one.'"

Then again he pays his wife a lovely tribute in *A Portrait*:

"A patient sadness in the lovely face
 That melts to tenderness within the eyes,
 Now dark, now bright, as in the dewdrop lies
 A shadow brightening in a sunny place.
 Shy dimples in the cheeks that come and go
 As laughter rises from the brimming heart:
 Soft folds of lustrous hair; lips half apart
 As if a kiss escaped and left them so:
 One fair hand thrown aside in careless gesture
 To grasp the rose down-fallen in her vesture:—
 The rose is passing sweet, yet lacks it grace
 To keep me longer from that sweeter face."

Together with Sidney Lanier he wrote *Love and Loyalty at War and Other Stories*, and *Dialect Poems*, and the one seemed the part of the other. His other works are *Thorn Fruit* (a novel), *The Mate's Race with the Banshees*, *The Doctor's Legend*, *Apollo and Keats*, besides numerous essays, sketches and poems contributed to various periodicals.

Sidney Lanier, while on a visit to Montgomery, wrote a poem to his brother's wife, the Wilhelmina to whom the volume *Apollo and Keats* was dedicated.

TO WILHELMINA.

A white face, drooping on a bended neck;
A tuberosè that with heavy petal curves
Her stem: a foam-bell on a wave that swerves
Back from the undulating vessel's deck.

From out the whitest cloud of summer steals
The wildest lightning: from this face of thine
Thy soul, a fire of heaven, warm and fine,
In marvelous flashes its fair self reveals.

As when one gazes from the summer sea
On some far gossamer cloud, with straining eye,
Fearing to see it vanish in the sky,
So, floating, wandering cloud-soul, I watch thee.

CHAPTER X.

Dialect Writers of the Republic.

GEORGE W. CABLE.....	1844
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HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS	1854
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HOWARD WEEDEN	1847-1905

CHAPTER X.

Dialect Writers of the Republic.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

1844.

George W. Cable, a Virginian by descent on his father's side, was born in New Orleans, spent his boyhood and early manhood at the South, and allied himself with the Confederacy during the late conflict, although he has been accused of being untrue to the section which nourished him, and of falsely representing the institutions which are peculiar to his Southern home.

As he was the son and grandson of slaveholders, is it not strange that he should in his *Silent South* and *Freedman's Case in Equity* accord to the blacks social equality with the whites? Born and bred in the land of the Creoles, is it not singular, to put it charitably, that he should have so misrepresented them in his *Creole Days*? Living where the convict lease system is in vogue, knowing as he did the good as well as the bad features of this system, why did he give only a one-sided view to mislead those already prejudiced against it? His Southern friends wondered at this and were disappointed in him. The South, so often misrepresented by Northern writers, felt this blow the more keenly, as it was dealt them by one professing to be of their number. He has been called a *renegade* by some,

and many bitter things have been said about him by his own people.

This, however, must be said in extenuation of him. His mother was a New England woman, Rebecca Boardman. On all subjects a child imbibes the views of the mother more than those of the father. It was natural that the mother should have had very strong opinions concerning abolition, as a horror of slavery had probably been taught her from childhood, and that the son should obtain his views from her. She was a hopeful cheerful Christian and tried to bring up her boy to honor God, and to make the world better. She lived to see him a Christian and in turn trying to rear his children in the fear of God.

At fourteen George was fatherless and as the family had no means of support, his school life ceased and he was forced to help to earn a living for his mother and the three other children. He began as an errand boy in the Custom House, and then became a clerk in a dry-goods store.

The War between the States found him just eighteen. He joined the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry and made a faithful soldier, brave, and conscientious. His mother's teachings were not forgotten, and in tent life he carefully studied his Bible, and abstained from all that was coarse or impure. His spare moments he devoted to the study of mathematics, of which he was very fond.

After the war he devoted his attention to civil engineering, and surveyed the levees on the banks of the Atchafalaya river. This low malarial district brought on fever and his health became so undermined that it is doubtful if he can ever fully regain his strength.

In 1869 he married Miss Louise Bartlett of New Orleans, a lovely refined lady, who has done much of his writing for him, and has helped him in other ways in his literary work, for his eyes have caused him much trouble. He had been fond of literature for years, but was unable to devote time to it as it

became a struggle with him to win bread and meat for his family. His first work of this kind was done when he was reporter for the New Orleans Picayune. He stipulated that he should not write theatrical notices, as he was conscientiously opposed to the stage and never attended the plays. The editor broke faith and Cable was dismissed for refusing to prepare such notices. It really was with him a matter of conscience. He then became a clerk in a cotton firm, and treasurer of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. He wrote a great deal at this time, but it was done in the early hours before the real work of the day began, and the best magazines of the country accepted his work. His *Old Creole Days* was published by the Scribners in 1879, *The Grandissimes* followed in 1880, and one year afterwards his *Madame Delphine* appeared.

Dr. Sevier, which came out in 1883, is considered his best work. It was dedicated to Marion A. Baker, one of the editors of the "Times-Democrat."

No one can doubt Cable's artistic ability. His style is pure, simple and unadorned, and throbbing with life. He really opened a new field in the world's literature, and to him is largely due the credit of preserving the traditions of a fast vanishing civilization. His "Posson Jones," the simple Christian who changed the heart of the sin-hardened gambler, is a story of a drunken parson. Magazine after magazine rejected the story, but finally it was accepted, and while the writer was at once acknowledged to be a man of genius, all agreed that he had an unfortunate subject for a theme.

Mr. Cable moved to Northampton, Massachusetts, to be near his Northern publishers. He has had built for himself a home there suited to his taste, and lives intent on making his loved ones happy, and only writes enough to maintain "the brilliancy and popularity of his name." At Johns Hopkins University, while lecturing on Literary Art, President Gilman suggested that he read selections from his own stories. The delight of

the audience was such as to encourage him to repeat the venture, and he was surprised at his own elocutionary skill. George W. Cable has done much as a religious worker and philanthropist, and he never allows his social duties or literary engagements to interfere with his church work. He was the founder in 1887 of the Home Culture Clubs—a system of clubs designed to promote more cordial relations between people of different ranks of society.

His *Silent South* appeared in 1885, and *Bonaventure* followed soon after. This last is a story of the Acadians who lived among the bayous and swamps of Louisiana. The book really comprises the three stories *Carancro*, *Grande Pointe*, and *Au Large*, which appeared in the *Century* as separate stories, and in 1888 were published under the title *Bonaventure*. The hero of the book, consecrated to the uplifting of his race, with “his humorous goodness and his quaint expression of living thought” is finely drawn. Mr. Cable has the power of seizing on the points of a character otherwise commonplace, and of showing real art by portraying the homely aspects of his environments and his every-day life in a perfectly natural way without becoming sentimental or pathetic.

WORKS.

Old Creole Days,
The Grandissimes,
Madame Delphine,
Dr. Sevier,
Silent South,
Grande Pointe,
John March, Southerner,
Strong Hearts,

The Cavalier,
Bylow Hill,
Carancro,
Au Large,
Bonaventure,
Strange True Stories of Louisiana,
The Negro Question,
Life of William Gilmore Simms.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Eatonton, Georgia.

1848.

Joel Chandler Harris was born in the little village of Eatonton, Putnam county, Georgia, in 1848. His literary career seems an accident. His mother was in the habit of reading "Vicar of Wakefield" to him, and although but a child, it inspired him with a desire to write a story like it. He did write many stories when quite a boy, unlike the "Vicar of Wakefield," it is true, but unfortunately none survived that childish period. From his "Old black Maumer" he had heard the story of "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit" repeated over and over again. What child born in the South before the war did not know these stories by heart? The memory of them lingered with Mr. Harris, and he determined to give them to the children of the present day. He insists that they have no claim to literature proper—counts them simply as "stuff prepared during leisure moments of an active journalistic career, which lacks all that goes to make up a permanent literature."

While his reputation rests chiefly upon *Uncle Remus*, he has written other things worthy of commendation. At fourteen he was apprenticed in the office of "The Countryman," which was an experiment by the editor, Colonel Turner, to prove that a weekly paper could be successfully published upon a Georgia plantation ten miles from any post-office. Into the columns of this paper Joel Chandler Harris slipped certain articles of his own, which the editor detected and complimented; he also offered to lend the young apprentice some of the books of his library to encourage him to improve his talents. In 1878 he sent one of his articles to a Northern magazine. However,

most of the articles entitled *Uncle Remus; His Songs and Sayings*, were first contributed to the "Atlanta Constitution," as were also *A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus*, and *Nights with Uncle Remus*.

Mingo and Other Sketches introduced the countryman of Middle Georgia and the mountaineer of North Georgia; but these pictures, true as they are to life, do not compare in merit with his quaint negro dialect.

After the war Mr. Harris was connected with the "Crescent Monthly" and lived in New Orleans, and then moved to Forsyth, Georgia, and edited the "Advertiser." His home after that was in Savannah, where he was connected with the "Morning News," a paper which at that time was edited by Mr. Thompson of "Major Jones's Courtship" fame. In 1876 when the yellow fever scourge was so fearful along the coast, Mr. Harris decided that it would be wiser to move to North Georgia, and selected Atlanta as his home. The "Constitution" recognizing his ability invited him to become a member of the editorial staff. Sam W. Small, the "Old Si" of that paper, and a writer of negro dialect stories, also resigned about that time, and Harris was asked to take the place, and then it was that he determined to give to the world his "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit." They immediately became popular at the North and South; even England appreciated them, and *Uncle Remus* became a household word in both continents.

In personal appearance Mr. Harris is of medium height. He has chestnut hair with a reddish tinge, and moustache of the same color. His eyes are blue, his complexion fair and ruddy. He is an exceedingly modest man—his success has not spoiled him. One can not find anywhere a more natural or unaffected manner. His home is now, 1907, at West End, Atlanta, where it delights him to entertain his literary friends. His wife was Miss La Rose, a Canadian, whom he met in 1873, prior to the time of his removal from Savannah.

He is frank and outspoken on all subjects, and never hesitates nor does he fear to express his opinion about anything. He makes it a point to be in a good humor under all circumstances. He is one in a thousand who can be cheerful when he is sick. His eyes have a merry twinkle, and he extracts fun out of everything and everybody, but he can be serious when he works, nevertheless.

Joel Chandler Harris heartily protests against what is generally known as a "dialect story." He says strictly speaking there is no such thing as a dialect story. "Dialect is simply a part and parcel of character, and the writer who is developing or depicting character has no more thought of merely writing dialect than an artist who is compelled to paint a wart on a man's nose has of painting bunions." "In literature, as in life, people must be natural. They must speak their natural language and act out their little tragedies and comedies according to the promptings of their nature." "Dialect stories, so-called, are generally nothing but jargon simply written to introduce this jargon."

Dr. Chaney, of Boston, in speaking of *Uncle Remus*, said: "I have sometimes wondered what the effect of such stories would be upon susceptible children. The unmixed admiration with which they greet the cunning, duplicity, deceit, ingenuity, the absence of conscience or conviction in which 'Brer Rabbit' excels, it would seem must have a damaging effect upon them. And yet the antagonist of 'Brer Rabbit' is commonly such a rascal, that there is a sort of moral tonic in having him caught up with by whatever means. Fire fights fire, when cunning matches cunning, and of the two 'Brer Rabbit's' deceit is so much more amiable than 'Brer Fox's' that it is comparatively moral to sympathize with it."

It has been said that *Uncle Remus* is an answer to Harriet Beecher Stowe's representation of slavery. He certainly had nothing but pleasant memories of the discipline of slavery, and

"Uncle Remus" represents a large class of the Southern negroes, not an isolated case. How he glories in telling of the mysteries of plantation life to a little child born since the war! How vividly he portrays the prejudices of caste and pride of family which were the natural results of slavery! How true and faithful he is to the memory of "Mars Jeems!" His truthful representations make his stories very natural to every one whose childhood was spent at the South before and during the war. There is a great deal of philosophy taught by *Uncle Remus*.

"De place wharbouts you spill de grease, right dar youer bound ter slide;
An' whar you fine a bunch er ha'r, you'll sholy fine de hide."

And again, "W'en freedom come 'bout, de niggers sorter got dere humps up, and dey staid dat way, twel bimeby dey begun fer to git hongry, an' den dey begun ter drap inter line right smartually. Dey er sorter comin' roun' now. Dey er gittin' so dey bleve dat dey aint no better dan de w'ite folks. An' w'en he gits holt er de fact dat a nigger kin have yaller fever same as w'ite folks, you done got 'im on de mo'ner's bench, an' den ef you come down strong on de pint dat he oughter stan' fast by de folks what hope him we'n he wuz in trouble, de job's done. W'en you does dat, if you aint got yo hands on a new-made nigger den my name ain't Remus, an' ef dat name's been changed I ain't seen her abbertized."

Then we have his song:

"W'en de nashuns er de earf is standin' all aroun',
Who's gwine ter be chosen fer to w'ar de glory-crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?
You better come now, ef you comin'—
Ole Satan is loose en a bummin'—
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin',
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!"

"Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';
 Ef you fool with Ole Satan, you'll git took in,
 You'll hang on the aidge en git shook in,
 Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'."

"De ole bee make de honey comb,
 De young bee make de honey;
 De niggers make de cotton en corn,
 But de w'ite folks gits de money."

"De raccoon he's a cu'us man, he never walks twel dark,
 An' nuthin' never sturb his mine, twel he hear old Bringer bark."

Many such illustrations of his homely philosophy could be given if space allowed. He has a large family. Julian is the eldest, and is on the "Atlanta Constitution" staff, having decided literary tastes and aspirations; he is the managing news editor. Another son, Evelyn, is the city editor. These sons of "Uncle Remus" delighted from childhood to gather around them their young companions and rehearse the stories which their father told them. All the children are early taught French by the mother who is an excellent linguist.

"Uncle Remus's Magazine" is the latest thing to engage the attention of Mr. Harris. His friends feel assured of its success.

WORKS.

Uncle Remus; His Songs and His Sayings,	Evening Tales.
Nights with Uncle Remus,	Stories of Home Folks,
Mingo and Other Sketches,	Aaron in the Wild Woods,
Free Joe and Other Sketches,	Tales of the Home Folks,
Little Mr. Thimblefinger,	Georgia; From the Invasion of De
On the Plantation,	Soto to Recent Times,
Daddy Jake, the Runaway,	On the Wings of Occasion,
Baalam and His Master,	The Making of a Statesman,
Mr. Rabbit at Home,	Gabriel Tolliver,
The Story of Aaron,	Wally Wonderoon,
Sister Jane,	A Little Union Scout,
Free Joe,	The Tar Baby Story and Other
Stories of Georgia,	Rhymes of Uncle Remus,
Uncle Remus and his Friends,	Told by Uncle Remus,
	Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK (MARY NOAILLES MURFREE).

Grantlands, Tennessee.

1850.

Charles Egbert Craddock, for Miss Murfree prefers to be known by this name, is a native of Tennessee. Her great-grandfather, Major Hardy Murfree, for whom Murfreesboro, North Carolina, was named, received a large grant of land in Tennessee from the government, because of active services rendered during the Revolutionary War. His son, the grandfather of Charles Egbert, after serving his native State as a member of Congress, removed to Tennessee, and there reared his family upon the landed estate bequeathed to his father. Mary Noailles Murfree's father, William L., became a lawyer, and was prominent in his profession. He settled in Murfreesboro, and married Miss F. Priscilla Dickinson, who was connected with one of the most influential families in the State. Their home, "The Grantlands," had to be given up during the war, and it soon became the battle-field of Murfreesboro; this old home and its surroundings have been vividly described in *Where the Battle was Fought*—one of Charles Egbert's stories, but by no means her best.

When quite a child Miss Murfree had a stroke of paralysis which caused lameness, and was debarred from the ordinary pleasures of childhood, but this affliction in no way affected the brightness of her disposition; it encouraged a reading habit which has resulted in making her an author. She was always a good student, and was encouraged in her tastes and aspirations by a cultivated and literary father. Possibly she would never have given to the world the books she has had not the disasters of war forced her to write.

When compelled to leave the old homestead her father moved to the summer home among the Tennessee mountains near Beersheba; there she made a study of the character of the mountaineers which has given her the reputation of being a wonderful delineator of that particular class of people. She did not put the material collected then into any definite shape, however, until nine years afterwards, when they returned to their old shattered homestead, which they left in a short space of time for St. Louis where they now live. *In the Tennessee Mountains* was published soon after they reached that city; this is a collection of short stories. The first *The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove* appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," and the others quickly followed in the same magazine. The authoress spares no pains to verify her statements, and goes to endless trouble to gain all facts and points whether to represent a character or a place. In order to describe faithfully the game of poker in her book *Where the Battle was Fought* she made a careful study of that game of cards. To carry out some investigations in law in order to prove a point maintained, she studied Blackstone and thus acquired legal knowledge of many abstruse subjects. She investigated science in its supposed conflict with the Bible, to use in *The Prophet of Smoky Mountain* where the illiterate preacher wrestles with unbelief. *In the Clouds* is not as good as its predecessors.

Possibly not since Marian Evans appeared under the nom de plume of George Eliot has there been so great a literary sensation as when it was discovered that Charles Egbert Craddock was Mary Noailles Murfree, of Tennessee. It is related, upon somewhat doubtful authority, that Oliver Wendell Holmes, hearing that Charles Egbert Craddock was in Boston, invited some friends to dine with the distinguished author. Whittier alone of all the guests had arrived when Craddock's card was brought up—a card written in that familiar masculine hand. Dr. Holmes immediately hastened to meet the author, and

upon entering the room found there only a demure little woman. He bowed courteously excusing his abruptness, and stated that the servant had brought him the card of Charles Egbert Craddock, and he had expected to see him. "I am Charles Egbert Craddock," said the quiet little body. "Impossible," said Dr. Holmes, "it can't be possible," and rushed to tell Whittier about it. "Whittier," said the impulsive Doctor, "Whittier, Charles Egbert Craddock is below and he is a woman!"

She has been called the "William Black of the Tennessee Mountains."

She tells us that when in childhood she sighed over the games in which her lameness forbade her joining, her mother comforted her by saying: "Never mind, dear, if you can't do what the rest do, you can do what they can not—you can spell *Popocatpetl*."

Fannie D. Murfree, a younger sister, is also an author, and has written a very striking novel "Felicia," dealing with the marriage of a society girl to a professional singer.

WORKS.

Where the Battle was Fought,	The Mystery of Witchface Mountains,
In the Tennessee Mountains,	The Juggler,
The Prophet of Smoky Mountain,	The Young Mountaineers,
The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge,	The Story of Old Fort Loudon,
His Vanished Star,	The Bushwhackers and Other
Down the Ravine,	Stories,
In the "Stranger-People's" Country,	The Champion,
The One I knew Best,	A Spectre of Power,
The Despot of Broomsedge Cove,	Storm Centre,
The Story of Keedon Bluffs,	The Frontiersman.
In the Clouds,	

LOUISA CLARKE PYRNELLE.

Ittabena (Uniontown), Alabama.

1852.

Louisa Clarke was the daughter of Dr. Richard Clarke, of Petersburg, Virginia, and Elizabeth Bates, of Alabama. Her ancestors on her father's side were from England, settling in Dunwiddie county, Virginia, on what was known as the "Woodland Plantation"—land which was deeded by Charles II. in return for services rendered his father Charles I. Her mother's ancestors were Irish, and came from a Millichan who settled at Millichan's Bend near Mobile, when that land belonged to France.

Dr. Richard Clarke moved to Alabama in 1852 and bought a plantation, "Ittabena" (Home in the woods), and there his second daughter Louisa Clarke was born July, 1852. She was a child of twelve when the War between the States began, but was old enough to remember well the life on the plantation and to describe it better than it has been described by those who were older. When the war ended Dr. Clarke, like so many other Southern men, found himself land-poor and leaving the plantation moved to Selma, Alabama, and began to practice medicine. He lived there until his death, greatly esteemed by all, and was known in the city as the "Beloved Physician." Like so many Southern men who had been planters, and had been accustomed to have all things necessary without any great effort on their part, he found himself unable to cope with rivals in business ventures. He sold his home in Alabama, invested the money unwisely and in such a way that his family were left almost penniless. One daughter was an invalid, another died early with consumption, and thus it happened that as soon as

Louisa returned from school it became necessary for her to support the family. At sixteen she became a governess, and has taught more or less ever since. In 1878 she heard Miss Marie Bowen give some public readings and the desire came to her to be a public reader also, and with this end in view she studied in New York during one of her summer vacations. She had the best of teachers—one of whom was Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl. Mrs. Scott Siddons wished her to accompany her through New England and Canada and read negro sketches. This she was well qualified to do, for she well knew how the plantation negroes talked and acted. Later she came South, read in Georgia, Virginia and the Carolinas, and was enabled to aid in a very material way towards the support of loved ones.

In 1880 she married R. H. Pynelle, who had loved her from childhood. It was a very happy marriage, and the first year she said was so ideal it seemed like a beautiful dream. It was during that year that she wrote "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," one of the most natural of children's stories, and one which so well describes life on a Southern plantation. Her husband died in 1903 and she moved to Birmingham, Alabama, to be with relatives. She has written a little story, *The Courtship and Marriage of Aunt Flora*, which was published in Birmingham, a Christmas booklet. She has a more ambitious book, *Miss Lil Tweety*, which is to be published soon by Harper Bros., the firm that brought out her *Diddie, Dumps and Tot*. She dedicated her first book to her father, "My hero and my beau-ideal of a gentleman," and had she written nothing besides this first book, the description in it of life on the plantation in the days before the war, when Mammy ruled the white children as well as the black, would have made her famous, and this little book must in future years become a classic.

One who has lived on a plantation and known what the joys of such a life meant will read it with the same interest that the memory of their own childhood days would bring.

"OLD BILLY," FROM DIDDIE, DUMPS AND TOT.

The ginhouse on the plantation was some distance from the house, and in an opposite direction from the quarters. It was out in an open field, but a narrow strip of woods lay between the field and the house, so the ginhouse was completely hidden.

Just back of the ginhouse was a pile of lumber that Major Waldron had had hauled to build a new pickroom, and which was piled so as to form little squares, large enough to hold three of the children at once. During the last ginning season they had gone down once with Mammy to "ride on the gin," but had soon abandoned that amusement to play housekeeping on the lumber, and have the little squares for rooms. They had often since thought of that evening, and had repeatedly begged Mammy to let them go down to the lumber-pile; but she was afraid they would tear their clothes, or hurt themselves in some way, and would never consent.

So one day in the early spring, when Mammy and Aunt Milly were having a great cleaning-up in the nursery, and the children had been sent into the yard to play, Chris suggested that they should all slip off and go and play on the lumber-pile.

"Oh, yes," said Dumps; "that will be the very thing, an' Mammy won't never know it, 'cause we'll be sho' ter come back befo' snack-time."

"But something might happen to us, you know," said Diddie, "like the boy in my blue book, who went off fishin' when his mother told him not to, and the boat upsetted and drowned him."

"Tain't no boat there," urged Dumps; "tain't no water even, an' I don't b'lieve we'd be drowned; an' tain't no bears roun' this place like them that eat up the bad little chil'en in the Bible; an' tain't no Injuns in this country, an' tain't no lizards nor snakes till summer time; an' all the cows is out in the pasture; an' tain't no ghos'es in the daytime, an' I don't b'lieve there's nuthin' ter happen to us; an' if there wuz, I reckon God kin take care of us, can't He?"

"He won't do it, though, ef we don't mind our mother," replied Diddie.

"Mammy ain't none of our mother, and tain't none of her business not to be lettin' us play on the lumber, neither. Please come, Diddie, we'll have such a fun, an' nothin' can't hurt us. If you'll come, we'll let you keep the hotel, an' me an' Tot'll be the boarders."

The idea of keeping the hotel was too much for Diddie's scruples, and she readily agreed to the plan. Dilsey was then dispatched to the nursery to bring the dolls, and Chris ran off to the woodpile to get the wheelbarrow, which was to be the omnibus for carrying passengers to and from the hotel.

These details being satisfactorily arranged, the next thing was to slip off from Cherubim and Seraphim, for they followed the little girls everywhere, and they would be too much trouble on this occasion, since they couldn't

climb up on the pile themselves, and would whine piteously if the children left them.

The plan finally decided upon was this: Diddie was to coax them to the kitchen to get some meat, while the other children were to go as fast as they could down the avenue and wait for her where the road turned, and she was to slip off while the puppies were eating and join them.

They had only waited a few minutes when Diddie came running down the road, and behind her (unknown to her) Old Billy.

"Oh, what made you bring him?" asked Dumps, as Diddie came up.

"I didn't know he was coming," replied Diddie, "but he won't hurt; he'll just eat grass all about, and we needn't notice him."

"Yes, he will hurt," said Dumps; "he behaves jus' dreadful, and I don't want ter go, neither, ef he's got to be er comin'."

"Well -I know he shall come," retorted Diddie. "You jes' don't like him 'cause he's gettin' old. I'd be ashamed to turn against my friends like that. When he was little and white, you always wanted to be er playin' with him; an' now, jes' cause he ain't pretty, you don't want him to come anywhere, nor have no fun nor nuthin'; yes—he shall come; and ef that's the way you're goin' to do, I'm goin' right back to the house, an' tell Mammy you've all slipped off, an' she'll come right after you, an' then you won't get to play on the lumber."

Diddie having taken this decided stand, there was nothing for it but to let old Billy be of the party; and peace-being thus restored, the children continued their way, and were soon on the lumber-pile. Diddie at once opened her hotel. Chris was the chambermaid, Riar was the waiter, and Dilsey was the man to take the omnibus down for the passengers. Dumps and Tot, who were to be the boarders, withdrew to the ginhouse steps, which was to be the depot, to await the arrival of the omnibus.

"I want ter go to the hotel," said Dumps, as Dilsey came rolling up the wheelbarrow; "me an' my three little chil'en."

"Yes, marm, jes' git in," said Dilsey, and Dumps, with her wax baby and a rag doll for her little daughters, and a large cotton-stalk for her little boy, took a seat in the omnibus. Dilsey wheeled her up to the hotel, and Diddie met her at the door.

"What is your name, madam?" she inquired.

"My name is Mrs. Dumps," replied the guest, "an' this is my little boy, an' these is my little girls."

"Oh, Dumps, you play so cur'us," said Diddie; "who ever heard of anybody bein' named Mrs. Dumps? There ain't no name like that."

"Well, I don't know nothin' else," said Dumps; "I couldn't think of nothin'."

"Sposin' you be named Mrs. Washington, after General Washington," said Diddie, who was now studying a child's history of America, and was very much interested in it.

"All right," said Dumps; and Mrs. Washington, with her son and daughters, was assigned apartments, and Chris was sent up with refreshments, composed of pieces of old cotton-bolls and gray moss, served on bits of broken china.

The omnibus now returned with Tot and her family, consisting of an India rubber baby with a very cracked face, and a rag body that had once sported a china head, and now had no head of any kind, but it was nicely dressed, and there were red shoes on the feet, and it answered Tot's purpose very well.

"Dese my 'itty dirls," said Tot, as Diddie received her, "an' I tome in de bumperbuss."

"What is your name?" asked Diddie.

"I name—I name—I name—Miss Ginhouse," said Tot, who had evidently never thought of a name, and had suddenly decided upon ginhouse, as her eye fell upon that object.

"No, no, Tot, that's a thing; that ain't no name for folks," said Diddie. "Let's play you are Mrs. Bunker Hill—that's a nice name."

"Yes, I name Miss Unker Bill," said the gentle little girl, who rarely objected to playing just as the others wished. Miss "Unker Bill" was shown to her room; and now Riar came out, shaking her hand up and down, and saying, "Ting-er-ling—ting-er-ling—ting-er-ling!" That was the dinner-bell, and they all assembled around a table that Riar had improvised out of a piece of plank supported on two bricks, and which was temptingly set out with mud pies and cakes and green leaves, and just such delicacies as Riar and Diddie could pick up.

As soon as Mrs. Washington laid eyes on the mud cakes and pies, she exclaimed,

"Oh, Diddie, I'm goin' ter be the cook, an' make the pies an' things."

"I doin' ter be de took an' make 'itty mud takes," said Miss Unker Bill, and the table at once became a scene of confusion.

"No, Dumps," said Diddie, "somebody's got to be stopping at the hotel, an' I think the niggers ought to be the cooks."

"But I want ter make the mud cakes," persisted Dumps, "an' Tot can be the folks at the hotel—she and the doll babies."

"No, I doin' ter make de mud takes, too," said Tot, and the hotel seemed in imminent danger of being closed for want of custom, when a happy thought struck Dilsey.

"Lor-dy, chil'en! I tell yer: le's play Ole Billy is er gemman what writ ter Miss Diddie in er letter dat he was er comin' ter de hotel, and ter git ready fur him gins he come."

"Yes," said Diddie, "and let's play Dumps and Tot was two mo' niggers I had ter bring up from the quarters to help cook; an' we'll make out Ole Billy is some great general or somethin', an' we'll have to make lots of cakes an' puddin's for 'im. Oh, I know; we'll play he's Lord Burgoyne."

All of the little folks were pleased at that idea, and Diddie immediately began to issue her orders.

"You, Dumps, an' Tot an' Dilsey, an' all of yer—I've got er letter from Lord Burgoyne, an' he'll be here to-morrow, an' I want you all to go right into the kitchen an' make pies an' cakes." And so the whole party adjourned to a little ditch where mud and water were plentiful (and which on that account had been selected as the kitchen), and began at once to prepare an elegant dinner.

Dear me! how busy the little housekeepers were! and such beautiful pies they made, and lovely cakes all iced with white sand, and bits of grass laid around the edges for trimming! and all the time laughing and chatting as gayly as could be.

"Ain't we havin' fun?" said Dumps, who, regardless of her nice clothes, was down on her knees in the ditch, with her sleeves rolled up, and her fat little arms muddy to the elbows; "an' ain't you glad we slipped off, Diddie? I tol' yer there warn't nothin' goin' to hurt us."

"An' ain't you glad we let Billy come?" said Diddie; "we wouldn't er had nobody to be Lord Burgoyne."

"Yes," replied Dumps, "an' he ain't behaved bad at all; he ain't butted nobody, an' he ain't runned after nobody to-day."

"'Ook at de take," interrupted Tot, holding up a mud ball that she had moulded with her own little hands, and which she regarded with great pride.

And now, the plank being as full as it would hold, they all returned to the hotel to arrange the table. But after the table was set the excitement was all over, for there was nobody to be the guest.

"Ef Ole Billy wan't so mean," said Chris, "we could fotch 'im hyear in de omnibus. I wush we'd a let Chubbum and Suppum come; dey'd er been Lord Bugon."

"I b'lieve Billy would let us haul 'im," said Diddie, who was always ready to take up for her pet; "he's real gentle now, an' he's quit buttin'; the only thing is, he's so big we couldn't get 'im in the wheelborrer."

"Me'n Chris kin put 'im in," said Dilsey. "We can lif' 'im, ef dat's all," and accordingly the omnibus was dispatched for Lord Burgoyne, who was quietly nibbling grass on the ditch bank at some little distance from the hotel.

He raised his head as the children approached, and regarded them attentively. "Billy! Billy! po' Ole Billy!" soothingly murmured Diddie, who had accompanied Dilsey and Chris with the omnibus, as she had more influence over Old Billy than anybody else. He came now at once to her side, and rubbed his head gently against her; and while she caressed him, Dilsey on one side and Chris on the other lifted him up to put him on the wheelbarrow. And now the scene changed. Lord Burgoyne, all unmindful of love and gratitude, and with an eye single to avenging this insult to his

dignity, struggled from the arms of his captors, and, planting his head full in Diddie's chest, turned her a somersault in the mud. Then, lowering his head and rushing at Chris, he butted her with such force that over she went headforemost into the ditch! and now, spying Dilsey, who was running with all her might to gain the lumber-pile, he took after her, and catching up with her just as she reached the ginhouse, placed his head in the middle of her back, and sent her sprawling on her face. Diddie and Chris had by this time regained their feet, both of them very muddy, and Chris with her face all scratched from the roots and briars in the ditch. Seeing Old Billy occupied with Dilsey, they started in a run for the lumber; but the wily old sheep was on the look-out, and, taking after them full tilt, he soon landed them flat on the ground. And now Dilsey had scrambled up, and was wiping the dirt from her eyes, preparatory to making a fresh start; Billy, however, seemed to have made up his mind that nobody had a right to stand up except himself, and, before the poor little darky could get out of his way, once more had he butted her down.

Diddie and Chris were more fortunate this time; they were nearer the lumber than Dilsey, and, not losing a minute, they set out for the pile as soon as Old Billy's back was turned, and made such good time that they both reached it, and Chris had climbed to the top before he saw them; Diddie, however, was only half way up, so he made a run at her, and butted her feet from under her, and threw her back to the ground. This time he hurt her very much, for her head struck against the lumber, and it cut a gash in her head and made the blood come. This alarmed Dumps and Tot, and they both began to cry, though they, with Riar, were safely ensconced on top of the lumber, out of all danger. Diddie, too, was crying bitterly; and as soon as Billy ran back to butt at Dilsey, Chris and Riar caught hold of her hands and drew her up on the pile.

Poor little Dilsey was now in a very sad predicament. Billy, seeing that the other children were out of his reach, devoted his entire time and attention to her, and her only safety was in lying flat on the ground. If she had so much as lifted her head to reconnoiter, he would plant a full blow upon it.

The children were at their wits' end. It was long past their dinner-time, and they were getting hungry; their clothes were all muddy, and Diddie's dress almost torn off her; the blood was trickling down from the gash in her forehead, and Chris was all scratched and dirty, and her eyes smarted from the sand in them. So it was a disconsolate little group that sat huddled together on top of the lumber, while Old Billy stood guard over Dilsey, but with one eye on the pile, ready to make a dash at anybody who should be foolish enough to venture down.

"I tol' yer not to let 'im come," sobbed Dumps, "an' now I spec' we'll hafter stay here all night, an' not have no supper nor nothin'."

"I didn't let 'im come," replied Diddie; "he come himself, and ef you

hadn't made us run away fum Mammy, we wouldn't er happened to all this trouble."

"I never made yer," retorted Dumps, "you come jest ez much ez anybody; an' ef it hadn't er been fer you, Ole Billy would er stayed at home. You're all time pettin' 'im and feedin' 'im—hateful old thing—tell he thinks he's got ter go ev'ywhere we go. You ought ter be 'shamed er your-s'ef. Ef I was you, I'd think myse'f too good ter be always er s'oshatin' with sheeps."

"You're mighty fond of 'im sometimes," said Diddie, "an' you was mighty glad he was here jes' now, to be Lord Burgoyne; he's jes' doin' this for fun; and ef Chris was my nigger, I'd make her git down and drive 'im away."

Chris belonged to Dumps, and Mammy had taught the children never to give orders to each other's maids, unless with full permission of the owner.

"I ain't gwine hab nuf'n ter do wid 'im," said Chris.

"Yes you are, Chris," replied Dumps, who had eagerly caught at Diddie's suggestion of having him driven away. "Get down this minute, an' drive 'im off; ef you don't I'll tell Mammy you wouldn't min' me."

"Mammy'll hatter whup me, den," said Chris (for Mammy always punished the little negroes for disobedience to their mistresses); "she'll hatter whup me, caze I ain't gwine ter hab nuf'n tall ter do wid date sheep; I ain't gwine ter meddle long 'im, hab 'im buttin' me in de ditch."

"Riar, you go," said Diddie; "he ain't butted you yet."

"He ain't gwine ter, nuther," said Riar, "caze I gwine ter stay up hyear long o' Miss Tot, like Mammy tell me. I 'longs to her, an' I gwine stay wid 'er myse'f, an' nuss 'er jes' like Mammy says."

It was now almost dark, and Old Billy showed no signs of weariness; his vigilance was unabated, and the children were very miserable, when they heard the welcome sound of Mammy's voice calling, "Chil'en! O-o-o, chil-en!"

"Mā-a-am!" answered all of the little folks at once.

"Whar is yer?" called Mammy.

"On top the lumber-pile," answered the children, and soon Mammy appeared coming through the woods.

She had missed the children at snack-time, and had been down to the quarters, and, in fact, all over the place, hunting for them. The children were delighted to see her now, and, so, indeed seemed Old Billy, for, quitting his position at Dilsey's head, he set out at his best speed for Mammy, and Dilsey immediately jumped to her feet, and was soon on the lumber with her companions.

"Now yer gwuf fum yer, gwuf fum yer!" said Mammy, furiously waving a cotton-stalk at Old Billy. "Gwuf fum yer, I tell you! I ain't boderin' you; I jes' come fur de chil'en an' yer bet not fool 'long er me, yer low-life sheep."

But old Billy, not caring a fig for Mammy's dignity or importance, planted his head in her breast, and over the old lady went backwards. At this the children, who loved Mammy dearly, set up a yell, and Mammy, still waving the cotton-stalk, attempted to rise, but Billy was ready for her, and, with a well-aimed blow, sent her back to the earth.

"Now yer stops dat," said Mammy. "I don't want ter fool wid yer; I lay I'll bus' yer head open mun, ef I git a good lick at yer; yer better gwuf fum yer!" But Billy, being master of the situation, stood his ground, and I dare say Mammy would have been lying there yet, but fortunately Uncle Sambo and Bill, the wagoners, came along the big road, and, hearing the children's cries, they came upon the scene of action, and, taking their whips to Old Billy, soon drove him away.

"Mammy, we won't never run away any more," said Diddie, as Mammy came up; "'twas Dumps's fault anyhow."

"Nem min', yer ma's gwine whup yer," said Mammy; "yer'd no business at dis ginhouse long o' dat sheep, an' I won'er what you kinky-head niggers is fer, ef yer can't keep de chil'en in de yard. Come yer to me!" and picking up a cotton-stalk, she gave each of the little darkies a sound whipping. The children were more fortunate, for their mamma only lectured them on the sin of running away from Mammy, and she put a piece of court-plaster on Diddie's head, and kissed all of the dirty little faces, much to Mammy's disgust, who grumbled a good deal because they were not punished, saying,

"Missis is er spilin' dese chil'en, let'n uv 'em cut up all kind er capers. Yer all better hyear me, mun. Yer better quit dem ways yer got, er runnin' off an' er gwine in de mud, an' er gittin' yer cloes tor'd, an' er gittin' me butted wid sheeps; yer better quit it, I tell yer; ef yer don't, de deb'l gwine git yer, sho's yer born."

But, notwithstanding her remarks, the little girls had a nice hot supper, and went to bed quite happy, while Mammy seated herself in her rocking-chair, and entertained Aunt Milly some time with the children's evil doings and their mother's leniency.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

Hanover County, Virginia.

1853.

One of the most prominent figures in Southern literature is Thomas Nelson Page. His charming stories are more widely known and more generally read, perhaps, than those of any of his contemporaries. He is the son of Major John Page, of Oakland, and Elizabeth Burwell Nelson. He was born in Hanover county, Virginia, April 23, 1853, and is lineally descended from General Thomas Nelson, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also a prominent figure in the War of the Revolution. He is a great-grandson of John Page, of Rosewell, Virginia, who was a member of the Committee of Safety and succeeded James Monroe as Governor of that State in 1802; in fact, there is scarcely a distinguished family in Virginia to which he is not in some way related.

The home and boyhood of Thomas Nelson Page is described by himself in a most characteristic manner in his story of the *Two Little Confederates*; this is based upon the incidents of the late war, when that section of Virginia was inhabited alternately by the Confederate and Federal forces. One has only to read this charming story to become interested in her "little men" as their mother proudly called them, or "them chillern," as they were reproachfully spoken of by "Uncle Balla."

"Oakland was not a handsome place as our modern ideas go," so one writer tells us, "but down in old Virginia where the standard was different, it passed in old times as one of the best plantations in all that region." "The boys thought it the greatest place in the world, except Richmond, where they had been

one year to the Fair, and had seen a man pull fire out of his mouth, and do other wonderful things."

The Oakland plantation was a part of the original grant from the Crown of England to the Colonial Magnate, Thomas Nelson, of York, grandfather of General Thomas Nelson, the distinguished ancestor of Mr. Page. There in the "great house" was our writer born, and there, among the old plantation lands, out in the woods and the growing fields, was his happy childhood spent. Up to the time of the war his life was uneventful, so he tells us in his pleasant little narrative, but when he and his brother Frank heard around the tea-table talks of a probable war, they became at once aroused to its terrors. To their youthful minds war meant horrible things; they knew nothing of it except through the Bible accounts of the Children of Israel, where "men, women and children were invariably put to the sword," so when news reached Oakland of the John Brown raid the children were greatly excited. They formed a military company of the little negroes on the place, appointed themselves the commanding officers, and drilled assiduously with guns that "Uncle Balla" had made. This was but the commencement of a varied experience during that four years' struggle; a period full of incidents both sad and joyous; a period interspersed with storms and calms; and a period well calculated to frame a mind and character which were to figure so prominently in after years in the literature of his country. He was sent to Washington and Lee University to study under General Robert E. Lee, and later, when just twenty-one, took the degree of B.L. at the University of Virginia. At this time he developed a taste for literary work, and while at both of these institutions was a frequent contributor to the various University magazines. After leaving Washington and Lee he taught school one year in Jefferson county, Kentucky.

Environment as well as heredity has done much for him.

After graduating in law Mr. Page opened an office in Richmond, Virginia, where he has established for himself a successful practice. Shortly after this he wrote *Marse Chan*, with a view to securing the order to write the paper on the Yorktown Centennial for the "Century Magazine." He has ever since employed his leisure moments in weaving the memories of his old plantation life into those delightful stories which have charmed so many thousand readers. True, we know him better as an author, but as a lawyer he is also successful. His briefs are prepared with care and accuracy, his personality is engaging, and his arguments are forcible.

Mr. Page's first contribution to current literature was a poem entitled *Unc' Gabe's White Folks*, which appeared in "Scribner's Magazine." This poem received immediate recognition on account of its perfect delineation of the negro character and dialect, and was subsequently embraced in a volume entitled *Befo' de War*, published in conjunction with A. C. Gordon. Some years later *Marse Chan*, which firmly established Mr. Page's reputation as a writer of short stories, appeared in the "Century." *Marse Chan* is said to be the best story that has been written about the War between the States. It is supposed to have been related by an old negro slave, a faithful follower of his master and mistress to whom the war had brought desolation. This story is a simple, honest, truthful and at the same time dramatic representation of the times and scenes that were enacted during the four years of bitter strife and struggle in that memorable war.

In a lecture in Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Page gave in easy style the incident upon which this story was based, which found its way immediately to the hearts of his hearers. The "Atlanta Constitution," in speaking of it, says: "It was the story of a backwoods Georgia girl, whose lover was in the army. She had coquetted with him and let him go to the war without encouragement, but at last her heart got the better of her coquetry

and she wrote him that she had really loved him all along, and if he would get a furlough and come home she would marry him. Then, seeming to think that this was too great a temptation to put before a man, she scrawled a little postscript in which she said: 'Don't come without a furlough, for I won't marry you unless you come honorable.' This was found upon the dead body of a soldier who fell fighting in the ranks of a Georgia regiment."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Page, "that if those who contend that the people of the South were drawn into the war by politicians could have read this letter in the scrawling handwriting of an illiterate Georgia girl, they would see that the great conflict originated with the people and was sustained by them."

Other short stories, *Unc' Edinburg*, *Meh Lady*, *Polly*, *Ole Stracted*, etc., followed *Marse Chan* in rapid succession; all of these have been collected in a volume entitled *In Ole Virginia*; this has passed through many editions in this country and has been republished in England. All of these stories are good, but *Marse Chan* and *Meh Lady* can not be excelled; they will be handed down as "little classics" in the index of Southern literature. *Unc' Edinburg's Drownin'* is said to be a story of himself and sweetheart. This may or may not be true.

Mr. Page is described as a man of charming personality. He is said to be "slender, with a strongly marked and genial face, lighted up by a blue eye which fairly dances in keeping time with his play of wit." He is energetic, industrious, and careful. With him law is a profession, a duty; literature a pastime, a pleasure. His peculiar forte in writing is his delineation of the old-time negro, and his faithful representation of Southern life and people in the good old ante-bellum days. As a public reader his success has been pronounced; the magnetism of his personality is at once felt by his audiences, and he holds their attention from the beginning to the end; it is his simple rendition of his own productions that has added so much to their

general popularity. His reading has often been compared to James Whitcomb Riley's recitations. "True, he holds the book in his hand, but you rarely see it; you see the old darkey who is talking."

In 1887 the degree of D.L. was conferred upon him by the Washington and Lee University, an honor most worthily bestowed. Travels in foreign lands where he met men and women in the literary and artistic world have added much to the interest and charm of his writings. He has since written *Elsket and Other Stories*, *Among the Camps* and *On Newfoundland River*.

The Old South, the newest and latest of Mr. Page's productions, a volume of essays, has been hailed with delight by every true and patriotic Southerner. His masterly defense of a country and people who have been misinterpreted and maligned must commend itself, not only to Southern people, but to every fair-minded reader of his work. It is dedicated to his countrymen and countrywomen. His chapter on social life in the South in ante-bellum days is a gem; in it he gives a true picture of the Southern matron as she really was,—gentle, tender, cultured, refined and industrious; this must be particularly grateful to our young women of to-day, who have constantly heard their mothers and grandmothers described as lovely and amiable, but utterly useless in housewifely attainments. This book abounds in essays and addresses relative to the customs and manners of the "Old South." In a masterly way he shows that the "New South" is but a scion of the old, that the principles that animated our fathers and mothers before the war are the principles that control their children to-day, and dispels the illusion that the "Old South" has been obliterated by the natural sequences of the war, and demonstrates beyond all cavil that what is familiarly known as the "New South" is but the outgrowth of the old; the child of the grand old sire.

His *Red Rock*, which appeared in 1898, is a historical novel

in the highest sense of the word, for it portrays human life as it actually was in those awful Reconstruction days. A critic in the "New York Times" has this to say: "The story brings out in a clear light some of the schemes by which high-minded Southern gentlemen were swindled out of their property by smart post-bellum adventurers. Yet in all the volume there is not a single word that is unfair or offensive to the Northern man. Taken altogether, this is an intensely interesting novel, and a historical study of high value."

The crowning glory of Thomas Nelson Page's writings is purity; he does not deem it necessary to descend to the coarse and audacious in order to be popular; he addresses himself always to the finer feelings of human nature and gives no encouragement to vice or vulgarity even by a suggestion. Such writers deserve to be canonized in this age of daring and demoralization. That Mr. Page's writing and influence have always been on the side of truth and right is not surprising since we learn that the wife of his youth, a pure and lovely woman, who died several years ago at the age of twenty-two, was his inspiration. He wrote of her once: "Any mention of me would be incomplete without giving credit to my lovely wife, who was my inspiration and my model, and for whom I wrote, and whose memory is now my most cherished possession. Her name was Anne Seddon Bruce. All I am, and all I shall be I owe, and shall owe to her." Nearly all of his books are dedicated to her memory.

Thomas Nelson Page has always represented what is best in the literature of the South, and while all that he has written is truly Southern, his broad views and loyalty to his country have made for him almost as many friends at the North as at the South. He has preserved in his literature an era that has passed away—an era without doubt the most tragic as well as the most romantic in our history. He was a boy during the Reconstruction days, old enough, however, to appreciate its

horrors, and he gives a true picture in *Red Rock*. He has recently issued and enlarged a new edition of *On Newfound River*. It is a love story, pure and simple, reflecting a representation of the country life in old Virginia. *Santa Claus's Partner* was one of the Christmas books, and the portrayal of Kitty Clark is said to be equal to anything Dickens ever wrote.

His volume of poems, *The Coast of Bohemia*, is very recently from the press, and these poems are unlike those in *Befo' de War*, for they are filled with classical allusions, and many refer to the Elizabethan period. They show "a fine feeling for nature and an unfailing sympathy with life."

The Scribners have just issued a complete edition of his works, which includes twelve volumes, sold only by subscription, and no collection of representative American fiction is complete without them.

He married again in 1893 Mrs. Henry Field, a granddaughter of Governor Barbour, of Virginia, and then moved to Washington City, which is now (1907) his home.

Great as he is as a writer of short dialect stories, as a novelist and as a poet, the work he has done in essay writing has been of most value to the South. He has discussed questions vital to the South with the breadth of view not only of a man of broad education, but of one who has a wide knowledge of all sections of his country. He has helped the South more than any other one man in its present political development. A recent article in McClure's on *The Great American Question* should do much to cause the North to realize the magnitude of the race question which affects the whole nation.

WORKS.

Befo' de War (Poems in Dialect),	Pastime Stories,
In Ole Virginia (Short Stories),	Elsket and Other Stories,
Two Little Confederates,	On Newfound River,
Among the Camps,	Bred in the Bone,
Short Stories for Children,	Santa Claus's Partner,
The Old South,	Red Rock,
Essays,	Gordon Keith.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

Macon, Georgia.

1854.

Harry Stillwell Edwards, the author of *Two Runaways and Other Stories*, was born in Macon, Georgia, April 23, 1854. He was educated at a private school until fifteen years of age, and then gave up his studies to accept a clerkship in the Sixth Auditor's office, Washington, D. C., but voluntarily resigning this, returned to Georgia, where for several years he held the position of bookkeeper. As he was becoming more ambitious, he studied law, graduating from Mercer University, Macon, with the degree B.L. Then followed a period passed through by all promising young lawyers of prospects rather than realizations. "Two years of sedentary and unprofitable expectations behind Coke and the Code, with a few desultory convictions, satisfied whatever craving for legal excitement he may have had." About this time the first literary effort, a story, *Varoli Bayerdierre*, appeared in the *Waverly Magazine* of Boston; for this production he received the sum of fifteen dollars, and according to his own account, as this was more profitable than the law, he adopted story writing as a profession, and continued to contribute to this magazine until he was appointed local editor of the "Macon Telegraph," a position which he held for three or four years. In 1881 he became associate editor and joint owner with J. F. Hanson, a prominent manufacturer. The gifted Albert R. Lamar was at this time managing editor of the "Telegraph." This paper became widely known as a tariff advocate; its editors lived to see many of its opponents adopt the same policy. During this time Harry Edwards was editorial paragraphist; he studied the protective idea very thor-

oughly, contributing most of the articles on this subject, and also wrote many interesting, humorous and pathetic poems and sketches, some of which were *The Atlanta Horn*, *The Man on the Monument* and *The Dooly County Safe*. X. I. E., a *nom de plume*, was taken from the last three letters of "Roxie," the name of a sweetheart whom he afterwards married.

In 1885 his first magazine story of any decided merit, *Elder Brown's Backslide*, was published in Harper's Magazine. It was followed by *The Two Runaways*, *Sister Todhunter's Heart*, *De Valley an' de Shadder*, *an Idyl of Sinkin' Mountain*, *Minc, a Plot*, *Tom's Strategy*, *A Born Inventor* and *How Sal Came Through*, all of which appeared in the "Century." *Old Miss an' Sweetheart* was subsequently published in "Harper's." During this time there appeared in these and other magazines a number of dialect verses, probably the best of which is *The Fence Corner Oration*. He has also written many children's stories for "St. Nicholas" and "The Youth's Companion." In 1890 the "Century" published *The Two Runaways and Other Stories*.

All of Harry Edward's sketches are founded on fact. He is thoroughly familiar with the scenes and characters of which he writes, and selects his subjects from the every-day life around him. His plots are thoroughly original; there is in them nothing of the commonplace, and his stories are filled with quaint conceits and bright ideas. *Minc, a Plot*, is so thoroughly peculiar that it would be impossible to give an idea of it in a short sketch. He has the happy faculty of never repeating himself; each story, no matter what the subject, while thoroughly true to life is a new and distinct phase of human character, excellently drawn; his style, simple and unaffected, is a delightful combination of sentiment and pathos with the subtlest humor. *The Marbeau Cousins* deals with Southern life also, but only incidentally; his object is just to picture the times he is most familiar with. It is half way between a detective story and a ro-

mance—a rather startling novel, touching the ghostly and mysterious. *His Defense and Other Stories* followed; this was a collection of short stories grouped around the excellent Major Worthington and his man Isom, and lacks the humor of *The Two Runaways*. *Sons and Fathers* appeared as a serial in the Chicago Record, winning a ten-thousand-dollar prize. There were eight hundred and seventeen competitors, so the honor was no small one. It is a story of the South at the close of the War between the States.

Besides possessing literary talents, he is quite musical, having set to music *Mammy's Li'l Boy* and *Comin' from the Fields*, two of his own poems. For a negro lullaby *Mammy's Li'l Boy* is the best we have. He is also a very good amateur in water-color painting; one of his friends boasts of possessing a number of sketches, the subjects of which are taken from his stories. In 1881 he married Miss Mary Roxie Lane, of Sparta, Georgia.

Mr. Edwards's admirers are not confined to those who appreciate his literary productions; he is widely known socially, and his charming, genial disposition and manly Christian attributes have gained for him the respect and friendship of all. His wife shares in his general popularity in that charming city of Macon which boasts of as refined and cultured society as can be found in the Empire State of the South.

Mr. Edwards was sent as a delegate from Georgia to the National Republican Convention, which met in Chicago in 1904, and seconded for the South the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt.

He has a large plantation heavily wooded, of exceeding beauty, just out of Macon, directed by his capable and accomplished wife and a son of splendid manly qualities, who are in entire charge when he is away from home.

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON.

Albemarle County, Virginia.

1855.

A. C. Gordon, as he is usually called, was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, in 1855. He is the grandson of General William F. Gordon, who was a distinguished statesman in the time of Thomas Jefferson, and one said to be largely responsible for the founding of the University of Virginia. Mr. Gordon was graduated from this University, studied law, began the practice of it and soon became prominent in his profession as attorney for the commonwealth of Staunton, and afterwards as mayor and then as city attorney. While a college boy he began to send contributions to the "Century," "Scribner," "Atlantic," "Puck" and other periodicals. He was associated in law with Thomas Nelson Page in Richmond, Virginia, and the two became fast friends. Together they published a volume of dialect poems entitled *Befo' de War*. One of the best is *Before the Party*.

BEFORE THE PARTY.

Yes, honey, you p'int'ly is purty;
How long 'fo' de ball gw' begin?
"Some time yet?" An' when you's all dancin'.
Can't yer ole Mammy come an' peep in?

Dat white silk, it sho'ly do suit you—
An' dem vi'lets wropt inter yer hyar;
Mars' Ranny loves dem sort o' blossoms—
I 'spec', Baby, dat's why dey's dar.

Lord, chile! you looks jes' like yer mother,
When you turn yer head sideways, dat way;
Has you been showed yerse'f ter Ole Marster?
You has, hey? An' what did he say?

"He never said nothin'—jes' only
His mouf twitch like ketchin' a cry;
An' he kissed you, an' turn off an' lef' you,
Wid de water done come ter his eye?"

Yes, honey, you's like her; dat's gospel;
An' I knows, by de way dat he done,
Dat you fotch her up ter him adzactly,
An' de ole times dat's over an' gone.

She used ter w'ar vi'lets dat summer—
He loved 'em, like Mars' Ranny do—
Her fus' season at de White Suff'rer,
When she was a young gal like you.

I went wid her dar, dat 'ar season—
Dey called her de Belle o' de Springs;
De young bucks run crazy about her—
You never did see sich fool things!

But Marster was dar, de bes'-lookin'
An' de smartes', I hearn 'em all say;
An' he owned a Jeems River plantation,
An' so he jes' kerried de day.

She w'ared a white dress de fus' ebenin'
She danced at de ball; an' she hel'
Some vi'lets like dem in her fingers—
I 'members it all very well.

I hasn't no doubt dat Ole Marster,
When he seed you, he thought o' dat night;
An', mebbe, some other times, honey,
When he 'membered her 'rayed out in white.

Now I thinks, she was drest de same fashion
At de weddin' at Springfield, you know;
Some vi'lets de onlies' color,
An' her white silk, mo' shiny dan snow;

An', Baby, her fingers wropt over
Fresh blossoms, fotch f'om de ole place,
Like dem; an' white garmen's was on her,
De las' time I looked at her face.

It do make me feel sorter ole-like,
 Fur ter see you growed hansum an' tall;
 I hardly considered it, honey,
 'Twel you fixed up ter 'ten' yer fus ball—
 'Ca'se you's never seemed nothin' but Baby,
 An' it looks sich a short time ago:
 Yes, Mistis, I'm gw' come an' see you,
 When you dances wid Mars' Ranny, sho'.

We must not think of Mr. Gordon as a writer only of dialect poems, for we often find those of a different style coming from his pen, as for instance his "Long Ago," beginning—

Long ago, when life was younger,
 And life's burden cast no shadow,
 When the gladness of existence
 Had a summer fountain's flow,
 Side by side we trod dim woodland,
 River, bank or haunted meadow,
 Long ago.

Long ago faint odors held us
 In the purple fields of clover—
 Subtler in its sweet suggestions
 Than all other blooms ablow;
 Hand in hand we sat together
 Where the clover heads hung over
 Long ago.

In 1894 he wrote his *Ode on the Unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument*. It is said he gave the plot of "Marse Chan" to Thomas Nelson Page. Virginia is justly proud of these two literary sons. The little book of dialect poems *Befo' de War* which they wrote together was dedicated to their friend Irwin Russell, who, they say, "awoke the first echo," and the last poem in the book "One Mourner," was written in memory of Irwin by Page. It represents an old negro grieving over his friend dying in "destricution." Gordon writes stories, as well as poetry, in a style forceful, picturesque and full of pathos.

While he is a man of retiring disposition, devoted to his home, and caring little for the social side of life, he had a brother older by several years, JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, who was just the reverse, particularly fond of society, a man of very charming manners, and an ornament to any gathering. He, too, was a poet and the author of several poems, among them *Bonny Lorraine*. This represents a jilted lover who has nothing to regret as the years go by.

Bonny Lorraine, do you remember
The time we walked the morning lea?
I still keep the blue forget-me-not
That you took from your hair and gave to me.
Would you like to walk those ways again
With me at your side in the morning time?
Do you ever think of your youth's sweet prime
And your young boy lover, Bonny Lorraine?

Surely your heart could never forget
The night I bade you a last farewell;
Your long soft lashes with tears were wet
And your anguish more than your lips could tell.
How you kissed me there as I stood in the rain,
And held me fast while you bade me go,
With your desolate golden head bowed low,
I know you remember it, Bonny Lorraine.

Across the street where the music swells,
You glide through the throng in the shadowy dance
In your ears the sound of your wedding bells,
In your heart the dream of the old romance.
I see you glimmer across the pane,
The jewels ablaze in your shining hair,
And the form of another about you there,
But I do not envy him now, Lorraine.

Let him bow low at your royal feet,
And sing love's song if it gives him joy.
I sang it once and found it sweet,
In the days you charmed me—a foolish boy.
But I never shall 'waken the old refrain,

Its beautiful music is almost hushed,
My heart was touched, but it was not crushed,
And it loves you no longer, Bonny Lorraine.

Dance on, while the music throbs and beats,
Drink memory to death in your wedding wine.
He knows not your life, whose quick glance meets
The false sweet light in your eyes divine.
I can look on you now with never a pain,
On your proud fair face, in your splendid eyes,
Then looking up to yon starlit skies,
Thank God, I lost you, Bonny Lorraine!

An anecdote is related of A. C. Gordon which will illustrate his shrinking nature. On one occasion he was invited to Williamsburg, Virginia, to make an address or lecture before the students of William and Mary College. The lecture was made, and was in every way very fine, but when the banquet followed their honored speaker could not be found, for fear, it is said, that he would be called upon for "an after-dinner" speech; nothing would have delighted his brother James more.

The negroes have had no truer friends than Gordon and Page. They have written of them in their fidelity to their former owners, and have written with a loving interest in their hearts for them. They have seen the danger coming to them and to the whites among whom they live, from a false idea of education—an education that makes them ashamed of their mothers and fathers and assume an air of superiority to all on this account. The friends of the negro in the South are not opposed to his being educated, but think that the people among whom he lives should have the direction of it, for they would not suggest the idea of social equality—which can never be realized and can only cause discontent among them. One of Gordon's poems, *Ebo*, gives the old father's idea of what education had already done for his son.

EBO.

All o' dese here doin's
 Don't suit me;
 Ise an ole-time nigger—
 Don't you see?

Dis here eddication's
 Humbug, sho';
 It's done played de debil
 Wid Ebo.

Somewhar 'bout lars summer
 Dicey she
 Tuck'n struck a notion—
 Don't you see?

Says she: "Ise been thinking!"
 An' I says:
 "What you done thunk, honey?"
 Says she: "Yes,

Ise been thinkin' mous'ous
 'Bout Ebo;
 He's fo'teen year ole now—
 Don't you know?"

Says she: "He's a-growin'
 Up a fool;
 An' Ise gwine sen' him
 Ter de school."

S'I: "'Oman, you is
 Right, I 'spec';
 Dar's fo'teen—he kim fus—
 Dat's kerrec'!"

Bein's how it looked like
 She was hent
 On de projeck, Ebo
 Tuk'n went—

An' sence dat lars summer—
 Don't you see?
 Dat 'ar boy have p'int'ly
 Outdone me!

Whe-ew! de norrations
 Dem o' his'n!
 Umph! I busses laughin'
 Jes' ter lissen!

What you think dat Ebo
 Come tell me.
 Dat all dis here y'arth here—
 Flat, you see—

Dat it's roun', an' rolls jes'
 Like a ball!
 "Ebo, dat's a lie," I
 Says, "dat's all!"

"Don't you see yer Mammy,
 Ev'y night,
 Set de water-biggin
 Out o' sight

"Ob you chillun, up dar
 On de shelf?
 Now, Mars' Spellin'-booker,
 'Splain yerself—

But he keeps resistin'
 It are so—
 Eddication's done gone
 Sp'ilt Ebo.

Sunrise, dat 'ar water's
 In dar still;
 Ef de y'arth turned over
 It 'ud spill!

He's forever tellin'
 Some sich lie;
 He's gwi' fine out better
 By-um by.

Ef Ebo keeps l'arnin'
 At dat school,
 Nex' thing, he'll be provin'
 Ise a fool!

I are p'int'ly gwine ter
 Take Ebo
 Way f'om dat ar school-'ouse
 Sarten sho!

RUTH McENERY STUART.

Avoyelle Parish, Louisiana.

1856.

Ruth McEnery Stuart was the daughter of a very wealthy Louisiana planter and slaveholder, James McEnery, of Avoyelle Parish. Her mother was Mary Ruth Stirling, whose parents and grandparents had also been planters and slaveholders. When Ruth was yet a child her father moved to New Orleans and engaged in business there in order that his daughter might have the benefits of the best public and private schools of that city. Not only her girlhood, but her young womanhood, was passed there, where she became quite a favorite. In 1879 she married Alfred O. Stuart, a large cotton planter living in Arkansas. Most of her sketches were about the negroes she had seen upon her husband's plantations, for she said: "We lived right among the negroes and there were hundreds of them to one white person. There were two large plantations, and while we did not live on either one of them, for we had a home in a little town between, we saw daily the darkies coming and going, hitching up their mules, sitting in rows on our front steps waiting for orders, 'restin' and foolin' 'round jes' ginerally.'"

How naturally she pictures these old-time negroes: Old "Aunty," with her pail of blackberries not to sell, oh, no; but "jes' ter swap fur a leetle flour, please ma'am; an' a leetle pinch er butter, honey, an' jes' a couple er lumps er sugar, please ma'am, Mis' Stuart"; or old "uncle," sitting silently all day long fishing in a shallow pool with his under lip stuck out even farther than usual; if asked, "Say, uncle, what's that you've got in your mouth?" he would say, "Wums," and then shut down his tongue quickly again upon his imprisoned bait.

Mrs. Stuart says she never liked to read books even after she was grown and married; she enjoyed much more reading people, and she could entertain herself for hours watching the negroes and the poor folk, and wondering what they were thinking about, how they lived and what they would say if she should speak to them. Her favorite authors were George Eliot and Victor Hugo, Mary Wilkins and James Lane Allen. The thought of writing stories did not occur to her until after her husband's death; then she sent two to Harper's in 1887 with an anonymous letter. There was, in days gone by, a dislike on the part of all Southern women of having their names appear in print, and when any work was published it was under an assumed name. It has taken many years of contact with the world to change this feeling, and it has had the effect of preventing the South from having the credit of much that has been done in a literary way. When the anonymous letter written by Mrs. Stuart reached the editor's chair at Harpers, Charles Dudley Warner saw that there was merit in the stories enclosed, and wrote at once to encourage the author. One story he retained for "Harper's Magazine," and the other he sent to the editor of "Princeton Review;" the latter published the one sent to him at once, and so it happened that that magazine with Professor Sloane as editor was the first to introduce Ruth McEnery Stuart to the literary world. Some one asked her how she came to write dialect stories, and she replied: "I did not do it intentionally. When I demanded of myself a story, I could not help writing dialect, for only the recollection of the negroes and the common folk would come to me."

After her husband's death she moved to New York to be near her publisher; she is a very methodical writer; she always tries to work in the early morning, as she finds that her brain is clearer then, and her imagination freer; from six o'clock until breakfast she thinks she does her best work; after break-

fast she is found at her desk again, and there she remains for the first half of each working day. She has more than she can accomplish and can not fill all the engagements she already has for her stories. Such steady work as this would undermine her health were it not for the diversion she receives from her public readings and her summer outings. She does not profess to have elocutionary gifts—she simply reads extracts from her own writings in a natural way, reproducing her characters in accent and dialect so perfectly that one sees them as they really are.

Her pictures of Louisiana are her best—these are of both the whites and the blacks, and she interprets them with vivacity and effect. Charles Dudley Warner said: "These sketches are truthful, humorous, pathetic and rarely overdrawn or sentimental."

Her story of *Sonny* is especially natural and life-like, and her *Simkinsville Sketches* deserve to rank her among the best American writers of general fiction.

Personally Mrs. Stuart is very charming and attractive. She has the soft and winning accent so peculiar to Southern women, for the blood of aristocrats flows in her veins. She is slender and graceful and carries herself well; she wears her dark brown hair thrown back from her brow, and this gives her a highly intellectual air; she glances at you from eyes that seem to read your inmost thoughts. She is very domestic and likes housekeeping and takes a real joy in cooking and other household arts. She has her hobbies, and who has none? Hers are peculiar, it must be admitted, collecting baskets made by the Aborigines, because she thinks they represent the feelings of the half civilized people of the world, and spending much time looking for one-legged mushrooms—studying "mycology," as she calls it.

Mrs. Stuart is known best as a writer of short stories; these are mostly humorous, and the humor is always kindly, keen and

true, and free from malice. Sometimes she writes in a more serious and pathetic vein, but in these stories the pathos never obtrudes, stealing upon one like a strain of music.

In her delineation of negro character she shows both his fidelity to his master and mistress, and his frailties, moral weaknesses and superstitions.

Mrs. Stuart's best work is her portraits of the poorer class; she has been called "the laureate of the lowly." The blackest rag-picker's nature has a beautiful side to her. Her genius is a sunny one; her humor brightens everything it touches, and is equally kindly, keen and true. It takes the hand of a true artist, and the heart of a wise and kindly soul to throw as she does such charming light upon "the great currents that sweep around and beneath our daily life."

WORKS.

A Golden Wedding and Other Tales.	Sonny,
Carlotta's Intended,	Holly and Pizen,
The Story of Babette,	The Woman's Exchange,
Solomon Crow's Christmas Pock-	Napoleon Jackson,
ets and Others,	George Washington Jones,
In Simpkinsville,	The River's Children,
Moriah's Mournin',	The Second Wooing of Salina Sue.

JOHN ALFRED MACON, born in 1851, was one of Alabama's best dialect poets. He was a very fine character, and greatly beloved by all who knew him. A friend said "He never did anything wrong in his life."

He wrote *Uncle Gabenarius*, *Uncle Gabe Tucker*, *Terpsichore in the Quarters*, and many other poems which must survive.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Port Gibson, Mississippi.

1853.

1879.

As Poe, Hayne, Tinrod and Lanier were representatives of the South as poets of culture, so Irwin Russell stands as the first of her poets to enter the cabins of the lowly and give in song their sorrows and their joys.

Thomas Nelson Page said: "Personally I owe much to him. It was the light of his genius shining through his dialect poems—first of dialect poems then and still first—that led my feet in the direction I have since tried to follow. Had he but lived, we should have had proof of what might be done with true negro dialect; the complement of 'Uncle Remus.'"

Joel Chandler Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus," said of him: "He was among the first, if not the very first, of Southern writers to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character, and of the unique relations existing between the two races before the war, and was among the first to develop them."

Irwin Russell was born at Port Gibson, Mississippi, 1853; an attack of yellow fever, when he was a mere infant, left his constitution frail, and he never became robust and strong.

His father moved to St. Louis, and there the boy received his education. This, however, was after the War between the States, for his father, a strong sympathizer with the South in her struggles for States rights, had moved to Mississippi at the first indication of a contest over this question, and had cast his lot with the Confederacy. When the war closed and his boy was old enough to enter college, he sent him back to St. Louis. In 1869 he completed the commercial course of study, which took four years, and then, after he had studied law, commenced

practice in his native State: this was in September, 1873. As a conveyancer he became quite proficient, but he never had a case in court. Literature had already engaged his attention, and he had begun to write for the local papers, more to give pleasure to his friends than for any financial profit to himself; he had also grown very fond of music, and was exceedingly skillful in his banjo playing, so we can readily see why he did not succeed at law.

His first contribution was made to "Scribner's" in 1876, and he afterwards became a regular contributor to that magazine, although he sent poems also to "Puck" and to "Appleton's Journal." As he was encouraged to go to New York, he took a gripsack in hand and went to that city full of hope; had his health been good, there is no knowing what the result would have been, for Irwin Russell's genius was of no ordinary kind; but a long season of illness depressed and discouraged him; however it introduced him to such men as Richard Watson Gilder, who said: "Russell will always hold a place in the roll of literary genius," and to H. C. Bunner, who became warmly attached to him, and was able to aid him in a literary way.

When he had in a measure recovered from this attack, he was advised to go South on account of the severe climate at the North, and went to New Orleans and there spent months in poverty, sorrow and distress. After his father's death his mother and sisters had moved to California, so they never fully realized his financial troubles. He died December 23, 1879, and lies buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis.

His writings meant a complete change of front in Southern literature. When his *Christmas-night in the Quarters* appeared every one saw that henceforth Southern literature proper would be the reproduction of Southern conditions, and so it has been, and such men as Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris, who have been so successful in this vein, have acknowledged their indebtedness to Russell. "Skill in the use of a dialect is

a purely literary excellence, but when a writer portrays and thus perpetuates the peculiar life of a people numbering four million, he is to that extent a historian. He needed not to go to Italy for inspiration, he found it in the cabins at his door. He saw pathos and humor and beauty in the humble life that others had contemned."

How true to negro life is his *Christmas-night at the Quarters!*

"Observe them at their Christmas party:
How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
How many things they say and do
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter-race—
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To beg a blessin' on his dance."

And Irwin Russell meant no sacrilege when he put into the mouth of "Brudder Brown," the negro preacher, the prayer for a blessing on the dance.

Irwin Russell was versatile in his diversions. He discovered a method of ascertaining the latitude from observations of the sun's altitude and deviation from the meridian, and he then went to sea as a sailor in order to test this discovery. He was blind in one eye and near-sighted in the other, and yet in spite of this attempted to stand the examination for the navy, running the chance of being rejected. Afterward he began the practice of law, and finding the regular routine of work nothing but drudgery, turned to printing, and then formed a taste for old prints and black-letter volumes. He enjoyed roving, but enjoyed more being an idler. He had real skill in caricature, and his drawings were put on any scrap of paper that came to hand. He studied natural history and studied every bird and animal, every tree and plant that came under his observation. He was fond of music, playing upon the piano and banjo with great skill.

Burns was his favorite poet. He tells us, "Burns is my idol. He seems to me the greatest man that ever God created, beside whom all other poets are utterly insignificant," and then afterwards said he was like the old Scotchman who said he was consoled in the thought of death by the hope of so soon seeing Burns. Some one asked him how the idea of using the negro dialect came to him, and he replied that one day, sitting in the backyard of his home at Port Gibson playing on his banjo, he heard an old negro woman singing a revival hymn; instantly he caught the tune and some of the words he added to, and greatly distorted, much to the indignation of the old negro who considered this very sacrilegious.

Russell was always delicate, and he said he could never remember the time when the desire for some unnatural stimulant did not possess him with a fury for satisfaction he could not control. His mother's love, and the love of a beautiful girl whom he hoped one day to make his wife, were not able to keep him from yielding to this desire, and it nearly crazed him to see them lose hope and faith in him again and again. Things went from bad to worse, and though he secured work in New Orleans on "The Times," he was not able to sustain himself on account of his habits. He died Christmas eve, 1879, at the home of a poor old Irish woman who had rented the lone man a room, and had cooked for him what little he had to eat. Friends came with their flowers that cold Christmas day to lay upon the dead form, but too late to bring back hope to the erring one.

A touching tribute to him was written by Thomas Nelson Page in his "One Mourner."

"——he was a rail gent'man,
Bright fire dat burns, not smokes;
An' ef he did die destricute,
He warn't no po' white folks.

"He couldn' 'a' talked so natchal
'Bout niggers in sorrow an' joy,

Widouten he had a black mammy
To sing to him 'long ez a boy.

"An' I think, when he tole 'bout black folks
An' ole-times, an' all so sweet,
Some nigh him mout 'a' acted de ravins,
An' gin him a moufful to eat.

"An' not let him starve at Christmas,
When things ain't sca'ce nowhar—
Ef he had been a dog, young Marster,
I'd a feeded him den, I 'clar!

"An' I wish, young Marster, you'd meck out
To write down to whar you said,
An' say, dyar's a nigger in Richmond
What's sorry Marse Irwin's dead."

To those familiar with the negro as he appeared in the corn-fields of the South, no better picture is needed than Russell's short poem of *Nebuchadnezzar*—

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;	He minds me like a nigger.
Fus' t'ing you know, you'll fin' out	If he wuz only bigger
How quick I'll wear dis line out	He'd fotch a mighty figger,
On yo' ugly stubbo'n back.	He would, I tell you! yes, sah!
You needn't try to steal up	See how he keeps a' clickin'!
An' lif' dat precious heel up;	He's as gentle as a chickin'—
You's got to plough dis fiel' up	An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
You has, sah, fur a fac!	Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzar!

Dar, <i>dats</i> de way to do it!	Is dis heah me, or not me?
He's comin' right down to it;	Or is de debbil got me?
Jes' watch him ploughin' troo it!	Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
Dis nigger ain't no fool.	Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Some folks dey would a' beat him;	Dat mule do kick amazin'—
Now, dat would only leat him—	De beast was spiled in raisin'—
I know jes' how to treat him;	Right now I 'spect he's grazin'
You mus' <i>reason</i> wid a mule.	On de oder side de creek.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

Vicksburg, Mississippi.

1849.

1883.

Katherine Sherwood Bonner was a daughter of Dr. Charles Bonner. He came from Ireland when quite a lad, and after living in Pennsylvania for a while moved South and then met and married a wealthy and very attractive Mississippi girl, Mary Wilson. She owned several large plantations, and the care for these landed estates employed most of her husband's time.

Fortunately the parents of Sherwood Bonner were cultured, well-bred people, who had sensible ideas regarding the education of their only child. After passing from her mother's hands she entered the school at Holly Springs, Mississippi. She was a very precocious child, and many stories told of her youth remind one of Macaulay's young days. As she had been so little with girls of her own age, up to the time she entered school, she had a perceptible stiffness and strangeness of manner that repelled her schoolmates at first; she was conscious of this, was sensitive about it, and describes her feelings no doubt in "Blythe Herndon," one of the characters in her first book, *Like unto Like*. As she grew older this strangeness disappeared; her peculiarities were understood and her personal charms acknowledged. She took real delight in dress, and was scrupulously careful in all its details. When only sixteen her mother died, and her school days were practically ended, although afterwards she spent a year at a fashionable boarding school. She always felt that this irregular attendance at school injured her in a literary way. Her first story, *Laura Capello*; *A Leaf from a Traveler's Notebook*, was published in the

"Boston Ploughman"; while it was a crude, mysterious story, it gave great promise of something better, and Nahum Capen, the editor, paid her twenty dollars for it. Some musical journal accepted *A Flower of the South*, and "Frank Leslie's Magazine" accepted *An Exposition of One of the Commandments*.

In 1871 she married Edward McDowell, of Holly Springs, and moved to Texas. This marriage was not a happy one; reverses came and after the birth of her little girl she was forced to earn a support for herself and child. She then moved to Boston, hoping to gain a living from her pen. Her father and husband both objected to this, as it was so opposed to all Southern ideas regarding women—they were not expected to be the wage earners of the family. The War between the States has put an end to the old-time traditions in respect to this subject. Her father was shocked that his daughter should come in contact with the world in a business way, but Sherwood Bonner was of such a nature that she overcame all objections, and insisted upon going to Boston.

The imperfections of her early education became more apparent when compared with the Boston standard. Criticisms came; many were just and she could not deny them, but while they wounded her they brought a determination to overcome them and she began a thorough study of English; for ten years she labored. The poet Longfellow proved a true friend and adviser; he not only made her his private secretary, but became her personal friend. He believed in her talent and encouraged her. Louisa Alcott, too, was helpful. She took a great fancy to "the pretty Southern woman, so refined and well-bred." She had a charming personality and made friends rapidly. Her gift in conversation was considered unusual.

Her first ambitious work was *Like unto Like*, which dealt with the Reconstruction period, the North thought impartially so, and the South felt the truth had been told. Longfellow ad-

vised her to lay the scene in the North, and although she valued his advice she felt that her loyalty should be to the South.

In 1876 she traveled in Europe, and from Rome and Florence sent letters filled with wit and humor; these proved of immense value to her, for she was well paid for them. Then, too, travel gave her larger visions of the world and made her broader in thought and culture, and her writings show a decided advance from this time on.

Soon her health began to fail. How could it have been otherwise? She became so infatuated with her work that she was utterly regardless of regular hours for eating, sleeping or exercise, and disobedience of the laws of Nature brought its punishment. She was often unjust to herself and to her publishers, for frequently when the time came for a promised story which she had not written she felt obliged to work all night that her word might be kept.

Her second novel, *The Valcours*, was published by the Lipincotts in 1881. *The Revolution in the Life of Mr. Ballingall* gives a very true picture of the yellow fever scourge. She sent an account of this period to "The Youth's Companion" and, while commending the heroism of others, said nothing of herself, the greatest heroine of all. She was in New England with her daughter when the news came and she insisted upon returning to Holly Springs. Her friends tried to make her see that it would be defying Providence to go—that she would actually run into the jaws of death, but she insisted that she must, and leaving her child with friends, went to the scene of distress. Her father and brother were among the stricken ones; she nursed them, saw the loved ones die, and prepared their bodies for the grave with her own hands. How she escaped the dread disease was a marvel. No description can give any idea of what is meant by a plague-stricken city and the ravages of this disease.

All of Sherwood Bonner's stories were written from her own

experiences in the several States and Europe. She treated religion with respect, but was in no sense religious. She called herself a "happy heathen," because she refused to look through "the theological spectacles of her forefathers." Although her health failed rapidly, she worked to the last and dictated to a friend at Holly Springs until four days before her death. This friend and nurse was Miss Kirk, who edited the *Suwanee River Tales* after her death, in 1883. In this book are included *Gran'mammy*, *Four Sweet Girls of Dixie*, *A Ring of Tales for Younger Folks*, and other sketches of Southern girl life.

Humor has been called her greatest gift—a gift that fitted her peculiarly for dialect writing, but critics say her dialect is not phonetically accurate or consistent. The South has really been misjudged on account of these "Cracker Stories," for many at the North think that there are no people in the South who are not "crackers."

Her story, *The Gentleman of Sarsar* was a caricature of Southern life, and yet critics at the North called it "a bright and faithful picture of Southern life."

Her works are:

Laura Capello: A Leaf from a Traveler's Note-book.	The Case of Eliza Bleylock.
A Flower of the South.	A Longed-for Valentine (poem).
An Exposition of One of the Com- mandments.	Suwanee River Tales.
Like Unto Like.	Two Storms.
The Valcours.	A Volcanic Interlude.
On the Nine-Mile.	Gran'mammy.
Sister Weeden's Prayer.	Four Sweet Girls of Dixie.
	A Ring of Tales for Younger Folks.
	Dialect Tales.

HOWARD WEEDEN.

Huntsville, Alabama.

1847.

1905.

Not battle-crowned, O southern land,
Not wealth, and that which brings
The richer curse, the coarser brand—
The mongreller of things.

But rich in these—thy children's art,
In hearts which work and sing;
For greater giving is the heart,
Than gold the grosser thing.

—*John Trotwood Moore.*

John Trotwood Moore, of Tennessee, wrote the above lines about Howard Weeden, artist and author of Huntsville, Alabama. Her father, William Weeden, was a Virginian, and her mother, Jane Urquhart, a Georgian. Her parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents had been slaveholders and large cotton-planters, and one can readily see how along literary and artistic lines she was well fitted to give that picturesque type peculiar to the South—the ante-bellum negro. Her home was "Weeden Place," in Huntsville, Alabama, and is surrounded by one of the old-fashioned gardens so common once throughout the South. In this garden she and her sister Kate and a nephew, who lived with them, loved to pass many hours.

She had early shown a talent for art, and had made a study of painting during her schooldays, never dreaming that one day she would make herself famous through her *Shadows on the Wall* and *Bandana Ballads*. A turning point in her life came when she attended the World's Fair in Chicago. While

standing in the Fine Arts Building before some of Frost's, Kemble's and other artists' black and white sketches of negroes, she realized that not one had portrayed the old-time quality negro whom she had known in her father's Southern home. As soon as she returned she made "Uncle Champ," one of the family servants, sit for his picture, and this was the beginning of her first book, *Shadows on the Wall*, which brought words of encouragement from men like Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, and others. Page said, "Miss Weeden can paint a picture as no one else I have ever seen can," and Harris said, "I thank heaven for the beautiful genius that has snatched from the past and preserved the handful of memories embodied in this book. There is a story behind each pathetic face here pictured." In speaking of the old black mammy in the frontispiece of the book, some one else said, "I can not look without tears upon this face,

"Black as if Ebon rest had found
Its image in my mammy."

Bandana Ballads followed; it contains about twenty-five types of the old-fashioned "Uncles" and "Mammies" which appeal to the heart and imagination as everything she presents does. Her third book was *Songs of the Old South*, in which the heart and soul of Dixie are portrayed with pen and brush. Many of these songs have been set to music, as *Swing Low*, *Sweet Chariot*, *Hush*, *When the Angels Call*, and *The Song of the Watcher*.

Her last work, and by many considered her best, is *Old Voices*, and is dedicated to Joel Chandler Harris; in this the negro cabins and the cotton fields furnish an appropriate setting. *A Rose Song* and *A Mystic* are possibly favorites in this book.

The circumstance that led to the publishing of Howard Weeden's book is this. A New York business man and his

wife were traveling in Alabama in search of the picturesque and were told of Miss Weeden, who lived with her sister in the old family mansion, "Weeden Place," who devoted herself to water color painting, reproducing the memories of the old plantation life by painting portraits of the negro faces familiar to her from childhood. They asked permission to call, and begged to see these sketches—that they are works of art no one who has ever seen them can deny—and were so delighted that the wife begged to take a selection of them to her Northern home, and the result was the first volume *Shadows on the Wall*.

Howard Weeden's death occurred in April, 1905. Besides possessing God-given genius she was a lovely woman, courteous and kindly and truly loyal to her friends and was ever watching for an opportunity to do some good to some one—the world was made better for her living in it. She was a true Daughter of the Confederacy, and the Huntsville Chapter of which she was a member attended her funeral in a body and laid as a last tribute a lyre of white roses and carnations upon her coffin. The many questions which the younger generation of the South will ask about the old-time negroes will be answered by the pictures that she left. They will understand when they see these portraits painted by her what their fathers and mothers mean when they speak of the faithful servants in the days before the war.

OLD MISTIS' WAY.

You flighty young folks needn't come
A orderin' me no mo';
A'm sot in ways my ole Mis taught,
An' 'spects to stay jes' so.
It's hurry wid you all de time,
As if 'twas judgment day,
An' I am called of no account
'Case I ain't made dat way.

But age an' slowness used t' be
 Respected in de race,
 An' I wan't asked to be so swif'
 When ole Mis set de pace.
 An' dere wan't nothin' in dem days
 Of all dis haste an' noise,
 For 't wasn't manners to be so fast,
 When me an' Mis' was boys!

A BOHEMIAN.

O yes! I always had a taste
 Fer takin' troubles light,
 An' leavin' 'sponsibilities
 To shoulders dat is white.

All summer long things grows so free—
 What need to work or buy?
 Dere's plenty lyin' loose aroun'
 Fer such a worm as I.

And when de winter comes along,
 Why Christmas 'vides fer dat:
 I jes' look up my old white folks
 And passes 'round de hat.

In dis way I divides de year,
 You understan', in two—
 An' trusts de summer time to God,
 De winter time to you.

MARY APPLEWHITE BACON was born in Marietta, Georgia, 1863. Her father was John Bacon, and her mother Mary Jordan. Her parents moved to Lexington, Georgia, when she was quite young. She was educated in the schools at Lexington, and attended the Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Georgia, for a special course in English. She was still in her teens when she began to teach in Athens, first at the Grove School, then in the public schools, and later accepted the chair of English in

the Milledgeville Normal and Industrial College. She made a specialty of English, and it was her great desire to go to Vassar to perfect herself in this branch of study. As she could not do this she took correspondence courses at Columbia College and Chicago University. She has written much in the dialect of the mill people in the South, and reads or recites many of her own stories containing negro dialect. Harper's has always appreciated whatever she writes for that magazine, and Mr. Alden of the "Study" has commended the purity of her English. It was in the Atlantic Monthly that her *Problem of the Southern Cotton Mill* appeared which attracted wide attention, for how to meet the needs of this people in an educational way has been perplexing. An extract from her article will show how early they enter the mills, and often spend a lifetime there.

"How old were you when you first went into the mill?" I ask of a toothless, wrinkled woman whose bent shoulders wore my heart to pity.

"I never worked in no other mill but this one," she replies, "an' I don't know how old I was when I begun; but I recollek good an' well the first day I come in I had on a new dress that it tuck jes' three yards o' homespun to make."

"And you've been here ever since?"

"Off an' on for a heap over forty year."

She told me also that she could not read a word, and that she had been the mother of nine children. "Some of 'em 's dead, an' some's married an' gone," she added patiently. "I works now an' takes keer o' myself, an' I'm glad there's a mill to work in."

"Why do you use snuff? It is very bad for you," I say to a girl of twelve, whose face is colorless except for the blue circles under her eyes and the dark stains on her white lips. She looks more fit for a hospital than for a spinning-room.

"I reckon hit's good for me," she replies; "it sorter seems to keep this lint from gittin' in my throat, an' I've got a bad cough." I ask the same question of another, a child, a tough, wiry-looking little creature, with alert movements and an indomitable spirit of fun in her black eyes.

"I know I oughtn't to dip," she says, her eyes twinkling; "but I jes cain't he'p it. Hit keeps me fum bein' so lonesome."

"How long have you been at this lonesome work?"

"Fo' year." (She is not yet fourteen.)

"Can you read and write?"

"No'm, I cain't. There's a real good school here, free too, but I'm jes' one o' them that don't never git to go to it."

One of these studies of the mill people appeared in McClure's, and the Georgia club women published it in pamphlet form to aid them in having the Child Labor Bill passed.

Miss Bacon's articles that have attracted attention in Harper's Weekly and Monthly are *Larkspur*, *The Passing of a Shadow*, *His Sister*, *All in a Garden Fair*, *Autumn and Spring*.

All in a Garden Fair, which appeared in 1907 January's Harper's Weekly, received favorable comments from the press. Her last story, *His Sister*, in 1904, has been selected for a volume of specially selected short stories by Harper's. This has also been translated into German.

Miss Bacon never allows any unfinished work to be sent to her publishers, and her friends and admirers trust that her health may be so fully restored that much more may appear from her pen and brain.

She published several years ago an *Arithmetic* for primary grades which is now used largely in the schools throughout the country.

CHAPTER XI.

Writers of Fiction---Era of the Republic.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.....	1830-1886
MARION HARLAND	1831
AMELIA E. BARR.....	1832
AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.....	1835
FRANK HOPKINSON SMITH.....	1838
GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.....	1839
CONSTANCE CARY (MRS. BURTON HARRISON).....	1846
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.....	1849
JAMES LANE ALLEN.....	1849
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AMELIE RIVES	1863
JOHN FOX, JR.....	1863
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CHAPTER XI.

Writers of Fiction—Era of the Republic.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Winchester, Virginia.

1830.

1886.

WRITER OF EARLY REPUBLIC

If one has never visited the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah he can form no idea of the scenery amid which John Esten Cooke spent his boyhood. If the "surroundings make the man," "Glengary," the old homestead where he was reared, is largely responsible for stimulating the genius that developed this writer of note. His father, John Rogers Cooke, a noted lawyer of Virginia, to whom were entrusted almost all of the important cases to be argued before the higher courts, moved to Richmond when John Esten was only ten years of age. After leaving school the boy chose his father's profession, studied law, and was admitted to the bar before he was twenty-one. Literature enticed him from the law, for while pleading his cases he became conscious that *Leather Stocking and Silk* had far greater attractions, so he abandoned the one and devoted himself to the other. He became a regular contributor to the two leading magazines of the day, "Putnam's" and Harper's," and besides wrote prose and verse for the "Southern Literary Messenger."

The War between the States called him from his quiet, studious life. Inclination said *write*, but duty said *fight*; he never wavered when called to defend his loved Virginia. After the surrender at Appomattox he returned to the Valley of Vir-

ginia to resume his literary work. In 1867 he married Miss Mary Frances Page, and their home was "The Briars," about which he said, "I would rather pass my time quietly here at 'The Briars' in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah than rule a nation."

His home life was all happiness. He wrote of his wife, "If there was ever a nearer approach to an angel than my wife, then I have never met her." His neighbors were the Nelsons, the Pages, the Randolphs, and others of the best families of Virginia. He enjoyed the free and easy-going life of the Virginia gentleman—plenty of horses, plenty of dogs, with hunting and fishing and reading and writing to vary the monotony. He contended that the morning was the golden time for literary work, and that two hours of early morning were worth more than four hours later in the day. He had his cup of coffee, which served him till breakfast, then rode over his farm or hunted and fished until luncheon, and devoted only the afternoons and evenings to reading. His aim was to paint the Virginia phase of American society, and to do for the "Old Dominion" what Cooper had done for the Indians, what Hawthorne had done for the Puritans, what Simms had done for South Carolina, and what Irving had done for the Dutch.

His war stories recalling the time when the Grays and the Blues were opposed to each other attracted more attention than any of his other writings. The pictures drawn of Lee, of Jackson, and of Stuart are very dear to every Southern heart, and yet while loyal to his own people there was no bitterness nor hate for his enemy. He said, "I think of the past without bitterness—God did it—God the All Wise—the Almighty, for his own purpose. I do not indulge in repinings, nor reflect with rancor upon the issue of the struggle. I prefer recalling the stirring adventures, the brave voices, the gallant faces; even in that tremendous drama of 1864-1865 I can find something besides blood and tears." No books written since the war have been more eagerly read at the South than *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, *Mohun*, and *Hilt to Hilt*.

Just a short time before his death he said, "Mr. Howells and the other realists have crowded me out of the popular regard as a novelist, and have brought the kind of fiction I write into general disfavor. I do not complain of that, for they are right. They see as I do that fiction should faithfully reflect life, and they obey the law while I was born too soon, and am now too old to learn my trade anew. But in literature as in everything else advance should be the law, and he who stands still has no right to complain if he is left behind. Besides the fires of ambition are burned out of me and I am serenely happy. My wheat fields are green as I look out from the porch of 'The Briars,' the corn rustles in the wind, and the great trees give me shade upon the lawn. My three children are growing up in such nurture and admonition as their race has always deemed fit, and I am not only content, but very happy, and much too lazy to entertain any other feeling toward my victors than one of warm friendship and sincere approval."

Major Cooke died near Berryville, Virginia, September, 1886. His grave is in the churchyard of the old Episcopal chapel. The only monument is a pine board with his name roughly penciled upon it—not a fitting monument for one of Virginia's most gifted sons.

His brother, Philip Pendleton Cooke, older by fourteen years, was a well-known poet.

WORKS.

Leather Stocking and Silk.
Virginia Comedians.
The Youth of Jefferson.
The Last of the Foresters.
Ellie, a Novel.
Henry St. John, Gentleman.
My Lady Pocahontas.
The Maurice Mystery.
Life of Stonewall Jackson.
Life of General Lee.
Surry of Eagle's Nest.
Mohun.
Hilt to Hilt.
Hammer and Rapier.

Wearing of the Gray.
History of Virginia.
Justin Harley.
Professor Pressensee.
Mr. Grantley's Idea.
The Virginia Bohemian.
Stories of the Old Dominion.
Fairfax.
Out of the Foam.
The Heir of Gaymont.
Dr. Van Dyke.
Her Majesty the Queen.
Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and other stories.

MARION HARLAND.

Amelia County, Virginia.

1830.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

Marion Harland, the *nom de plume* of Mary Virginia Hawes, was born in Amelia county, Virginia, 1830. Her father was Samuel Pierce Hawes, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, who became a merchant at Richmond, Virginia, and her mother was Judith Smith, of Olney Virginia. At the age of nine Mary Virginia began to write compositions under a governess; her father encouraged her in these literary efforts, so it can be readily seen what influences led her to become a writer. At ten years of age she was found reading aloud to her mother "Rollins' Ancient History," "Pollok's Course of Time," "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Plutarch's Lives;" while a year or more later she was known to have committed to memory whole pages of "Paradise Lost," "Cowper's Task," and "Thomson's Seasons." Her light reading was "Godey's Lady's Book" and "Graham's Magazine." Thus it was that at an early age her taste for good reading was cultivated by a wise and devoted mother.

When she was but fourteen years of age she contributed anonymous articles to a Richmond paper, and a few months later another series to the "Central Presbyterian," in which over the pseudonym of "Robert Remer," she laid down the law to her "elders and betters." She was sixteen when she wrote her first novel, *Alone*, and a little story for "Godey's Magazine," *Marrying for Prudential Motives*. This was re-published in England, then translated into French, re-trans-

lated into English, and printed in the "New York Albion," a paper that published English stories only. Mr. Godey claimed the story and advertised for the author, and from that time for ten years she wrote a story every month for his magazine.

In 1856 the young authoress became acquainted with Edward Payson Terhune, a young Presbyterian minister. He had accepted a call to Charlotte Court House, where he met her, and there it was at the age of twenty-three she became his bride.

Ruby's Husband is dedicated to him. The dedication reads, "To him who for many years has been to me adviser, co-worker and best earthly friend." She has written many novels, all pure and elevating books.

Her influence upon the home will be felt long after this generation. She said: "If the lowly places of life are brighter, daily burdens that must be borne lighter, because I have lived and worked, I am satisfied. I believe it is possible to elevate household drudgery into a mission; to make home the center of thought and duty, and yet help the toilers in other homes." What a power such a woman will be in shaping the beliefs and ideals of the woman of the future!

When speaking of her domestic life Mrs. Terhune confessed that when she married she knew nothing about housekeeping, had never made a bed or dusted a room, and as for cooking—"The first beefsteak I ever tried to cook, I washed and put into the frying pan." And yet she is the woman who wrote *Common Sense in the Household*. Of this over three hundred thousand copies have been sold, while *The National Cook Book*, written in collaboration with one of her daughters, has also been most profitable. One of her books was written in collaboration with her son, a New York journalist, and *Dr. Dale* with another daughter, Mrs. Van de Water, who also collaborated with her on *Everyday Etiquette*. Mrs. Terhune considers *His Greater Self* the most finished thing she has ever

done. *When Grandmamma was Fourteen*, recently published, is largely autobiographical, and that is one of its chief charms. *Martha and Her American Kitchen* is one of her latest works.

"She is an excellent housekeeper, thereby practicing what she has preached for so many years in the columns of various periodicals and in her numerous books. She is recognized everywhere as the pioneer in the work of dignifying domestic labor, and her name is a household word throughout the country. She is a remarkable combination of the gentlewoman of the old school and of the new woman who accomplishes things, who belongs to the active, bustling, money-making world of modern womanhood. Her life is an encouraging example of what indefatigable labor, regular habits, and persistent industry, will accomplish. She is a practical contradiction of a theory that some people have in regard to the literary woman and her Bohemian tendencies.

"It is said by those who live with Mrs. Terhune that she is never idle. In summer she arises at five o'clock, and after a cup of tea and a piece of bread works steadily until the family breakfast hour. She always finds the time to make calls—even in New York, where the courteous, old-time custom of returning visits is fast dying out Mrs. Terhune punctiliously returns the call of the humblest or the most obscure person who comes to see her, and her gentle, good breeding is never forgotten, even if the editor is waiting impatiently for 'copy.' Her evenings are devoted to her family.

"It is not generally known, I believe, that she is an artist of no mean ability; her walls are decorated with some very fine paintings which she has done during her 'leisure' moments.

"As for reading—here again Mrs. Terhune finds time to keep up with all the current events, and her favorite books are those dealing with scientific and historical or biographical subjects. Her mind is richly stored with the wide knowledge gained from such reading. Is it any wonder that she tells you

frankly that she is never bored, that life is always interesting, and that the days are all too short for her to accomplish all she starts out to do?"

In 1893-1894 she visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and upon her return wrote *The Home of the Bible*. In 1897 she published *Some Colonial Homesteads and their Stories*. In 1897-1898 she went abroad again, appointed as a delegate by the American Historical Society to the International Historical Congress held at The Hague, and upon her return wrote *The Haunts of Familiar Characters in History and Literature*. It was while in Holland that she saw Wilhelmina crowned queen. Marion Harland's daughters, Mrs. Christine Herrich and Mrs. Virginia Van de Water, are both writers, and her son, Albert Payson Terhune, is a New York journalist. Her works besides those already mentioned are—

Miriam.

Judith.

Eve's Daughters.

Loiterings in Pleasant Paths.

Husks.

Husband and Homes.

Sunnybank and Christmas Holly.

The Story of Mary Washington.

Pemie's Temptation.

At Last.

The Empty Heart.

Jessamine.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Ulverstone, England.

1832.

WRITER OF EARLY REPUBLIC.

Amelia E. Barr, Ulverstone, England, 1832. Although of English birth and parentage, Mrs. Barr has been so connected with America in all her literary work that we claim a place for her in the literature of this country, and so associated with Texas that we claim her as a Southern writer.

Her maiden name was Amelia Huddleston. She was brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, and early turned to books for recreation and instruction. When only nine years of age she became her father's companion and reader. Then it was she read books far beyond her comprehension, but they tended to develop her mental qualities. She was but eighteen when she married Robert Barr, a Scotchman. They came to America soon after and traveled through the West and South and finally settled at Austin, Texas. They remained there until after the War between the States, when they moved to Galveston; there Mr. Barr and four sons were stricken with yellow fever and died. Mrs. Barr and her remaining children—three daughters—went then to New York. A merchant of that city engaged her to instruct his children in ancient and modern literature, music and drawing.

She lives at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson where, surrounded by her children and friends, she is unusually happy in her literary work. "Her career is an illustration of the capacity of woman under stress of sorrow to conquer the world and win success." Many of the plots of her stories are laid in Scotland and Eng-

land. The scenes are from her girlhood recollection of surroundings.

An accident proved in the end a providential blessing; when confined to her chair, unable to employ herself otherwise, she wrote her first novel, *Jan Vedder's Wife*; since then she has written a great deal.

The Household of McNeil is a description of the Highlands of Scotland. The Laird of McNeil has two daughters; the younger marries in haste and repents at leisure, and it is with her fortunes that the story is concerned. Mrs. Barr has dealt more with the tragic element in this book than is usual with her. Her descriptions of nature are unusually fine, especially in the Scottish scenes.

Her works are:

Jan Vedder's Wife.
The Border Shepherdess.
Feet of Clay.
Friend Olivia.
The Bow of Orange Ribbon.
Remember the Alamo.
She Loved a Sailor.
A Daughter of Fife.
The Squire of Sandal Side.
Paul and Christina.
Master of his Fate.
The Household of McNeil.
The Last of the Macallisters.
Between Two Loves.
A Sister to Esau.

A Rose of a Hundred Leaves.
A Singer from the Sea.
The Beads of Tasmer.
The Hallam Succession.
The Lone House.
Christopher and Other Stories.
The Lost Silver of Briffault.
Prisoners of Conscience.
The Lion's Whelp.
The Black Shilling.
The Belle of Bowling Green.
I, Thou and the Other One.
Trinity Bell.
The Maid of Maiden Lane.
Souls of Passage.

AUGUSTA EVANS (MRS. WILSON).

Columbus, Georgia.

1835.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

“Miss Evans justly merits the title of the De Staël of the South. Like the author of *Corinne* she approaches a subject with a fearless, independent spirit, and gives it the whole energies of her mind.”

Augusta Evans Wilson is of aristocratic lineage, a descendant on her mother's side from the Howards, one of the most cultured families of Georgia; on her father's side she has inherited wealth, intellect, and refinement. She was born at Columbus, Georgia, May 8, 1835. Her mother was Sarah S. Howard and her father was M. R. Evans. Augusta was the eldest child of a family of eight, and was quite young when her father left Columbus for Alabama, and scarcely ten when he moved to San Antonio, Texas.

The Mexican war had just ended, and everything was in a thoroughly disorganized condition, consequently there were no schools of any prominence, and had our novelist not been blessed with a cultivated literary mother, she would never have been able to obtain the education which fitted her for the work she has accomplished. Mrs. Evans, besides being a woman of intelligence and refinement, possessed an unusual amount of true Southern courage, which enabled her in the face of all obstacles to undertake the duty of educating her child.

During the Mexican war San Antonio was the rendezvous for the United States troops sent to assist General Taylor, and the brilliant uniforms of the soldiery, the martial music, and

the exciting events that accompany war, combined with the picturesque, enchanting scenery around San Antonio, furnished an excellent theme for her daughter's first novel. This was *Inez, a Tale of the Alamo*, and was written when the author was fifteen; a striking and pleasing story, which has been universally read and appreciated. The Harpers published it in 1855, and four years later her *Beulah* appeared. This book won for the author many laurels, and is marked by originality and lifelike style. It is said that a book into which is woven the author's own life story is sure to be his finest work. Just as "David Copperfield" is Dickens's best, and "Mill on the Floss" George Eliot's best, so *Beulah* is Mrs. Wilson's masterpiece, or is generally so regarded, not, however, by the author herself. She thinks *Vashti* and *At the Mercy of Tiberius* contain the most polished passages of her literary work.

The War between the States cut her off from her publishers, so it was many years before she ventured on her third novel *Macaria*. She sent a copy of this book with a letter to the publishers through the blockade; it was carried safely to Havana, and thence to New York. The book had already been published by a bookseller in Richmond, Virginia, and printed in South Carolina on coarse Confederate paper. It was entered according to the Confederate States of America, and dedicated to the brave soldiers of the Southern army. Some portions of the manuscript were scribbled in pencil while nursing the sick soldiers in "Camp Beulah" near Mobile. A Federal officer in Kentucky seized and burned every copy of the Confederate edition of *Macaria* which he could lay his hands upon. In some way a Northern publisher obtained a copy and published it, but swore he would pay no royalty to so "arch a rebel." Lippincott & Derby expostulated with him, and finally secured a contract by which the author should receive a certain amount for each copy sold.

In one of the battles fought during the retreat of the Confed-

erate army from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a Southern soldier claims that his life was saved by a paper-bound Confederate copy of *Macaria* which he had hastily folded and placed in the inside pocket of his gray coat, when called from its perusal beside a campfire to go into battle. The bullet which might otherwise have killed him was found imbedded in the thick, coarse, yellow leaves of the novel.

After the War between the States ended Miss Evans went to New York to take the manuscript of her most ambitious effort, *St. Elmo*. Who has not read and read again *St. Elmo*, "the most praised and best abused novel ever written"? None can comprehend at once the many historical references without great research and study, yet the strangeness of the hero, St. Elmo, and the loveliness of the heroine, Edna Earl, and the unusual attachment between the two enlist the attention, admiration and even homage of the reader from the very first moment. The book met with unbounded success; towns, hotels, steamboats and plantations were named after it, and the author received large financial returns. The "high flown" language in which it is written, and the rare literary attainments of the little barefoot heroine, drew forth severe criticism, and some one even ventured on a parody, "*St. Twelvemo*," but all this could not affect the popularity of it.

St. Elmo contains a description of that marvel of oriental architecture, the Taj Mahal at Agra in India—a marble tomb erected to perpetuate the name of Noormahal, whom Tom Moore has immortalized in his "*Lalla Rookh*." A recent traveler visiting Agra in 1891 writes that he was surprised to find a Parsee boy almost in the shadow of the Taj Mahal reading a copy of the London edition of Mrs. Wilson's *Vashti*.

People were eager for her next work, and after *Vashti* appeared could not rest satisfied until they heard that another would soon be given them. Soon after *Vashti* was published Miss Evans married Mr. Wilson, a distinguished citizen of

Mobile, Alabama. Because of her delicate health he objected very seriously to her writing, and at his request she discontinued it and devoted herself to the decoration of her home and grounds. This home is situated in a grove of magnificent oaks and fragrant magnolia trees on one of the most beautiful roads near Mobile. It is large and roomy and surrounded by broad piazzas. A wide hall like those one reads of in an old English novel divides the building. The floor is carpeted and the walls beautifully and artistically papered. But then the flower garden! When we see the thousand blooming plants, the fine collection of camelias, azaleas, geraniums and begonias, shaded walks, noble live oaks, and magnolias—all the attractions of art and nature combined, we are not surprised that Mrs. Wilson wrote so much of flowers and of beautiful gardens.

Time and time again flattering offers were made to her to contribute to magazines and papers, but she refused. Not even a proposition to let her name her own price for a serial could tempt her. One publisher offered twenty-five thousand dollars if she would only allow him to publish her books in cheap "paper-back" form, which was not to interfere with her library-bound editions, but this permission was never granted. She received a check for fifteen thousand dollars for *Vashti* before it ever went to press. Ten years elapsed between *Infelice* and *At the Mercy of Tiberius*.

Mrs. Wilson has frequently been pronounced the most brilliant and fascinating writer in the South. That she is a remarkable woman no one will deny. At the early age of sixteen she entered the literary field without literary training, and by her continued meritorious work she stands among the first novel writers of the South. She has woven into her novels all that is good and great in the human race, and she has given to her heroes and heroines the imperishable virtues of morality, Christianity, and beauty. She is not a professional writer—literature has rather been an embellishment of her life. Her

style has been severely criticised as "pedantic," but certainly this charge may with equal justice be brought against George Meredith, Bulwer, and George Eliot. It is a well-established fact that Mrs. Wilson's books have in many instances stimulated her young readers to study history, mythology and the sciences, from which she so frequently draws her illustrations.

A lady once asked Mrs. Wilson which one of her heroines was her favorite. "Ah," she replied, "do you forget that even if the youngest should be cross-eyed, red-headed and freckled, it is nevertheless the baby? I love my Beryl best of all, and consider *At the Mercy of Tiberius* my strongest book." Critics have pronounced Beryl's speech to the jury the most eloquent specimen of her style. Her last work, *The Speckled Bird*, did not reach the standard of her other books and received severe and in some respects unjust criticism from the press.

She is a typical Southerner and a most lovable and winsome woman. Sensitive and retiring, she is very appreciative of the good will of her fellow beings. She said, "I hold peculiarly dear the confidence and esteem of my own sex; and I deem it a nobler privilege to possess the affection of my countrywomen than to assist my countrymen in making national laws."

Her whole life has been spent in the South, and her home has ever been a happy one. She has always preferred to act the part of a gracious hostess rather than seek elsewhere what she finds in perfection at her charming Southern home. Mr. Wilson, her husband, died in 1891. Her works are:

Inez, Beulah, Macaria, St. Elmo, Vashti, Infelice, At the Mercy of Tiberius, and The Speckled Bird.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH.

Baltimore, Maryland.

1838.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Hopkinson Smith, a descendant of the signer of the Declaration of Independence of the same name, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1838. His father was also Francis Hopkinson, and his mother was Susan Teackle. At an early age this son was compelled to "shift for himself," for his father met with many reverses, and his son's school days were thus shortened. From a boy he had always shown a fondness for drawing and water-color painting, but until he was fifteen he had received no instruction. An old artist named Miller, who lived in Baltimore, became interested in him, saw what talent he possessed, and gave him the benefit of his advice and criticism: with this exception, one may say, the boy was self-taught. When prepared for Princeton he was compelled to begin the struggle for his own support. To give up all hopes of a thorough education was an intense disappointment to him, but that energy and adaptability which have ever characterized him as a novelist and an artist came to his aid then and made him successful in every line of work which he undertook. He first became a clerk in the iron works, then a mechanical engineer, then a contractor, then an architect. He built for the government several life-saving stations, important breakwaters, designed the famous Race Rock Lighthouse in New London harbor, also the foundation of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, and the Governor's Island sea wall in New York. It is easily seen that had he not been well known as an artist and novelist

he would have been known as an engineer and architect. Indeed Francis Hopkinson Smith is a man of versatile talents. He has become distinguished as an artist, author, lecturer, critic, playwright, engineer and architect. He is a society man, a musician, a story teller and a story writer. His friends say that he is just as successful as a cook as he is as a novelist or artist, for he has studied the philosophy, and aesthetics, as well as the practical details of cooking. Whatever he does is done with enthusiasm and to the best of his ability.

His first venture in a literary way was when he was a member of the famous Tile Club and was requested to write an essay. This was called *The Book of the Tile Club* and was written after an excursion on a canal boat which was towed through canals in New York State. He has traveled extensively and has given the records of this travel both by pen and brush. Whether as an artist or author he presents the atmosphere of the locality he visits—and he gives pictures of places as he sees them, with a practiced eye, a cultivated mind and an enthusiastic soul. He is a real optimist, seeing the best in everything. He throws a charm about a place which would never have been seen by the reader had he not made it manifest. He also presents everything in a simple way, and does not insult his readers by unnecessary explanations, for he always presupposes that they possess a certain amount of intelligence.

Colonel Carter, of Carterville, is possibly the book by which he is best known. In this is the portrayal of a gentleman of the school of the Old South, who, after the War between the States, when his property has been taken from him, goes to New York to live, but the surroundings are so different that it is impossible for him to adapt himself to them. Yet he retains "the naïve charm, the lavish hospitality, the utter economic irresponsibility, the invariable courtesy and kindness so characteristic of this Southern type." Having been accustomed all his life to luxury and indulgences, he borrows money

to use as he had been accustomed to, intending to return it, and yet is never able to do so; he never fully realizes that the money will never be as plentiful with him as it once was. It is said this picture is in part a picture of his own father. Everything Hopkinson Smith has written reflects in part his own personal experiences. He is at home with all sorts of real people: he paints the aristocrat, and he paints the lighthouse-keeper with equal power; he paints the Southern woman of the old régime and a pure-minded country girl with equal respect. "He loves good blood, good manners and good morals; he believes in old-fashioned virtues—loyalty, courage, tenderness, courtesy and honor."

He reaches more people through his books than his paintings and yet he is an artist of wonderful power. He paints out-of-doors and so rapidly that he finishes a picture usually at a sitting. Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, he will paint on Sundays. Let us hope that he has some learned Dr. Johnson to expostulate with him for this violation of God's day. Some of his best known paintings, such as "A Passing Shower, Venice," "Venetian Cab Stand" and "A Spring Shower, Stockholm," are in the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts. He has received many medals for his paintings, and the Sultan of Turkey has conferred numerous honors upon him, and placed many of his works in important collections.

Hopkinson Smith has been very successful also as a lecturer. He has fine elocutionary powers and he has his audience spell-bound. His eyes fascinate as they look out with a rich luster from under heavy dark brows. He has a voice full and pleasant, a manner vivacious and intense, and of great magnetism. He has the ability to change from the humorous to the pathetic with wonderful rapidity. His lectures that have proven most popular are *Gondola Days in Venice*, *Certain Art Fads*, *Old Plantation Days*, *Bohemian Days*, *Art Life at Home and Abroad*, and also his art lectures on *American Illustrators*, *Out-*

Door Sketching, The Quality of the Picturesque, and Modern French Impressionism.

It is wonderful how he has found time to write so much—and to write so well.

There has been a Beacon Edition of his books in twelve volumes prepared by Scribner's which is sold only by subscription. It is an unusual occurrence for an edition of an author's books to be prepared during his lifetime.

His books are: *Colonial Carter of Cartersville, Old Lines in New Black and White, Well-worn Roads, A White Umbrella in Mexico, A Day at Laguerre's, A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others, Tom Grogan, Gondola Days, Venice of To-day, Caleb West, The Other Fellow, The Fortunes of Oliver Horn, The Under Dog, Colonel Carter's Christmas, At Close Range, The Wood Fire in No. 3, The Tides of Barnegat.*

PAUL BELLONI DU CHAILLU was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, 1838. Many suppose him to be a Frenchman, but not only was he born in America, but his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather before him were natives of this country.

His travels in Africa have been of incalculable advantage to natural history and geography, and his works about his discoveries there form a library of tropical literature. His *Land of the Midnight Sun* and *The Viking Age* would alone be a monument to his memory. They stand as the work of nine years' research. He establishes a fact that Britain was originally settled by Scandinavians and not by Angles and Saxons. Most men could not have endured the strain upon body, nerve and brain, but du Chaillu had become toughened by exposure to African hardships and Northern suns, and lived to be sixty-six.

His other works are: *The People of the Great African Forest, Ashango Land, Explorations in Equatorial Africa, Stories of the Gorilla Country, Wild Life under the Equator, Lost in the Jungle, My Apingi Kingdom, The Country of the Dwarfs, and Land of the Long Night.*

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

Vevay, Indiana.

1839.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

George Cary Eggleston, the brother of Edward Eggleston, the historian, was born at Vevay, Indiana. His father, Joseph Cary Eggleston, a Virginian, had moved from his native State in early youth and had married a young lady from Madison, Indiana. He settled at Vevay because it offered better opportunities for his profession, the law. It was at this little village of Indiana that his four children were born, George the second was only a few years younger than his brother historian, and only seven years old when his father died. His mother thus left early a widow with four children to educate naturally returned to her old home at Madison, and there near her own people made a brave struggle to rear her boys.

George was a mischievous youth, and was expelled from the University before he was sixteen. Whatever the trouble was he was not alone, for it is said that more than half the University students suffered the same fate. He was thus denied the privilege of graduation from the Indiana Asbury University, although he held a diploma from the High School of Madison, and one in law from Richmond College, Virginia.

After he was expelled from college he began to teach a country school near Madison. He was very young and of course had a hard time controlling boys much older than himself. His brother founded "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" upon this experience. The fight the young teacher made was a brave one, and for more than six months he held his own, but finally decided to go to Virginia to study law and to practice it.

He had access when a boy to one of the best libraries of the West. The books that a growing child reads have much to do in forming his character and inspiring his literary ambition, so it will be interesting to know what George Cary says concerning these influences over his own life: "It was a fearfully mixed hodgepodge, in which I sometimes passed from a volume of old homilies to one of Mistress Aphra Behn's naughtiest novels, or from a poem of crack-brained old Doctor Donne to *The Children of the Abbey*, and thence to Locke or Bacon or Hobbes or Homer, and back again to Scottish Chiefs, with a dip into Disraeli's *Vivian Gray* by the way. It was all sorts of reading, but I think it did me good. If I read *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andrews*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Roderick Random*, I also read *Rasselas*, the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Evelina*. If I enjoyed *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, and *Valentine Vox*, I was pleased also with *Scott*, *Byron*, and *Wordsworth*—my favorites after *Shakespeare*, who was my dissipation from childhood."

The books which he was made to read "under compulsion," as he expressed it, were *Smiley on Class-Meetings*, *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, and *Plan of Salvation*. He thinks that no good was received from these, and yet perhaps they were the leaven that leavened the whole lump.

In 1856 an uncle living on the old Virginia homestead in Amelia county sent for him and a younger brother to come and live with him, and Edward was placed in a boarding school in the same county. George entered *Richmond College* and later opened a law office in *Richmond*. This was just as the War between the States began, and with all the enthusiasm of a Southern boy he enlisted in the Confederate service under that gallant leader *J. E. B. Stuart*, commander of the *First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry*. He was in the first battle of *Manassas*, and fought until *Lee* surrendered at *Appomattox Court House*.

Everything in the South was so disorganized just after the war that law practice was impossible, so he returned to his mother's old home and later went to Cairo to undertake the prosecution of some claims against the United States government, and at the same time to contribute newspaper and literary articles to the various periodicals and magazines.

In 1868 he married Miss Marion Craggs, and family cares and responsibilities caused him to seek a better field for his newspaper work, and larger financial returns, so he moved to New York, and from that time has been devoting himself to literature.

His first books did not attract unusual attention, but when *A Carolina Cavalier* appeared every one recognized the true master-hand. He knew the South and her ways, and yet no true Southerner would have written *A Rebel's Recollections*, acknowledging by the use of a word that there was any rebellion on this side of Mason and Dixon's line. Then followed *Dorothy South*, *The Master of Warlock*, *A Daughter of the South*, and his last, *Our First Century*, which appeared in 1905. He edited Hayden's Dictionary of Dates, and compiled *War Ballads*.

He was literary editor of the "New York Evening Post" for six years; editor-in-chief of "Hearth and Home"; editor of "Commercial Advertiser," and editorial writer for "The World."

His works are:

How to Educate Yourself.

A Man of Honour.

A Rebel's Recollections.

How to Make a Living.

The Big Brother.

Captain Sam.

The Signal Boy.

Red Eagle.

The Wreck of the Red Bird.

Strange Stories from History.

Juggernaut.

Southern Soldiers' Stories.

The Last of the Flatboats.

A Carolina Cavalier.

Camp Venture.

Dorothy South.

American Immortals.

The Bale Marked X.

The Master of Warlock.

Evelyn Byrd.

Running the River.

A Captain in the Ranks.

The First of the Hoosiers.

A Daughter of the South.

Our First Century.

CONSTANCE CARY (MRS. BURTON HARRISON)

Fairfax County, Virginia.

1846.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Miss Constance Cary belongs to an old Virginia family related to the Fairfaxes and Jeffersons. Her home was destroyed during the War between the States, and consequently she witnessed much of the horror of that struggle. After its close she accompanied her mother to Europe and while in France was a witness of the final scenes in Louis Napoleon's reign. She traveled in Europe, Asia and Africa and spent much time in London and Paris.

Upon her return to the United States she married in 1867 Burton Harrison, a Virginia lawyer who was at one time the Secretary of President Davis. They moved to New York in 1876, and there Mrs. Harrison began her literary life. Her first magazine article was *A Little Centennial Lady*, which attracted much attention, and since that she has written a great deal.

Few literary women in New York are better known. Her soft voice and gentle manner, for which Southern women are so famous, and her art of entertaining all serve to make her charming and a general favorite, and her home a social and literary center. She has produced several plays, chiefly adaptations from the French. The work that has probably gained her more reputation abroad is *The Anglomaniacs*; this appeared in "The Century" without her name. It ranked her at once among the best novelists. She has been kindly criticised by French and English critics, and has made many friends in Paris

and in London. The work she is now preparing is said to deal with Syria and Morocco.

She has published—

Golden Rod.	A Daughter of the South and Other
Helen of Troy.	Tales.
Woman's Handiwork in Modern	Bar Harbor Days.
Houses.	Edelweiss of the Sierras and Other
Old-Fashioned Fairy Book.	Tales.
Bric-a-Brac Stories.	A Merry Maid of Arcady.
Flower-de-Hundred.	A Son of the Old Dominion.
My Lord Fairfax of Greenway	Good Americans.
Court.	Externals of Modern New York.
The Homes and Haunts of Wash-	An Errant Wooing.
ington.	A Bachelor Maid.
The Russian Honeymoon.	Crow's Nest and Bellhaven Tales.
Sweet Bells Out of Tune.	A Triple Entanglement.
	Little Comedies for Amateur Acting.

HARRIS DICKSON was born in Yazoo City, Mississippi, 1868. His father was F. H. Dickson, and his mother Harriet E. Hardenstein. He was educated in the public schools of Meridian and Vicksburg, attended the summer school of the University of Virginia, and graduated from the Columbia University, Washington City, with the degree of B. L. He began to practice law in Vicksburg in 1896, and was made judge of the city court. His attention was turned to literature while practicing law, and in 1899 he published his first book, *The Black Wolf's Breed*. His other works are: *The Siege of Lady Resolute*, *She that Hesitates*, *The Ravenels*, and *The Duke of Devil-May-Care*. His home is in Vicksburg, Mississippi.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Manchester, England.

1849.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Frances Hodgson was born in England and really did not live in America until after the war. She is claimed, however, as an American writer, as all her literary work has been done in this country, and she is claimed as a Southern writer because her adopted home was Tennessee. She has written so much of English life and scenery that one easily recognizes her English parentage and early surroundings.

She was fifteen years in Manchester, England, and it was there that she gained that wonderful knowledge of Lancashire dialect and character. After the death of her father reverses of fortune induced her mother to come to America. She settled first at Newmarket, Tennessee, then later moved to Knoxville, where a near kinsman resided. There she lived on a farm with her three sons and three daughters.

Frances was only sixteen when she conceived the idea of writing for journals. Her first attempt at a story was *Miss Caruther's Engagement*. After it was written she sent it to "Ballou's Monthly," but when she found that the editor did not intend to pay her for it, the question arose as to how could she get it back again, as she was not able to buy the stamps for its return. In this dilemma she remembered that a negro girl who lived in the neighborhood was in the habit of selling fruit upon the streets of Knoxville, and she determined to help her gather the fruit, and share the profits with her; in this way she was enabled to obtain sufficient postage not only to recover her manuscript but also to forward it to "Godey's Lady's Book."

She did not dare ask her mother for any aid, for fear she would forbid her to send the manuscript to any one.

The editor in Philadelphia saw unmistakable signs of a thoroughly English story, and wondered how it could come from Tennessee. He wrote a letter of inquiry and asked for another, —his object being to test the genuineness of the first. The young author quickly wrote it, and the first story soon appeared in print—much to her delight—but what delighted her still more was the thirty dollars paid for it. One can well imagine the pleasure it gave to show to her astonished household this sign that her talent was appreciated.

After this her pen never rested. Some of the stories written were very poor, and this may serve to encourage young writers. She sent some to "Peterson's Magazine," and it was in this monthly that her *Dorothea* first appeared. When it came out in book form, however, she had changed the name to *Vagabondia*. She sent an English story, *Surly Tim's Trouble*, to "Scribner's," now the "Century." This was not only accepted, but requests came for more like it.

In 1873 she married Dr. Swan Burnett, a well-known oculist of Knoxville. They moved to Washington City soon afterwards and then made extended visits to Europe. She had two sons, Lionel and Vivian, and never allowed her duty as a mother to be interfered with. The marriage at first was in every way congenial, although Dr. Burnett was much her senior, but estrangements came and in 1898 they were divorced—strange to say the papers for this separation were signed on the day Vivian came of age. Little Lord Fauntleroy, the hero of her most celebrated work, was very much as the mother has described him. One obtains an excellent idea of his childhood from her articles which appeared in the "Ladies' Home Journal" in 1894. His brother Lionel, jealous of the nurse's attention to the little usurper of his place and rights, said: "I'row 'im in 'er fire," but we are very glad that the little gentleman

was not thrown into the fire, but has lived to teach the beautiful lessons of courtesy and filial devotion. The style of dress described in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* became very fashionable, much to the disgust of many sturdy American youths who fretted because they were made to look so much like girls.

The scenes described in the book are nearly all from life. The one in which Cedric undertakes to teach his grandfather baseball originated in this way, as his mother tells us: "One day Vivian thought it necessary to instruct me in the great national game. After a great deal of explaining I was obliged to admit that I was rather stupid. 'Oh, no, you are not, dearest,' protested the little boy. 'You are not stupid, but I am afraid I am not a good splainer, and then as you are a lady, of course baseball is not very easy to you.' "

Very few books have netted the author such a sum as this story for children. Mrs. Burnett received fifty thousand dollars from the stage alone, as she dramatized it herself, and was wise enough to secure the copyright, and is paid a certified per cent. for every presentation of it; it is played as much in England as in this country, and always draws a large house. Mrs. Burnett is at her best when writing for children, and the secret lies in her love for them.

The lass described in *That Lass o' Lowrie's* is a young working girl that Mrs. Burnett saw in Manchester, when she, the author, was only nine years of age. The face lingered in her memory, and she has immortalized it in this, which is said to be her second best book. This book was written in her early married life to enable Dr. Burnett and herself to go to Europe that he might carry on his studies as an oculist.

The scene is laid in a Lancashire mining-town, and shows a thorough acquaintance with its modes of life, and a deep sympathy with those engaged in mining. The debasing influence of such surroundings is clearly brought out and the development of a rude pit-girl into a noble woman is strongly

given, showing how it is possible to triumph over evil. The characters are lifelike, and the author shows great dramatic skill and a perfect mastery of the Lancashire dialect.

Mrs. Burnett's last works fall far below the promise of the first. Some one has said: "What would Little Lord Fauntleroy have said to the *Lady of Quality*?"

She is always very happy in her stories for children, seeming to understand thoroughly child nature, and treating young people always with a courtesy and courtliness due to older folk. She says this treatment flatters and pleases a child, and it must, for they delight to read what she gives to them.

WORKS.

Dorothea, or Vagabondia.	The Pretty Sister of Jose.
Surly Tim's Trouble.	Little Saint Elizabeth.
Haworth's.	That Lass o' Lowrie's.
Earlier Stories.	Giovanni and the Other.
Louisiana.	The Drury Lane Boy's Club.
A Fair Barbarian.	The One I Knew Best of All.
Through One Administration.	A Lady of Quality.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.	His Grace of Ormonde.
Sara Crewe.	The DeWilloughby Claim.
Editha's Burglar.	The Making of a Marchioness.
Kathleen.	A Little Princess.
Two Little Pilgrims' Progress.	Phyllis, the Showman's Daughter (a play).
The Captain's Youngest.	Esmeralda.
The Little Unfair Princess.	The First Gentleman of Europe.
The Shuttle.	Nixie (with Townsend).
The Dawn of a To-morrow.	
The Methods of Lady Walderhurst.	

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Fayette County (near Lexington), Kentucky.

1849.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

James Lane Allen was born in the blue grass region of Kentucky in Fayette county, just a few miles from Lexington. His mother was a Virginian and his father came from Pennsylvania. His ancestors, who were Scotch-Irish, settled in that State after coming to America. As they lived in the country, their children had few school advantages, but when a boy has such a mother as James Lane Allen had he needs no better teacher. She inspired him with an early love for reading—reading of old romances, poetry and history, and to this training are we largely indebted for the literary work that has come from his pen. His own mother and his Nature mother, the lovely blue grass region of Kentucky, were sources of nurture in a literary, educational and spiritual way.

He was only twelve years of age when the storm cloud of war burst over the land, old enough to realize its horrors, and to see the suffering that war entails. His academic studies were pursued at the Transylvania University in Lexington. He devoted special attention to Latin and Greek and his knowledge of the structure of the English language came through a study of the classics in these languages. This was a fine preparation for his work in literature, for it gave him an ambition to know more of other authors. He continued his course until he received the A.M. degree, but not without a struggle, for his father died about this time, and the war had left the family with no means, and James Lane from necessity had to begin

to teach in order to pay his expenses at the University. May not the experiences of John Gray in his *Choir Invisible* be but those of his own life at this time? He was so much in earnest that he walked twelve miles every day—six to his school and six back to his mother's home. This shows that he was determined to succeed at all costs. He taught in Missouri, and in another part of Kentucky, and later was elected tutor in his alma mater. Bethany College, in West Virginia, a denominational college of the Christian church, also honored him by offering him the chair of Latin and Greek. He planned a trip abroad in order to study at some German university, but advance graduate work at Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, attracted him, and this made him seriously contemplate becoming a physician, but his love for literature prevailed, and he went to New York and determined to devote himself to writing. This meant a great deal to a young man without means, for authors were not then receiving any large sums for their efforts, but "he took up his abode in a garret and started out in a very humble way." He began by sending letters to the "New York Evening Post," poems to "Harper's," the Atlantic" and "Lippincott," essays to the "Critic" and "Forum," and humorous and critical articles to any paper or magazine that would receive them. The first criticism which attracted attention was on Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady*, which was sent to the "Critic." At once this and other articles which appeared in the "New York Post" drew attention to the young author, especially those sketches of the blue grass section of Kentucky, for so wonderfully did they interpret Kentucky life and landscape, and so perfectly did they depict the Cumberland mountaineer that a master hand was revealed, and greater became the demand for this new style of work. "Harper's Magazine" sent in an order for sketches pertaining to the life in that section: these were afterwards collected and published under the title *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky*.

In 1896 *English Wood Notes with Kentucky Echoes* was published in the "Southern Magazine."

Mr. Allen had now fully entered upon a literary career and moved to Cincinnati that he might have easy access to books and yet not be too far from Kentucky soil; later he moved to Washington City, thinking that the capital of the country might be the possible future home of literature and art in America, but as he found there too much social and official distraction, he moved to New York.

In 1891 Harper's published his *Flute and Violin and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances*, which was dedicated to his mother. *Sister Dolorosa* was one of these stories; it had appeared in "The Century," and had attracted more attention than his other short stories. It was by a colony of Trappist monks in a convent in the heart of Kentucky that his stories *The White Cowl* and *Sister Dolorosa* were suggested.

The Kentucky Cardinal, a more ambitious effort, appeared in "Harper's Magazine" in 1893. It is a pastoral poem in prose and represents a struggle between Nature and Love, showing the eternity of Nature, while *The Reign of Law*, a later book, and one written in a different style, shows the severity of Nature softened by Love. This and his *Summer in Arcady* follow lines of scientific thought; the characters are represented as struggling between spiritual and material forces, and Mr. Lane tampers with subjects only fit to be discussed in the privacy of one's room or at the dissecting table. Some subjects should not be treated in a popular novel, although true to nature; God never intended that many things which in themselves are not sinful should be exposed to public view. In this James Lane Allen has erred, just as he has erred in presenting in *The Choir Invisible* the love of a married woman for one who was not her husband. Because such things occur in real life does not excuse a writer in exposing them for imitation. Mr. Lane calls this practical psychology. Much of the low

state of morality at the present day doubtless is due in large measure to mental suggestions, and newspapers and novels are so largely responsible for this condition of affairs that the public should enter a protest against it. Mr. Allen's last novel is *The Mettle of the Pasture* or *The Crypts of the Heart*.

A writer in the "Louisville Evening Post" says: "It is unnecessary to say that in any list of Kentucky authors the place of greatest distinction must be given to James Lane Allen. This is not merely from the fact that he has made Kentucky one of the notable backgrounds of literature, and has celebrated her old ample ideals of life and of honor; but also because of the quality of his work, of its literary feeling, its subtle romance, and the real spirituality which rises above its touches of delicate voluptuousness. Of the work here mentioned not all is enduring literature, some of it is undoubtedly ephemeral, and so acknowledged by its author—but to be just to Mr. Allen, the greater part of his work is stamped with the mark of permanence. Mr. Allen is the novelist of the lowlands, just as John Fox, Jr., is the novelist of the highlands."

GRACE ELIZABETH KING.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

1852.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Grace King, the daughter of William Woodson King and Sarah Ann Miller, was born at New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1852. Her ancestry is Scotch, French, English and Irish, a fine blending of characteristics which will account for her many talents. She was a young child when the War between the States began, living on her father's plantation in lower Louisiana; but she can remember its horrors—hourly, towards the close of the war, expecting raids from "Yankee soldiers," and bitter memories of Reconstruction days and the passing away of old conditions still linger with her. She witnessed the deep humiliation of her beloved and beautiful New Orleans; she saw the sufferings under General Butler's rule, and these experiences influenced her whole nature, deepening, if possible, her love for her native city. The stress of the times made her a very thoughtful young woman. She hardly knows when she began to write, but the one thing that made her feel the necessity of having her work published was the repeated misrepresentation regarding the Creoles in New Orleans. Many persons began to believe, through the false pictures as given by Cable and others, that a Creole must necessarily have negro ancestry. This is an error, for a Creole is a person born of European parents in the American, French and Spanish colonies.

Miss King felt that her *Monsieur Motte* must be published, for in it she produced faithfully real Creole life as she knew it. She dedicated this book to Charles Dudley Warner because of

his encouragement to Southern writers. Her *History of New Orleans*, which appeared later, was dedicated to her friend, Charles Gayarré, that "Patriarch of American Letters," as he was so often called, who influenced and encouraged her to write. In this dedication she said: "As a youth he consecrated his first ambition to New Orleans; through manhood he devoted his pen to her; old, suffering, bereft by misfortune of his ancestral heritage, he yet stood ever her courageous knight to defend her against the aspersions of strangers and the slanders of traitors." *Monsieur Motte* was published anonymously, like so much that was written by our writers of the South. The reviews were so complimentary that she was advised by friends to allow her name to be known, and finally she yielded, and other books followed, such as *Tales of a Time and Place*, *Sieur de Bienville*, *Iberville*, and *De Soto in the Land of Florida*. She and Professor Ficklen, of Tulane University, together wrote the *School History of Louisiana* and *Stories of Louisiana*, both of which are now used in the public schools.

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne Sieur de Bienville, the real founder and first Governor of Louisiana, appeared in the "Makers of America," published by Dodd, Mead & Company. In writing history it is necessary to sift facts and to be accurately truthful, and Miss King, while she was painstaking in the quotations from the old documents to which she had access, at the same time made her narrative clear, definite and vividly lifelike.

Grace King, however, is at her best in her *New Orleans; the Place and the People*. She represents the city as a Parisian who came over two centuries ago to the banks of the Mississippi, partly out of curiosity, to see the new world, partly out of ennui, tired of the old, and who has become so well satisfied with the new surroundings that she has never cared to return to the mother country. So instead of a "trading mart" one is, in this history, brought into acquaintanceship with a most fas-

cinating person with a distinctive charm all her own. She traces the history of the city from French rule to Spanish rule, and then back again from Spanish rule to French rule, according to the caprices of the European sovereigns; she gives the struggles with the Indians, and the quarrels among the citizens within the gates; she tells of the coming of the American pioneers—advance couriers of the Anglo-Saxon civilization; she gives the efforts of the energetic Yankee to overtop in business the easy-going but progressive Creole; she relates in such a thrilling way the disasters that overtake the city—epidemics, wars, floods and financial reverses; she brings the history to Reconstruction days with “its dark quadroom fringe, with its balls, its racings and its duels.” No one else, it seems, could have told the story as Grace King has done—and why? Because she has for that city a deep loving interest and she wants to tell others about it, and make them love it, too—and her whole heart is put into her work.

Her *Stories of Time and Place* began to appear in Harper's as far back as 1888. *Madrilene, or the Festival of the Dead*, is one of the most grotesque of the group; many of them are somber and weird, and remind one of Edgar Allan Poe's style. It was in 1892 that she began the *Balcony Stories*, which are condensed tragedies—intense, palpitating bits of human life. These are now being translated into French.

Miss King has not written a great deal, nor has she a wide circle of readers, but they are appreciative readers, which perhaps is better. She was for many years secretary of the Louisiana Historical Society. She worked indefatigably and was an inspiration to its members. She was the prime mover in the Centennial Celebration of the Cession of Louisiana to the United States in 1903. She banded the society women of the State into an association, and gave a ball which reproduced the costumes, music and decorations of the preceding hundred years.

She is very patriotic, and loves devotedly everything Southern, everything pertaining to Louisiana, and especially everything relating to her beloved New Orleans. She has a wonderful amount of courage, and has been very helpful to younger writers who needed her encouragement no less than her advice. She is a true woman in her home, throwing aside her literary work without a murmur when sickness or other duties make demands upon her time.

As a writer she is known abroad, for her stories have been translated into French, German and Russian, and a review of her works has appeared in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*."

LA GRANDE DEMOISELLE.

(Mademoiselle Idalie Sainte Foy.)

Mademoiselle Idalie received her birth and what education she had on her parent's plantation, the famed old Reine Sainte Foy place, and it is no secret that, like the ancient kings of France, her birth exceeded her education.

It was a plantation, the Reine Sainte Foy, the richness and luxury of which are really well described in those perfervid pictures of tropical life, at one time the passion of philanthropic imaginations, excited and exciting over the horrors of slavery. Although these pictures were then accused of being purposely exaggerated, they seem now to fall short of, instead of surpassing, the truth. Stately walls, acres of roses, miles of oranges, unmeasured fields of cane, colossal sugar-house—they were all there, and all the rest of it, with the slaves, slaves, slaves, everywhere, whole villages of negro cabins. And there were also most noticeable to the natural, as well as visionary eye—there were the ease, idleness, extravagance, self-indulgence, pomp, pride, arrogance, in short the whole enumeration, the moral *sine qua non* as some people considered it, of the wealthy slaveholder of aristocratic descent and tastes.

What Mademoiselle Idalie cared to learn she studied, what she did not she ignored; and she followed the same simple rule untrammelled in her eating, drinking, dressing, and comportment generally; and whatever discipline may have been exercised on the place, either in fact or fiction, most assuredly none of it, even so much as in a threat, ever attained her sacred person. When she was just turned sixteen, Mademoiselle Idalie made up her mind to go into society. Whether she was beautiful or not, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible to appreciate properly the beauty of the

rich, the very rich. The unfettered development, the limitless choice of accessories, the confidence, the self-esteem, the sureness of expression—all these produce a certain effect of beauty behind which one really can not get to measure length of nose, or brilliancy of the eye. This much can be said: there was nothing in her that positively contradicted any assumption of beauty on her part, or credit of it on the part of others. She was very tall and very thin, with small head, long neck, black eyes, and abundant straight black hair—for which her hair-dresser deserved more praise than she—good teeth of course, and a mouth that, even in prayer, talked nothing but commands; that is about all she had *en fait d'ornements*, as the modistes say. It may be added that she walked as if the Reine Sainte Foy plantation extended over the whole earth, and the soil of it were too vile for her to tread.

Of course she did not buy her toilets in New Orleans. Everything was ordered from Paris, and came as regularly through the custom-house as the modes and robes to the milliners. She was furnished by a certain house there, just as one of a royal family would be at the present day. As this had lasted from her layette up to her sixteenth year, it may be imagined what took place when she determined to make her debut. Then it was literally, not metaphorically, *carte blanche*, at least so it got to the ears of society. She took a sheet of note-paper, wrote the date at the top, added, "I make my debut in November," signed her name at the extreme end of the sheet, addressed it to her dressmaker in Paris and sent it.

That she was admired, raved about, loved even, goes without saying. After the first month she held the refusal of half the beaux of New Orleans. Men did absurd, undignified, preposterous things for her: and she? Love? Marry? The idea never occurred to her. She treated the most exquisite of her pretenders no better than she treated her Paris gowns for the matter of that. She could not even bring herself to listen to a proposal patiently; whistling to her dogs, in the middle of the most ardent protestations, or jumping up and walking away with a shrug of the shoulders, and a "Bah!"

Well, every one knows what happened after '59. There is no need to repeat. The history of one is the history of all.

* * * * *

Ten years passed, or ten eternities—the heart and the almanac never agree about time.

One morning old Champigny was walking along his levee front when he saw a figure approaching. He had to stop to look at it, for it was worth while. The head was hidden by a green barege veil, which the showers had plentifully besprinkled with dew; a tall thin figure. She was the teacher of the colored school some three or four miles away. Champigny found out from the negroes that she had been teaching four or five years there. And he found out also that she was Idalie Sainte Foy, Mortemart des Islets, *la grande demoiselle*. Only the good God himself knows what passed in Champigny's mind on the subject. We know only the results. He went and married *la grande demoiselle*. How? Only the good God knows that too.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

Gloucester County, Virginia.

1860.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Molly Elliot Seawell's father, John Tyler Seawell, a lawyer of note, lived in Gloucester county, Virginia. The home was called "The Shelter," and was a quaint old rambling house that had belonged to Judge Tyler, the great-grandfather of Mollie Elliott. He was a man of great literary attainments, had held many posts of honor in his State and was governor for three terms. In this home was his old-fashioned library; many of the books had been selected by Thomas Jefferson while minister to France. This library really awakened the first literary ambition in the heart of his great-granddaughter.

As a child she attended school very irregularly and the time which should have been devoted to arithmetic, geography and science was spent in poring over Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley and the works of philosophers, and she read books which were far beyond the ability of a girl of her age. Her mother was a great lover of Shakespeare and it is said was accustomed yearly to read every one of his plays. Molly Elliot found in her father's library an old edition with marginal notes made by two or three well-known scholars—a book that had been used by several generations of Seawells, and like her mother she read and re-read the plays, so that during the formative period of her youth they became meat and drink to her.

Her parents had forbidden novels, "for fear of getting notions into her head," and for this reason she substituted Byron and Shelley. One would say this was dangerous reading for

a fifteen-year-old girl, but it had the effect of drawing her thoughts from novels of the Rhoda Broughton and Ouida type, and of making her more appreciative of the best in literature.

She discovered among the books later Hume, Volney, Jean Jacques Rousseau and other philosophers and literally devoured them. An aunt became alarmed at this and warned her that her grandmother's religious belief had been completely shaken just at her age by reading those books, and pleaded with her to leave them until her faith was more firmly established. This grandmother had become an agnostic but returned to the faith, not, however, until sorrow, age and physical suffering had come to her.

Miss Seawell attended, for a term, a fashionable boarding-school, where she tells us herself she only learned folly and irreverence. Her first literary venture was sent to Lippincott under an assumed name. It was accepted, and the editors never realized that they were the first to give encouragement to the author of *Little Jarvis*, the story that won the five-hundred-dollar prize from *The Youth's Companion* in 1890.

Miss Seawell is still a great reader, and before portraying a character spends days and days upon the period of history in which that character is to be placed. She is very methodical in all she does; she has certain hours for her literary work, and certain hours for her social duties, and will not allow the one to encroach upon the other. Her rest months are from the middle of June until the first of October. She spends some of each year in traveling abroad, and often these trips are made for the purpose of studying the locality of some place or institution which she wishes to describe in her next book.

One of Miss Seawell's favorite books is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and so saturated is she with the wise and witty sayings of Dr. Samuel Johnson that her friends laughingly tell her that whatever the topic of conversation is she invariably turns it that she may mention something about this learned man.

She lives in Washington City, and is a great favorite with literary men and women who appreciate whatever she writes or does.

One of her successes in a literary way was *Maid Marian*, a witty satire on the Knickerbocker element of New York society. It appeared first as a short novel but later Rosina Vokes dramatized it and it became a great success. A novellette, *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac*, received the three-thousand-dollar prize offered by the New York Herald. There were two thousand competitors. When one of the old family servants heard the news she announced with great pride, "Mars John Seawell's daughter done taken three million dollars for one book."

She secured the facts found in *Little Jarvis* and her other stories about the sea, sailors and seafaring life from a favorite uncle who had been in the United States Navy. He often told her of his trips, and she understood from him what it meant to be in the navy, for often those cruises demanded four years separation from home and loved ones. She received from him a good technical education along these lines, and therefore could so well portray her *Decatur*, *Somers*, *Paul Jones*, *Paulding*, and *Little Jarvis*.

Her most important novels are *The Berkeleys and Their Neighbors*, *Throckmorton*, *Children of Destiny*, *Maid Marian*, *The History of Betty Stair*, *The House of Egremont*, *The Rock of the Lion*, *A Virginia Cavalier*, *The Loves of Arabella*, *Papa Bouchard*, *Franceska Capello*, *Fifi*, and *The Great Scoop Gavin Hamilton*.

A magazine article called *The Absence of the Creative Faculty in Woman* was praised, attacked, and severely criticised, but Andrew Lang settled the dispute by saying that Miss Seawell's own essay disproved her theory.

AMELIE RIVES.

Richmond, Virginia.

1863.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Amélie Rives, Richmond, Virginia, 1863, received the name Amélie from an aunt born in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe, and named for his queen. She is the granddaughter of William Cabell Rives, Minister Plenipotentiary to France in the early part of this century. Her father was Colonel Alfred Landon Rives and her mother was Miss McMurdo, Amélie's early life was spent at Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Virginia, and later the family moved to Mobile, Alabama. She was educated entirely at home under private tutors. She was always an imaginative child who delighted to gather around her the neighbors' children and rehearse to them the wonderful inventions of her brain. She was then and is now morbidly sensitive, and there is no doubt but that this accounts for many of her peculiarities, and much concerning her that can not be understood. To such a nature how goading must be the constant misrepresentations of her and her works!

That she is a genius can not be denied. Besides her literary gifts she is an artist of unusual ability and spends hours in her studio.

She is a woman of moods and fancies, but in manners as simple as a child. The editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," who was the first to discover her talent as a writer, said that she never talked of herself or her writings, as she has been accused of doing, and, "instead of pushing her work upon me, she was so modest about it that I had to get the first story published

through her mother." Her *Brother to Dragons* appeared in this magazine, and attracted immediate attention on account of its daring originality. She had written verses, essays and stories long before she was fifteen, but with no intention of publishing them. Like Nathaniel Hawthorne, for many years she destroyed all that she wrote. Flattered and gratified by the reception given to her first story, she followed it with others — *Farrier Lass of Pipin Pebworth*, *Nurse Crumpet's Story*, *Story of Arnon*, and *Virginia of Virginia*, besides some poems. Nothing that she ever wrote, however, created the sensation of the *Quick and the Dead*, her first novel, which appeared in 1888. It was condemned at once as "immoral," "unfit to be read," and "impure." This very condemnation by the press, sad to say, was the best advertisement that the book could have had, and there were soon numerous readers, far outnumbering those of her previous works. It is to be regretted that this brilliant writer ever pandered thus to public taste in a work which reflects no credit upon the author and one which has offended the taste of the more refined class of her readers—those who had been charmed by the beauty and freshness of the stories that had preceded it. A tragedy in five acts, *Herod and Mariamne*, soon followed. The work is based upon historical facts given by Josephus and is filled with passion, deep intrigue, wild jealousy, hatred, murder, and terrible revenge. It is undoubtedly a strong play, showing wonderful literary and dramatic genius, but needs much pruning to rid it of its coarseness and passion, and make it acceptable. Had Amélie intended all that her readers find in her last named works she would have continued in the same vein when *Barbara Dering* appeared. This is as free as possible from all that can offend, showing that the young author was not conscious of much that her former works implied.

In 1888 she married John Armstrong Chanler of New York, a great-grandson of the original John Jacob Astor. The court-

ship was at Newport. They spent the years of 1890-1891 in Europe. Mrs. Chanler studied art in Paris, and her friends feared that its fascinations would interfere with her literary work; her health became impaired, however, so that she was forced to abandon the brush and then it was that she resumed the pen. She was divorced from Mr. Chanler and married in Paris Prince Troubetzkoy of Russia and returned to her old home, Castle Hill, Virginia.

Her other works not before mentioned are: *The Witness of the Sun*, *Athelwold*, *According to St. John*, and *Tanis, the Sand Digger*, and *Seléné*.

"The Critic" said, "She sees Nature with the eye of a painter, and describes it with the voice of a poet."

Extract from *Barbara Deering*:

"Ramie, are you glad or sorry that slavery's over?"

"Why, Miss Barb'ra?"

"Because I'm glad. Those dreadful stories you tell me! I couldn't have borne it. It would have made me so miserable. And yet, when the slaves were happy they were very happy, weren't they?"

"Some wuz in heaven, an' some in hell, Mis' Barb'ra. Dat wuz de wust of hit."

"But you?" said Barbara.

"Me? Lor'! Ole Mis' jes' rottened me wid goodness. But shuh! talk 'bout slav'ry, Mis' Barb'ra, I's been a slave an' I's seen slaves, an' I knows, and dis slav'ry uf marriage is de wussest slav'ry in life! Ef I could git free once I'd run ef anyboly call de name man."

"Are you so unhappy, Martha Ellen?" said Barbara, gently.

"Gawd, he knows I's mizzable," she said, her great eyes brimming over. "I's been so true an' kine tuh Tobit, Mis' Barb'ra. But, shuh! mens ain't got de sense dey bawn wid, nohow. Dat critter Tobit runs arter, she jes' ez black an' bony ez a griddle."

Here Martha Ellen's unfailing sense of humor made her show her white teeth.

"He isn't worth your little finger," cried Barbara, hotly. "How can you bear it?"

"Wommens has tuh bear things somehow, Mis' Barb'ra; dat's how I bears hit."

JOHN FOX, JR.

Bourbon County, Kentucky.

1863.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

John Fox, Jr., was born in the blue grass region of Kentucky in 1863, and with the exception of James Lane Allen, can best describe the Kentucky mountaineer as he really is. His home was at Stony Point in Bourbon county. As he has lived for years among the natives of these mountains, has talked with them, and has studied them in their every day life, he is eminently fitted to be their literary interpreter.

He was graduated from Harvard in 1883, and then decided to take a course at the Columbia Law School before beginning active newspaper work. A slight circumstance in life often proves a turning point, and so it was with John Fox, Jr., he who intended to be a lawyer becomes a writer of novels and short stories. Early in the nineties there was a great financial boom in the Cumberland mountains, and he with some of his young college friends decided to take advantage of it. About thirty of these young fellows, not long from college halls, went down to the Gap that forms the dividing line between Kentucky and Virginia. The people there were perfectly lawless—few even of the bravest dared to venture among them. If one has ever known anything of the Kentucky feuds, he will understand what is meant when it is said that these mountaineers, armed with Winchester revolvers, spent their time pursuing one another over the mountains and terrorizing the people. The mountaineers of Kentucky usually live miles apart, as they prefer to have no neighbors very near them. These college men

organized a police force at the little town of Big Stone Gap, had a regular vigilance committee, armed with pistols, clubs and badges, and then undertook to patrol the town. If a citizen resisted, no matter who he was, he was arrested and marched to the prison. At first it appeared that there would be an overflow in the calaboose, as there seemed to be more in it than out of it, but they meant business and there was no "let up."

These were brave young men and if one dared resist the arrest, clubs were used and he was forced to submit. Often a strong blow on the head was sufficient to cause a man to reform and the next day he came to town in a very different mood. As long as good behavior lasted he was treated with great friendliness. A man who had been knocked in the head the night before, if he came back sober, was greeted cordially as a friend. This was "new doings" in the mountain district, and they rather liked it. When it dawned upon them that this was different from the old spirit that had come down for generations, which every descendant felt in honor bound to foster, and that no ill will was harbored, they decided it was best to have order, and believing that these young chaps were striving to maintain the law and not to stir up discord and disorder, determined to try to help them. It is related that in a year and a half the change in Big Stone Gap was nothing short of a miracle; a woman could even walk on the streets at night and not be insulted—a thing never dreamed of before in that region. This experience furnished material for thought, and for written thought at that, and John Fox, Jr., began to send articles to the newspapers and to publish his stories about these people, and what he wrote was well received. He is an author that can boast that he never has had a manuscript rejected. His characters are drawn from life and therefore are full of interest. His "Boone Stallard" in *The Kentuckians* was really "Boone Logan." Old Daniel Boone's memory is greatly revered in Kentucky and his namesakes are still innumerable there.

President Roosevelt says that life away from civilization emphasizes the natural qualities whether good or bad. This is strikingly true of these Kentucky mountaineers, for they have been more isolated than any other body of mountain people, and their natural traits for this reason have been intensified; they are more clannish, prouder, more hospitable, fiercer, more loyal, as friends truer, as enemies bitterer. Mr. Fox knows them so well, having lived among them from childhood, that he can emphasize their strong as well as their weak characteristics, and in his different works he has brought out these prominent traits. For instance, in *The Kentuckians*, he has shown how slight is the dividing line between the chivalrous blue grass aristocrat, who shoots to death because of quick anger or a wounded sense of honor, and the semi-savage, who shoots because his father did and because of his love for shedding human blood.

His *Cumberland Vendetta* proves how this thirst for blood is inherited by the children and passed on from generation to generation undiminished, and in *The Last of the Stetsons* he shows how these feuds are not fed by insult or even by hatred. *Crittenden* is his experience as a soldier or rather correspondent in the Spanish-American War. The battle scenes are very finely drawn and show what a close observer the author is, what a tender sympathetic heart he has. He is at his worst possibly in *A Modern Europa*, and at his best in *The Kentuckians* and *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*.

Mr. Fox is socially very popular, and is unmarried. His manner is frank, honest and manly; and has that bright, cheery way that makes him a welcome visitor wherever he goes. He looks up not down, forward not back, is ambitious and endowed with natural gifts which must insure success. He divides his time between Big Stone Gap and New York City. He and Thomas Nelson Page have given readings together. He is a real mimic and can impersonate any of his characters

with an ease and grace of manner that would befit a professional actor. In the theatricals at Harvard he always took the part of the leading lady and was fine in his old-fashioned woman's garb with odd little curls all over his head covered by the most absurd little bonnets. It is remarkable how these Harvard athletes can transform themselves into blushing young maidens! Fox was in his element in these theatricals, entering into them with the same zest with which he has later portrayed some of his literary creations on the lecture platform. He knows well how to read the Kentucky dialect of the Cumberland mountains.

Mr. Fox's latest book is *A Knight of the Cumberland*, in which a tournament is described such as occurred in old feudal times when a knight contended for the smiles and favor of his lady love, whom then he crowned as Queen of Love and Beauty. The story reminds one of *Ivanhoe*, but the setting is from the mountains. The heroine is a Northern girl full of enthusiasm, dashing, brave and fearless, who has a hard task in managing two lovers so totally unlike. At a glance one sees that Blight is a very dangerous young woman.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

Shelby, North Carolina.

1864.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., is a North Carolinian. His father is a well-known Baptist preacher, now living at Shelby, North Carolina, where his son was born January 11, 1864. His mother was Amanda McAfee. He worked on his father's farm as a day laborer until he was thirteen, and his companion in work was a negro boy of his own age, called Dick. These boys managed to work so fast and so well that they could secure half of the day for a holiday, and this was usually spent in hunting and fishing. His father discovered how easy was the task assigned and doubled it, thus putting an end to the sport. The boy's early education was in the country schools around Shelby. He learned very little at them, and when promoted to a higher grade of work and told to add a column of figures that amounted to thirteen, he says he could not tell for the life of him whether to put down the one or the three. At the age of nineteen he entered Wake Forest College, from which he was graduated with such distinction as to gain a scholarship in Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, where he went to take a course in history and politics. From a boy he scarcely knew his own mind, or what he really wished to make of his life, having inherited a restless, roving disposition.

He became a member of the North Carolina Legislature from 1884-1886, and at this time was only twenty years old—too young even to vote. Upon deciding to be a lawyer he studied at the Greensboro Law School, North Carolina, and was

graduated there with honors, showing that from youth whatever he undertook to do he did well. He practiced law but a very short while, for an acquaintance formed at this time gave a new turn to the affairs of his life; he met Miss Harriet Bussey, who afterwards became his wife. While in New Orleans, attending Mardi Gras, Dr. N. J. Bussey, of Columbus, Georgia, with his wife and daughter stopped at the St. Charles Hotel, where Mr. Dixon had come for the purpose of witnessing the festivities also. Dr. Bussey appreciated genius, and was greatly attracted by the bright young fellow who talked so charmingly, although he was forced to admit at times erratically, and he invited him to dine with him so that he might meet his wife and daughter. From the moment the young people met there seemed to be a mutual liking which neither could mistake, but which Dr. Bussey did not perceive, for he believed that his daughter had a lover at home, and therefore did not dream of any romance in this new acquaintance, so really became a party to the young people's friendship and was greatly pleased to have them fond of each other. All things changed, however, when to his horror Tom Dixon presumed to ask him for the hand of his daughter whom he had known for so short a while. Naturally Dr. Bussey was indignant. Mr. Dixon was acceptable as an agreeable companion, but not at all acceptable as the husband of his daughter. He declared he would not listen to such a proposition, and that they could not marry, for he (Mr. Dixon) had just begun life, and Harriet was too young, and their acquaintanceship had been too short. But young people who fall so desperately in love at first sight will not listen to old folks or to reason, and to the great distress of the parents they ran away and were secretly married at Montgomery, Alabama. For a long time a reconciliation seemed impossible, but when Mr. Dixon decided to join the Baptist ministry, Dr. Bussey, who was the staunchest of Baptists, began to weaken, and to believe at last that there

was some good in this son-in-law of his and forgave him, and finally really became greatly attached to him.

His ordination as a minister occurred in 1887 at Raleigh, North Carolina, and at once he was elected pastor of the church which ordained him. He preached in Raleigh only one year, and then accepted a call from Boston. He remained there only a year and went to People's Temple in New York. His home was a happy one there in many respects and children came into the home nest. He has one daughter, Louise, and two boys. He remained in New York ten years. It is said no Protestant minister attracted larger crowds than did Thomas Dixon. Sometimes, it is true, his sermons were sensational, and like many ministers who are brave enough to show people their sins and openly condemn them, he was accused of saying and doing many things that he did not say or do. He is noted for his freedom of speech, his originality of thought, his vigor of expression, and his independence of action. He absolutely refuses to be fettered by traditions or customs. He is fond of hunting, and if he wants to go with his dogs and spend the day "gunning," as he says, he goes whether it is considered the proper thing for a minister to do or not.

Some friend suggested that he should go upon the lecture platform, and as it was about time to make another change, and the idea was agreeable to him he resigned his pastorate and began to lecture. In this as in all things he has been successful. One of his best lectures is *Backbone*. He is eminently fitted to talk upon this subject, for he is not afraid of any person or thing, and seems perfectly indifferent to abuse or praise. While on one of his lecture tours he witnessed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played. It made his blood boil to see the gross misrepresentations of his mother's and father's people. He bowed his head while tears streamed from his eyes, and he vowed that if God spared his life he would write a refutation of those falsehoods, and *The Leopard's Spots* was the result of this vow. As he

traveled the tour marked out by the Lecture Bureau, the thought of this literary work stayed with him, and as soon as possible the book was written. He took some of the same characters described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," making, as it were, a sequel to that book. Legree, whom Harriet Beecher Stowe pictured as holding slaves, and beating some of them to death, is represented in the Reconstruction Period as inciting the slaves to demand full privileges of citizenship, and first choice of the spoils. He has only one educated negro in his book, and that is George Harris, the son of Eliza Harris, whom Harriet Beecher Stowe represented as escaping from a slave pen with her child in her arms and crossing the frozen Ohio with hounds at her heels. Thomas Dixon pictures this negro in his emancipation, and shows the fearful consequences of having him educated beyond his station.

George Harris, a graduate of Harvard, a poet, a scholar, a gentleman of his kind, given social equality with the whites, invited to dine in the homes of the best people in Boston, succeeds until he falls in love with the daughter of one of Boston's lawyers and asks her hand in marriage. The request is treated with scorn and indignation. The father replies that he wishes no negro blood in the veins of his descendants, and Harris is ordered to leave the house and never to return again.

The plot of *The Leopard's Spots* was in the writer's mind for a year, but the actual writing of it took only sixty days. It was a success from the very first. One hundred thousand copies sold within the first year. Many accused him of stirring up race prejudice, and his reply was, "I claim the book is an authentic human document, and I know it is the most important moral deed of my life. There is not a bitter or malignant sentence in it. It may shock the negro worshiper. The only question for a critic to determine when discussing my moral right to publish such a book is this: Is the record of the life given in it important and authentic? If eighteen millions of

Southern people, who at present rule, believe what my book expresses, is it not well to know it? I assert that they do believe it, and the number of the Southern white people who disagree with *The Leopard's Spots* could all be housed on a half-acre lot. I challenge any to deny it. If, then, it is true, is it not important that all the nation should know it?" It is said that often while writing the book he became so absorbed that he forgot to eat, and when sent for to come to his meals has been known to go down to the table without collar or cravat. Mr. Dixon himself tells the story how the negro waiter at one of the hotels stopped him one day as he was entering the dining-room and said, "'Scuse me, suh, but ain't you forgot sump'n?" "Have I?" Mr. Dixon said, and putting his hand to where his collar should have been, he said, "I am profoundly thankful that it is no worse."

He had published many articles before he entered the field of fiction—*Living Problems in Religion and Social Science*, *What is Religion?* *Sermons on Ingersoll*, *Failure of Protestantism in New York*.

When he became tired of city life he bought a beautiful home in Virginia, Elmington Manor, in Dixondale. This estate, which once was part of the possession of Pocahontas of Indian fame, consists of five hundred acres including country and seashore. He has twenty-five acres of oyster beds, and owns a beach over a mile long. There are three hundred shade trees on his lawn. His home, a typical old Virginia home, has thirty-five rooms in it, and the drive from the gate to the porch is two miles. He has quail, woodcock, and wild turkey to furnish him hunting sports; fish in abundance to satisfy any angler; horses, traps, carriages, buggies, automobiles to meet any demand. His home is ideal. He is a devoted husband and father, and his happiness lies in his home. He has made a log cabin in which to write; he planned it and the negroes on the place built it under his own direction. He tried farming and thought

it very fascinating and it was about the only failure he has ever made; he has written a book giving an account of this failure. It is called *The Life Worth Living*. It proved a luxury and an indulgence and he lost more money than he ever cleared by it.

The Clansman gives another picture of the Reconstruction times, describing with fearful vividness the horrors of that awful period. When the book was dramatized and placed upon the stage it created an unusual sensation, because at the North it opened the eyes of even the strongest abolitionist sympathizer to the suffering of the South during that period, and showed in an unanswerable way that the placing of the South under military rule, and giving free rein to the negro as yet unfitted for freedom, and establishing the Freedman's Bureau which necessitated the Ku Klux Klan were the causes that many believe have brought about the present state of unrest. "The negro of course doesn't like the book and the play; neither do the people of the South like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There is no need for *The Clansman* to be presented in our Southland, for the facts are all known and the harrowing scenes were best forgotten, but the North and West need education along this line. However, there is no need to stir up race prejudice anywhere, for nothing but evil will be the result.

Following *The Clansman* he wrote *The One Woman*. In this book Mr. Dixon's object was to teach lessons pertaining to the divorce question and socialism. The moral teaching may be all right, but as in "Quo Vadis," why wade through filth to find moral lessons? Many adverse criticisms came, and when the book was dramatized by Mr. Dixon a change was thought necessary, so that the presentation might be less objectionable. When the manuscript of this book was submitted to the publishers they said, "Make your own terms," showing they realized the immense sale the book would have, and it does strike the keynote of social sin.

Thomas Dixon is a remarkable man; "cranky" he may be called by some, but cranks may be geniuses and in the main strive for the betterment of the world, and no one who knows Tom Dixon, the kind heart within him, and the genial sunshiny spirit that possesses him, can fail to admire him, and wonder where his genius will next lead him.

Many anecdotes are told of him, some true and some untrue. A paper out West spoke of him in a very sneering way as "that North Carolina mountain boy who knew nothing of city life." He quickly retorted that he was glad to have been a mountain boy, for a country-raised boy had many advantages over one raised in the sewers of a city. How he loves those mountains of his native State, for they have ever been an inspiration to him. Upon his return from his trip abroad he referred often in his pulpit to what he had seen, and said to one of his deacons one day, "You will all be tired of my trip abroad; I can talk now of nothing else." "Brother," said the deacon, "it will give us a rest from Mount Mitchell."

The book he is now writing is *The Traitor*. The object is to show how disloyal and untrue many men Southern born and bred were to the South after the war. This completes that trilogy of books, *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman* being the other two.

MARY JOHNSTON.

Buchanan, Botetourt County, Virginia.

1870.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Mary Johnston, the author of *To Have and to Hold*, was born in Buchanan, Virginia, on the banks of the James River, in 1870. Her father was John William Johnston, a major of artillery in the Confederate Army, and her mother Elizabeth Alexander, of Scotch-Irish blood, "a gentle shy young creature with a dowry of sweet feminine traits." Her grandfather, Peter Johnston, four generations removed, came from Holland to Virginia, bringing with him wealth and influence. He gave the land upon which Hampden-Sydney College now stands. There were three sons, Peter, Andrew and Charles. Andrew, Mary Johnston's great-great-grandfather, was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates from Prince Edward county.

In 1864 when Hunter's raiders destroyed Buchanan and burned the Johnston home, Major Johnston was wounded and sent to Atlanta for medical treatment. He became an inmate of John Paul Jones's home, and met while there his sister, Mrs. Ballard, who later established a school for young ladies on Peachtree street, Atlanta. When Major Johnston's daughters Mary and Eloise were old enough to be sent to a boarding school, naturally he desired to have them with this friend. In the meantime, in 1885, he had become interested in the railroads in Alabama, being a civil engineer, and he had brought his family to Birmingham, Alabama, and that city has since been his home.

Mary was never strong physically, and was obliged to stay very closely at home, and this led her to make books her com-

panions. She was always a self-reliant child. Once when quite young, having gone too near the grate she caught on fire, but wrapped herself in the rug instead of running out in the air. She was an attractive child, having yellow curly hair and unusually bright eyes. Her grandmother Johnston, a woman of strong intellect and great beauty of character, took an unusual interest in this delicate child and taught her with great care until she was eight years of age, and then an aunt became her teacher, and later she was under the care of a governess. She showed artistic talent when quite young, and drew without any instruction a very excellent crayon portrait of an uncle. Her studies were often interrupted on account of her frail health, but even when too sick to attend to school work regularly she could read, and did read and re-read her favorite authors, Scott, Dickens and Shakespeare. One day in searching through a closet she discovered some old documents and began to spend so much time copying these that every one predicted that she would one day become a writer. After she returned from the Ballard School she spent nearly all her time among her books. Her mother died in 1887, and she then was forced to assume the household cares.

In 1888 her father took her abroad, and this really brought about the turning-point in her life, because upon her return her literary work began. She wrote of her trip for a Virginia newspaper, and as she was encouraged became bolder and prepared a book, *Prisoners of Hope*, laying the scene around Cobb's Island and sent the manuscript to Houghton, Mifflin & Company in 1898. It passed from hand to hand, each reader enjoying it, but all agreeing that the title must be changed, and thus the name *Prisoners of Hope* was given to it. It was an instantaneous success, and she became one of the literary celebrities of the day. She was a year and a half in writing this, working slowly page by page, and kept it a secret from the family, so that they were dumb with surprise when the letter

of acceptance was read to them. It gave a picture of the early colonial life of Virginia and had a freshness and vigor about it that attracted at once. It had faults, of course, and many criticised the ending as ludicrous, but it was a book far beyond the average.

To Have and to Hold followed, and while the scene was also laid among the marshes of Cobb's Island, and the picture was also of early colonial days, it was a decided improvement on the first book, and has had an unprecedented sale. She profited by the criticisms of her first book and made the ending of this artistic and just. *Audrey* appeared in 1902 as a serial first and held the interest of her readers; then *Sir Mortimer* followed in 1904, but none of her books have had such popularity as her second book.

Mary Johnston still continues to write, and those who know her best describe her as spending much time in her library among her books. She appreciates literary criticism and appreciation, but dislikes newspaper gossip and notoriety very much. She is a high-bred, aristocratic woman of the South, charming in manner, and while unconventional, respects every propriety.

CHAPTER XII.

Poets of Later Republic.

CHARLES WILLIAM HUBNER	1835
MAURICE THOMPSON	1844-1901
JOHN BANISTER TABB (FATHER TABB)	1845
CARLYLE McKINLEY	1847-1904
ROBERT BURNS WILSON	1850
LAFCADIO HEARN	1850-1904
SAMUEL MINTURN PECK	1854
WILLIAM H. HAYNE	1856
FRANK LEBBY STANTON	1858
DANSKE DANDRIDGE	1859
LAFAYETTE HAMBERLIN	1861-1902
VIRGINIA FRAZIER BOYLE	1863
ROBERT LOVEMAN	1864
MADISON CAWEIN	1865

CHAPTER XII.

Poets of Later Republic.

CHARLES WILLIAM HUBNER.

Baltimore, Maryland.

1835.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

"Few men of the present day have had a broader culture, or a more varied experience than C. W. Hubner, who has been sometimes styled the 'Whittier of Georgia.'"—*W. J. Scott.*

Charles W. Hubner, the literary editor of the "Atlanta Journal," is of German lineage and a native of Baltimore, Maryland, born in 1835. His boyhood was passed in Germany studying music and the classics. While there he acquired a knowledge of its literature and it is to his acquaintance with the old German masters that we can trace the metaphysical trend of his poetry.

Some of Mr. Hubner's poems have an exquisite beauty and a faultless rhythm. "While Mr. Hubner has written a large amount of poetry, he has often done so under a pressure that has not been most favorable to the highest artistic achievement. Much of it is the product of half hours of leisure in the midst of the exacting duties of professional journalism."

He served in the Confederate army, although, as he tells us, he "is now thoroughly reconstructed on the basis of Mr. Webster's grand peroration, 'Liberty and Union—now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

His touching and tender song *Spirit Eyes* is dedicated to his daughter, who died when quite young. In speaking of her he said: "The *Spirit Eyes* I sing are *her* eyes, smiling down upon me wherever I turn my own tear-dimmed eyes to the starry splendors that blaze in the infinite blue. She was my darling, and just blooming into young maidenhood, when 'God's finger touched her' and she fell asleep in my arms to waken into life eternal. The sudden blow almost broke my heart, and the words were written with a pen dipped in the blood of a father's heart." Professor Snow put the words to music.

Mr. Hubner has been editorially connected with a number of papers in Atlanta, Georgia—the "Constitution," the "Evening Journal," the "Christian Index," and was the literary editor of the "American," established by Dr. Armstrong. Since 1870 he has made his home in that city.

His *War Poets of the South and Confederate Camp-Fire Songs* appeared in 1896. He felt that few had an opportunity to know what the writers of the South had done, especially in poetry written and relating to it during the War between the States, and this spirit of patriotism urged him to make this collection. He dedicated it "To General John B. Gordon—hero, statesman, orator—and all other surviving veterans of the Confederate States of America," and on the flyleaf is written: "We should never forget to teach these songs to our children. Let them understand, even in song, our cause. To me the Southern songs of our great war are the sweetest I ever heard."

In 1906 his *Representative Southern Poets* was issued by The Neale Publishing Company. He gives Lanier, Hayne, Timrod, Ryan, Hope, Ticknor, Preston, Pinckney, Chivers and Poe as the poets which are representative of the South, and while some would add others to the list, all will agree that he has made those selected stand out in a very natural and life-like way. This book has been greatly praised not only by critics in America but also in Europe. He has written appre-

ciatively, critically, lovingly, and sympathetically of those whom he had loved and had intimately known, and with whose purposes and achievements in literature he was perfectly familiar. When it is realized how little has been done to call attention to our Southern writers, the South will feel more her indebtedness to such a man as Mr. Hubner who has given such true pictures of this section of our land.

Mr. Hubner is now assistant librarian of the Carnegie Library, Atlanta, Georgia. This position he has held since 1896.

One of his gems is *Fruition*—

Let thy life be like the day,
Dying 'mid the sunset's roses—
Fairest when about thy way
Death's eternal shadow closes;

Let it be like summer time,
Season of supernal splendor!
Full of promises divine,
Love, and joy, and music tender;

Like the autumn let it be,
When the world's aglow with beauty—
Rich with golden sheaves, for thee
Ripened in the field of Duty.

His works besides those already mentioned:

Historical Souvenirs of Luther.

Wild Flowers.

Cinderella—Lyrical Drama.

Modern Communism.

The Wonder Stone—Lyrical Drama

Poems and Essays.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Fairfield, Indiana.

1844.

1901.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Maurice Thompson was born in Fairfield, Indiana, but his parents were Southerners. He gives us a sketch of his childhood and manhood:

"Early in my childhood our family went to live amid the mountains of Cherokee, Georgia. The farmstead was circled around by foothills, above which, in all directions, blue peaks kissed the rim of a heaven that looked like the half of a pale bluebird's eggshell turned hollow side down. All of our neighbors and friends were mountaineers, and I grew up a mountain boy. I spoke the mountain lingo, wore the mountain garb, conformed to all the manners and customs of the mountain folk for many years, and, indeed, was scarcely less than to the manner born.

"I went to singing-school, to class-meetings, to weddings, funerals and to still-house meets; I went coon-hunting by torch-light, chestnut-hunting on the mountain-tops, possum-hunting in the bottom-lands, and was always at the particular justice court where a fight was expected. Moreover, I chewed mountain twist tobacco and smoked the same—until I became aware of better habits and reformed."

We see from his own word he was a veritable North Georgia boy, with ears and eyes, feet and hands, heart and spirit filled with the very gladness and joy of life.

Among the Cherokee hills, in the valley of the Oostanaula river in Georgia he was reared. There on a little farm not far

from Rome, surrounded by the most picturesque scenery, he passed his boyhood.

His educational advantages were limited, for schools were very rare in that section then, and he attended them but for a short time. He had no college training, but he had his mother for a teacher, who was wise, faithful and painstaking; she gave careful direction to his studies, and found in her boy an eager and attentive learner, who soon became a good Greek and French scholar, and besides gained considerable knowledge of other languages, ancient and modern. While learning all he could from books, he did not neglect to study Nature's book. He was an athlete and a sportsman, an expert with the long-bow, and excelled in hunting and fishing; he loved the woods and the streams, and made friends with animals and birds wherever he found them. "Joel Chandler Harris tells in one of his charming stories of the man who lived next door to the world and had the key to the swamps, and those who followed him into the mysterious depths of the woods, after this strange key had unlocked the swamps, could talk with the birds and animals and understand their language. Maurice Thompson had this key."

He was only sixteen when the War between the States began; young as he was, he felt his country's call, and enlisted in the Confederate cause. He fought gallantly and was always found active in the service of the armies of Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. He served at one time as a scout in North Georgia. He was a true soldier of the Confederacy, a true lover of the South, and a true lover of the whole country.

After the war he read law at Calhoun, Georgia, and was admitted to the bar there, but not meeting with the success for which he hoped, abandoned the practice of law and gave his attention to civil engineering and surveying.

In 1869 he moved to Crawfordville, Indiana. Still devoting his attention to surveying and engineering, he became chief

engineer of a railroad under construction there. He fell in love with the daughter of the president of the railway, and won her for his wife. His home was Sherwood Place, an old mansion that had belonged to his wife's family. His home life was ideal. He married in 1871 Miss Alice Lee, and she was to him even as his mother had been an inspiration and joy. In speaking of his early married life, Mr. Thompson said: "We had no money; we never thought of money; we were like two children, and in experience little more than children." They worked together, she read aloud, and he wrote from dictation; they drew and painted together, she sketching the outlines of things he wished to remember, noting the colors, and he carrying them to perfection.

With the exception of the years 1885-1889, when he was State Geologist of Indiana, he wrote for the magazines and papers. In 1890 he became a staff writer of the "New York Independent." Some one asked him, "How can you resist the imperative call to the literary life? I have understood it is irresistible." "Ah," said he, "there is a stronger call: I am making a future for my children. I have no love for money, but I must have it, and there is no money in literature."

He went to Indiana after the war penniless and unknown, and became a rich man, through his own labor and wise management. In politics he was an influential Democrat, and was sent by that party as a delegate to the National Convention in St. Louis.

He was a near neighbor of General Lew Wallace. He was a great observer of nature, and viewed her with a literary and poetic eye rather than from a scientific point of view. Freshness and originality were the most striking characteristics of whatever Mr. Thompson produced. His writings are safe and helpful. "His studies have, of course, led him into the dreary waste of fruitless discussions of the alleged conflict between science and the Bible, but never to take part in it." "The

more I have studied nature," he said, "the more I have become aware of a God. I do not expect that men will ever find the secret of life locked in a cell, or any other minute division of matter. God said, 'Let light be.' and light was. Still I believe in evolution; I feel it, I see it, but it is the evolution of God's law, bounded by His limiting purpose. When we study nature we study Him, not in the materialistic or pantheistic sense, but in the Christian sense. I see no clash between Christianity and science. Geology tells me the same story that Moses and the prophets tell me; the birds sing it, the flowers hint it, the winds murmur it, the aspirations of my soul are founded on it."

His trips South made him note the rapid changes in social and political life there, and he embodied his studies of these changes in *A Tallahassee Girl*, *His Second Campaign*, and *At Love's Extremes*. These novels are purely Southern—air, sunshine, and landscape, too. He was one of the first to recognize the rich field for romance in the South.

During the last years of Maurice Thompson's life he devoted himself to literary essays. His *Ethics of Literary Art* appeared in 1893, and "it came as a timely antidote to the disease-bearing fiction of the present day." He says: "One who comes to us with the joy of health in his nerves and the sweets of nature's wild breath upon his lips is an incarnate blessing. The philosophy in his soul is the same as that which hangs a scarf of amethyst on the mountain; his bodily health is like the vigor of a plant in spring; his speech is fragrance." He objected very much to the nude in art, and said: "Fitness is a large element of ethics; it is everything in æsthetics. Nude art was fit in the days when religion was lasciviousness and civilization's highest aspiration a dream of unspeakable debauchery; man's duty was not visible to him, and he groveled after mere animal gratifications. Nude art, as we see it in the old sculptures, the old drawings, and the old poems, expressed with all

the glory of benighted yet divine genius the actualities of pagan life. Nakedness was the heathen's spiritual and in a large degree physical condition, while it is ours to be clothed upon with the garments of decency. Our ethics can not escape the fitness of the Christian fashion; much less can our æsthetics go back to pagan modes." From this is seen why Maurice Thompson seems to abhor realism because it is both false and unhealthy.

While he studies Nature as a scientist, he loves Nature with all the imagination of a poet. In his own words about a poet it can be said of him:

"He is a poet, strong and true,
Who loves wild thyme and honeydew,

"And like a brown bee works and sings;
With morning freshness on his wings,

"And a gold burden on his thighs—
The pollen-dust of centuries."

His works are:

Hoosier Mosaics.
Song of Fair Weather.
The Witchery of Archery.
At Love's Extremes.
A Tallahassee Girl.
Stories of the Cherokee Hills.
Ethics of Literary Art.
Toxophilus in Arcadia.
King of Honey Island.
Lincoln's Grave (poem).
By-Ways and Bird-Notes.
His Second Campaign.

The Story of Louisiana.
Sylvan Secrets in Bird-Songs and
Books.
A Fortnight of Folly.
Ceres.
Between the Poppy and the Rose.
Hodkin's Hide-Out—An Essay.
Doom of Claudius and Cynthia.
The Ocala Boy.
The Race Romance.
Ben and Judas.
A Dusky Genius.

JOHN BANISTER TABB.

Amelia County, Virginia.

1845.

POET OF LATER REPUBLIC.

John Banister Tabb, a poet of unusual ability, was born in Amelia county, Virginia, 1845. He was educated by private tutors in his father's home, and while yet a youth entered the Confederate service, was captured and held as prisoner for seven months. After the war he studied music in Baltimore, and later entered St. Mary's Seminary to study theology, and since 1884 has been a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and a teacher. When applied to for some items of interest about his life he replied :

TO A PROPOSED INTERVIEWER.

An interview would be to me
A sort of an emetic,
Or an appendix to be cut
Without an anæsthetic;
And why expose to public view
A man's intestine features?
'Tis outwardly alone he looks
Unlike his fellow creatures.

His literary taste was early shown by the poems that appeared in the leading periodicals; in 1884 he collected these and had them published privately in book form. In 1885 he was made Professor of English at the St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland, and is still teaching there (1907). Composing verse is with him a pastime, but his poetry "is distinguished for its sympathy with whatever subjects it treats from

nature, literature or religion, for the delicacy and refinement of its sentiment and for the precision of its verse."

The Sisters, To Shelley, Clover, Indian Summer, The Child, and *The Druid* show lyric quality of the first degree. Father Tabb is fond of the short poem, especially the quatrain, and frequently one of these gems appears in a leading magazine.

His later works include a volume of poems published in 1889, *Lyrics, An Octave to Mary, Rules of English Grammar, Poems Grave and Gay, Two Lyrics* and *The Rosary in Rhyme*.

THE BLUEBIRD.

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing
Of welcome to the wakening spring,
Who round thee, as a blossom weaves
The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.

THE LARK.

He rose, and singing passed from sight,
A shadow kindling with the sun,
His joy ecstatic flamed till light
And heavenly song were one.

DECEMBER.

Dull sky above, dead leaves below;
And hungry winds that whining go
Like faithful hounds upon the track
Of one beloved that comes not back.

SAP.

Strong as the sea, and silent as the grave,
It ebbs and flows unseen;
Flooding the earth—a fragrant tidal wave—
With mist of deepening green.

WILLIAM T. DUMAS was born on a farm near Barnesville, Georgia, in 1858, worked on a farm during his vacations, and attended school in Barnesville. His schoolmates called him "Little Billy Dumas." He graduated from Emory College, Oxford, began to teach, was soon made principal of the Sparta High School and held this position for fifteen years. He then became superintendent of the schools in Marietta, Georgia.

He is a man of retiring disposition, loves nature, studies her every aspect, is a deep thinker and loves solitude, but is too timid ever to make a public speech or read his own poems before an audience.

In 1882 he married Miss Maria E. Clemens. He has written poems for newspapers and magazines for many years. His *Dinner Horn* possibly attracted most attention. He published a collection of his poems called *Golden Day and Other Poems*.

In his *Dinner Horn* his knowledge of farm life is shown, for from boyhood he has known that phase of life. *Cervera's Doom* was written just after the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago. This poem was widely copied and papers, North and South, prophesied that a new star of the first magnitude had appeared in the Southern sky. Some of his other poems are *The Whippoorwill*, *Fantasy*, *Golden Day* and *The Fellows Who Tramped With Lee*.

CARLYLE MCKINLEY.

Coweta County, Georgia.

1847.

1904.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Carlyle McKinley's father was Judge Charles G. McKinley and his mother Frances C. Jackson, the granddaughter of Governor James Jackson, twice Governor of Georgia, a man bold enough to openly condemn the Yazoo fraud, and one highly esteemed by his contemporaries and made by them a United States Senator. He was a brave man, and served on General Pickens's staff in the Revolution. As his grandfather on the McKinley side also had fighting blood in his veins, and had taken a hand in the Mecklenburg Declaration, it is not surprising to find Carl when a boy of fifteen quickly responding to a call for volunteers during the War between the States. He was at this time attending school in Lexington, Georgia, and joined a battalion of cadets who enlisted under General Joseph E. Johnston. In the battles around Atlanta he so distinguished himself for bravery that he was soon promoted to the position of sergeant-major. When the war ended he returned to his home and accepted the first position offered him, which was in a brokerage office in Augusta, but soon after moved to Savannah to enter the service of the United States Marshal.

The lack of a finished education distressed him, and he saw that without it he could not expect promotion in any line of business, so resumed his studies and then, deciding to enter the ministry, went to the Presbyterian Theological College, Columbia, South Carolina. He graduated in 1874, and very soon after married Miss Elizabeth Bryce, the daughter of a Colum

bia planter and lawyer. Then it was that he decided to devote himself to literature, but money came so slowly from his pen work he concluded to teach in order to supplement his income, and accepted a position in a school established by Colonel Thompson, who afterwards became Governor of South Carolina. His literary work had attracted much attention, for many of his poems had appeared in magazines and periodicals but unfortunately without his signature.

Later he was urged to be campaign reporter during the Reconstruction period. In 1879 he accepted a position as Washington correspondent for "The Charleston News and Courier." General Wade Hampton was then the Senator from South Carolina, and a friendship formed at that time lasted as long as Hampton lived. In 1881 he returned to Charleston as associate editor of "The News and Courier," and everything promised success, but unfortunately his health failed so rapidly that he was forced to retire from active duties.

The literary work that introduced him to the largest circle of readers was *An Appeal to Pharaoh*, published anonymously. Many attributed this to Henry Grady's pen, and commended it most highly; others credited it to some of the strongest writers in national life at the South. Sir Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, wrote a personal letter to the author commending his views in the highest terms. This *Appeal to Pharaoh* suggested that the negroes be sent to Egypt as a solution of the race question in the United States. It attracted very much attention when it first appeared and is now constantly quoted.

In writing of Carlyle McKinley after his death, Mr. Hemphill, the editor of "The News and Courier," one who knew him most intimately, said: "He was endowed with a mind capable of the highest intellectual effort and he had it stored with great knowledge by omnivorous reading. His mental faculties grappled vexed questions and solved them while ordinary men

were thinking about them. His mind was never at rest; recreation with him was nothing more than a change of thought. He could ably discuss a theological thesis with a churchman; astound a physician with his knowledge of diseases and complex operating; understood the science of government thoroughly; was well informed on all questions of law, and kept well abreast with the news of the day. How he acquired all this knowledge was a puzzle. His memory was a perfect storehouse of historical data and personal reminiscences. When he sent in an editorial it was finished work, and no question was too small for his closest investigation, and none too large to stagger him for a moment. Great as he was among thinkers he was as modest and shy as a maiden, and never seemed to realize his mental endowments. He was always as considerate with a young reporter as with the chief editor. He was generous to a fault, and gave away all he ever earned. He loved the world and every one in it and every one loved him."

When Richard Watson Gilder heard of his death he wrote: "I never saw the poet but I have conceived a great admiration and regard for him on account of his beautiful poetry and the nobility and fortitude of his character."

His poems are delightful—pure and simple and beautiful in spirit; he lived long enough to see a volume of them published. His *Sapelo* was written after a visit to an island of that name off the coast of Georgia: loved relatives lived there and a visit to their home was a much-longed-for delight. Everything around breathed peace and content.

SAPELO.

The sun is setting in the west;
The last light fades on land and sea;
The silence woos all things to rest—
And wooeth me.

So here I lie, with half-closed eye,
Careless, without one vexing thought,

While cool uncounted hours drift by
In dreamy sort.

And, ever, sweet thoughts without words,
The shadows of old memories,
Rise up and float away, as birds
Float down the skies.

In dreams I see the live-oak groves;
In dreams I hear the curlews cry,
Or watch the little mourning doves
Speed softly by.

I hear the surf beat on the sands,
And murmurous voices from the sea;
The wanton waves toss their white hands,
And beckon me.

Here care ebbs out with every tide,
And peace comes in upon the flood;
The heart looks out on life clear-eyed,
And finds it good.

On that fair land, on that still sea,
A spell of mystery lies;
And all the thoughts they wake in me
Are mysteries.

Once more I stand upon thy shore—
How peaceful yon fair earth doth seem!
A willing exile, evermore,
Here let me dream.

While standing at Henry Timrod's grave he wrote an exquisite tribute to the dead poet, and this, now that the writer has passed away, seems but a fitting tribute to himself—

"Harp of the South, no more, no more,
Thy silvery strings shall quiver;
The one strong hand might win thy strain
Is chilled and stilled forever."

He was always loyal to the South, and loved it and its cause with his whole heart. He never made an enemy or sought

to injure any of God's creatures; he lived above mean human prejudices; his nature was attuned to the highest religious conceptions; he was a man of the gentlest courtesy and the sweetest disposition. Little children loved Carl McKinley and he loved little children.

During the Fair in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1873, the Edgefield Saber Club, a troop of cavalry, uniformed in Confederate Gray, passed through the streets and McKinley dedicated a poem to these veterans. They brought to his mind vividly the time when he was a soldier boy and wore the gray. *Crucifer* is one of his best poems.

CRUCIFER.

Behold, I stood in spirit near to heaven's gate,
A little space apart, that I might see
Who coming thither do find entrance straight,
And who rejected be.

And One stood in the narrow gateway, clothed in white
And holding forth a sword whose fiery levin,
Turning each away and flashing sharp and bright,
Kept well the way of heaven;

"That naught of sin or wrong, or any evil thing,
Might enter there," he said, "nor any man
Save such as from the far-off world might bring
Christ's token in his hand."

No need to tarry long, for all the ways were lined
With hurrying pilgrims, bearing each his load;
All with their eager footsteps bent where shined
The city of our God.

And so they came up ever, one by one, and stood
Each in his turn before the closed gate,
And offered there some offering of good;
Nor one had long to wait.

But none did enter in. Long while I stayed,
Waiting in vain for one whose gift should meet
Acceptance from the Seraph. Many laid
Their burdens at his feet;

Differing in kind and in proportion, all,
And some were weary loads enough to bear;
But still the strong barred gates closed up the wall,
And none found entrance there.

Amid the press I noted one who brought
Clusters of crimson fruit heaped in his arms;
Apples of Sodom proved; the fair husks held naught
Save bitter dust, and worms.

After a while one with a sheaf, like wheat,
Came up; but this, when he had quick untied,
A little wind did snatch up from his feet
And scatter far and wide.

And one who trusted much unto his dress
To pass him in, toward the gateway came,
But seeing far the Angel's gloriousness
Shrunk off for very shame.

Then at last there came one through the throng—
I saw them draw their robes aside and toss
Their heads as she passed by—who crept along
Bearing a grievous cross.

Some mocked her for her burden: "Go to, now,
A rare gift thine to lay before the King."
And others yet called after: "Shame that thou
Shouldst touch that holy thing!"

But, even while they mocked her, lo! the gate
Before us to soft music opened wide;
The angel sheathed his sword as she came straight,
Naught fearing, to his side.

A hundred hands were stretched at once, it seemed,
To draw her in; her robe turned strangely white;
And 'round her happy head there suddenly gleamed
A crown of life and light.

She quickly passed away—and I awoke;
But, even as the transient vision fled,
A still voice, softer than a whisper, spoke
Somewhere near me and said:

"'Tis good that thou art here, since it were well
 For men to know how few and far between
 Are they who pass the gate. Go now and tell
 The things that thou hast seen."

And so He faded, as the thin, white mist
 Fades in its rising from the wet sea sands;
 But this I saw—a riven side; and this—
 Pierced white feet and hands!

A first cousin of Carl McKinley's, and one to whom he was always tenderly attached is Mary McKinley Cobb, Milledgeville, Georgia, 1839. She is the daughter of William McKinley of Milledgeville and the wife of Judge Howell Cobb, of Athens. She, too, has the true poetic temperament, and writes with the greatest ease; many of her exquisite gems have been published in newspapers, but have never been collected into a volume. Some of her best poems are: *Out of the Depths*, *Stars that My Father Loved*, and *Sometimes*.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Father, I kneel
 Before Thy throne this night, yet feel
 Voiceless before Thee, while my heart
 Aches with its grief, and tears start
 To my sad eyes, upraised in vain
 To see Thee smile on me again.

Father, forgive!
 Without Thy love I can not live.
 I would be Thine, all Thine; yet sin
 Creeping and loathsome, entered in;
 Upon its work I dare not gaze,
 But my weak heart to Thee I raise.

Thou knowest all—
 And while upon Thy name I call,
 And listen for Thine answering voice,
 E'en in that knowledge I rejoice;
 I would not hide me from Thine eye,
 Though prostrate 'neath its beams I lie.

Thou knowest me—
Oh, let my soul but mirror Thee!
Search thou its depths. Make pure, make strong,
To choose the right, abhor the wrong,
And while I tremblingly adore
Lord, draw me on to know Thee more.

STARS THAT MY FATHER LOVED

Stars that my father loved,
Ye constant stars, that have not moved
From out your places all these years,
So restless with their hopes and fears,
But shine on still—

Long, long ago ye drew
My childish gazing up to you,
And the old wonder wakes to-night
In eyes that seek your glances bright,
Meeting them still:

Dear stars! Old friends and true!
See how my heart goes out to you
In whispered confidences, sure
Your silent kindness will endure,
And soothe me still—

Beneath your tender light
My distant loved ones dream to-night;
Sweet stars, whose influences bind
True heart to heart, and mind to mind,
Watch o'er us still!

SOMETIMES.

Dear ones over on the other side,
Do you think of us since you have died?
Yearning to help in the toil and fret,
Do you bend to us and kiss us yet,
Do you smooth hot brows with fingers kind,
And whisper peace to the troubled mind?

And sometimes smile at our childishness,
And wonder how little things should press

So sorely on us—in larger life
Losing the sense of the earthly strife,
Yet patient ever, tender and true,
Waiting for us as we are waiting for you?

It comforts us that you should be blest,
That after conflict you find sweet rest;
We still our anguish since you rejoice,
And would not speak in the faintest voice
One word to call you back from the bliss
Of a brighter world to shades in this:

But the deep wants of our souls will reach
Higher and further than human speech,
And the love and the longing do not go,
And there are times when we miss you so
That stifled cries of our hearts may drown
The heavenly music and draw you down.

We may not see you and may not hear,
Yet we sometimes feel that you are near,
And under the spell of old-time charms
We stretch towards you our empty arms;
Oh, breathe on us then in thoughts of cheer,
And touch with courage that casts out fear:

So we patiently run the race
That is set before us, finding grace,
Till in the hush of a coming day
That may be near or be far away,
You gather around us, not unseen,
And gladly lead us where you have been.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

Washington County, Pennsylvania.

1850.

LATER REPUBLIC WRITER.

Robert Burns Wilson's father was an architect. As he was a man of small means the education of his boy was necessarily gained at home. Fortunately his mother, who had some of the best blood of Virginia in her veins—the blood of the Nelsons—was all that could be desired as a teacher. She had a talent for drawing and painting and could sympathize with her artist-poet son in all his tastes and aspirations. After her death he was sent to school, and at the early age of nineteen we find him making portraits for a livelihood and doing any artistic work that came in his way.

He was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, 1850, but his earliest recollections, as he tells us himself, are of an apple orchard in full blossom among the Virginia hills, and a ploughman with long beard and kindly, gray eyes, who allowed him to ride on the beam of the plough and watch the turning furrows. Then it was that a love for nature was developed in him. He was wont as a young boy to wander over hill and dale, declaiming poems of his own composition. We can see now, knowing something of his life, why a vein of sadness pervades his poetry.

His best published work is probably his *June Days* and *When Evening Cometh On*, included in *Life and Love* published in 1895. Both were printed in Harper's Magazine.

His home at Frankfort, Kentucky, among the picturesque hills, is a fit environment for painter and poet. He had sev-

eral of his paintings at the Louisville Exposition in 1883, and at the New Orleans Fair.

Paul Hayne, just a short while before his death, said:

"The old man whose head has grown gray in the service of the Muses, who is about to leave the lists of poetry forever, around whose path the sunset is giving place to twilight with no hope before him but 'an anchorage among the stars,' extends his hand to a younger brother of his art with an earnest *Te moriturus saluto*."

He differs from Poe, Paul Hamilton Hayne and Samuel Minturn Peck, who excelled in short poems. Mr. Wilson is at his best in his longer poems. *Constance—A Spring-Time Memory*, which appeared in the "Chicago Current," has passages of strength, but it does not show the finest work of the poet. Possibly *When Evening Cometh On*, which appeared in Harper's Magazine later—a sort of nature epic poem—may be called his best poem. If a poet describes a scene, although faithfully, the description becomes monotonous until it has some bearing on human interests. This is what Robert Burns Wilson's descriptions have; while the lines are grand and full of majestic grace, he places each scene before his readers in clearest outline; they can see the shadows fall—he gives to them a real human interest. This may be due in large measure to the fact that he is an artist as well as poet.

When evening cometh on,
 Slower and statelier in the mellowing sky
 The fane-like purple-shadowed clouds arise;
 Cooler and balmier doth the soft wind sigh;
 Lovelier, lonelier to our wondering eyes
 The softening landscape seems. The swallows fly
 Swift through the radiant vault; the field-lark cries
 His thrilling, sweet farewell; the twilight bands
 Of misty silence cross the far-off lands
 When evening cometh on.

* * * * *

When evening cometh on,
 Love, only love, can stay the sinking soul,
 And smooth thought's racking fever from the brow;
 The wounded heart love only can console,
 Whatever brings a balm for sorrow now,
 So must it be while this vexed earth shall roll,
 Take then the portion which the gods allow.
 Dear heart, may I at last on thy warm breast
 Sink to forgetfulness and silent rest
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on
 Anear doth life stand by the great unknown,
 In darkness reaching out her sentient hands;
 Philosophies and creeds alike are thrown
 Beneath her feet, and questioning she stands
 Close to the brink, unfearing and alone,
 And lists the dull wave breaking on the sands,
 Albeit her thoughtful eyes are filled with tears,
 So lonely and so sad the sound she hears
 When evening cometh on.

The Wild Violet in November contains a fine description of a winter storm. His *Remember the Maine* which appeared in the New York Herald attracted much attention but none felt that the Maine could ever be forgotten.

When the vengeance wakes, when the battle breaks,
 And the ships sweep out to sea,
 When the foe is neared, when the decks are cleared,
 And the colors flying free,
 When the squadrons meet, when it's fleet to fleet,
 And front to front with Spain,
 From ship to ship, from lip to lip,
 Pass on the quick refrain,
 "Remember, remember the Maine!"

His paintings, which attracted most attention at the World's Fair at New Orleans and at the Art Exposition at Louisville were "Fame" and "Christ on the Morning of the Crucifixion."

Personally Mr. Wilson is very attractive—tall, erect and well proportioned. His head is large and his brow broad. He writes rapidly and with ease, rarely correcting or changing a line after it is written.

I SHALL FIND REST.

A little further on—

There will be time—I shall find rest anon.
Thus do we say, while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest

On some far crag; but soon youth's flame is gone—
Burned lightly out—while we repeat the jest
With smiling confidence, I shall find rest

A little further on.

A little further on

I shall find rest; half fiercely we avow
When noon beats on the dusty field and care
Threats to unjoint our armor, and the glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle, while life's best

Flies with the fitting stars; the frenzied brow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast

Where Love soft-nestling waits. Not now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest

A little further on.

A little further on

I shall find rest; half sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace hath been turned, then—all depressed,

Despairing, sick at heart, we may not stay
Our weary feet, so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits its guest;

And feeling 'round our feet the cool, sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell and say,
Not on this side, alas! I shall find rest

A little further on.

His other poems which now appear in the collected edition are:

Never, My Loved One, Never.
My Master.
In September.
The Broken Heart.
'Tis Winter Now.
The Lilac Bloom.
The Leaves of Autumn.

She Cometh.
The Bloom Upon the Branch.
Must Die.
If I Could Ease an Aching Heart.
My Life and I.
I Shall Find Rest.
In October Fields.

INA MARIE PORTER OCKENDEN was born in Alabama about 1848. She is the daughter of Judge B. F. Porter and E. T. Kidd, and was graduated from the South Alabama Female College, Greenville, Alabama. She was twice married, first to G. L. Henry, and then to Albion Ockenden. She taught for several years, and also was a member of the Alabama Press Association, and has the honor of being the first woman ever employed on the working force. She is an expert newspaper worker, and received the medal for the best advertising of the Gulf States during the Louisville Exposition, and a prize for the best trade issue of newspapers at New Orleans.

She has edited the *Southern Alabamian*, *Southern News and Greenville Advocate*, is a frequent contributor to English and Scotch papers, and has published many poems and stories in the magazines relating to the South, and is the annual poet of the Editors and Publishers' Press Association. Her works are *Southria*, a poem, *The Monument on Capitol Hill*, besides magazine contributions.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Leucadia, Santa Mauro.

1850.

1904.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Lafcadio Hearn was born at Leucadia, Santa Mauro (Ionian Islands), 1850, and received his education in England and France. His father was English, and his mother a Greek. She was a very beautiful woman whom Mr. Hearn met while stationed as surgeon on one of the Ionian islands. There were two sons; the youngest, Lafcadio, was sent to relatives in Wales in order to attend school. His parents desired greatly that he should be a Roman Catholic priest, but the son preferred a literary life out of the priesthood, and they were forced to yield.

His father moved to Cincinnati and died there. Lafcadio followed to take care of his mother and began working as a reporter under Fred D. Mussey, of the "Commercial Gazette," intending to go South when the first opportunity offered. He was given a position on the "New Orleans Democrat," this was before it was united with the "Times," and as one of the staff of this well-known paper he was trained for the magazine work which has made his name so familiar in literature.

In New Orleans he became greatly interested in the Creoles, their life and their habits, and wrote his *Gombo Zhêbes* which is simply a compilation of the quaint sayings of these people.

He lost the use of one of his eyes while playing ball; this necessarily restricted the amount of his work.

In 1889 he went to Japan which he intended should be his future home. His friends were greatly surprised when he accepted a professorship in a college in a remote part of that em-

pire, and still more surprised when he married a Japanese—"one of those graceful, high-bred, soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan," as described by Edwin Arnold.

He adopted the name of Y. Koijumi, opened an English school, and later became a lecturer on English literature at the Imperial University of Tokio. He died in 1904, and as he was the first foreigner ever buried in Japan with Buddhist ceremonies a description of his funeral may be interesting—it was sad while strange. Forty Japanese professors, one hundred Japanese students and all of his former students attended the services. Only three Americans were present. The students bore a wreath of laurel upon which was inscribed: "In memory of Lafcadio Hearn, whose pen was mightier than the sword of the victorious nation which he loved and lived among, and whose highest honor it shall ever be to have given him citizenship, and, alas, a grave!"

Hearn had requested to be buried in the loneliest spot in the cemetery, and this wish was respected in regard to his grave.

His works are:

Gombo Zhebes.	Kokoro.
Stray Leaves from Strange Literature.	Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life.
Some Chinese Ghosts.	Gleanings in Buddha Fields.
Chita; a Memory of Lost Island.	Exotics and Retrospections.
Two Years in the French West Indies.	Shadowings.
Youma.	A Japanese Miscellany.
One of Cleopatra's Nights (a translation).	Kotto, or Japanese Curios.
Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.	In Ghostly Japan.
Out of the East.	Kwaiden.
	Romance of the Milky Way.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

1854.

SONG WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Samuel Minturn Peck was born about a mile from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, November, 1854. His father was E. Wolsey Peck, of New York, whose ancestors came from Wales in 1648. He moved to Alabama and became Judge of the Supreme Court. His mother was Lucy Lamb Randall, of Connecticut; her ancestors came from England in 1640. She was eighteen years of age when her parents moved to Elyton (now Birmingham), Alabama, and it was in that State that she met and married Mr. Peck, who was then a young lawyer of Elyton; later they moved to Tuscaloosa. She was a woman of very decided literary tastes, a writer of charming letters, very witty and at times sarcastic; it was evidently from her that the son inherited his love and taste for literature. There is a dash of French in his veins, and to this he attributes any sprightliness of manner or style that he may possess.

There were nine children, Samuel Minturn being the youngest. Their home—a typical Southern home—was a small plantation about a mile from Tuscaloosa. His father was a slave-owner, and slaves were everywhere at beck and call; there were carriages, horses, everything to make life charming. “The house had large wide verandahs, was situated in spacious grounds, embowered in cedars, mimosas, myrtles and water-oaks, with an old-fashioned flower garden in front, and orchards at either side, and negro dwellings and stables scattered in the rear.

“There was a wilderness of roses, honeysuckles, jasmines

and old-time flowers. On both sides of the door were frames supporting the wild yellow jasmine. Bees and birds were everywhere." The poet must have described this garden in his *Alabama Garden*:

Oh, could some painter's facile brush
On canvas limn my garden's blush,
The fevered world its din would hush
 To crown the high endeavor;
Or could a poet snare in rhyme
The breathings of this balmy clime,
His fame might dare the dart of Time
 And soar undimmed forever.

His school days were at first spent in the public schools and later he graduated from the University of Alabama. He wrote poems while at college, and received some encouragement from his professor of literature, Professor W. C. Richardson, but there was no thought that he ought to devote himself to literature; on the contrary, it was planned that he should be a physician, and with this in view he was sent to Bellevue Medical College in New York, from which he received a degree. But his whole nature shrank from being a physician. He said that he felt he could not spend his life among the sick and the suffering, for such responsibilities were too great.

His love for music developed his love for poetry. His teacher urged his father to send him abroad, but he was unwilling to do so, and it was very fortunate, for we might have had only a composer of comic operas and ballads instead of a most delightful poet.

In reply to a request that he would tell of his life, and give some interesting points about his boyhood and school days, he said:

"I do not know that there was anything specially interesting about my boyhood. I did not 'lisp in numbers,' or do anything very remarkable. I was fond of reading, and of being read to. My first books after the little reading books that all children

study, were A Child's History of Rome (by Sewell, I think), and Walter Scott's Tales of my Grandfather. Before that, my mother used to read to me from a book whose name I recall as The Mysterious Story Book. Then I was extremely fond of music, and would strum on the piano, rather against my father's wishes. But the love of music was so strong that it survived all discouragement, and finally I was sent to a music teacher to be taught to strum properly. Later I composed some songs, one of which was sung for months at a New York theater—a fact that I discovered quite by accident when I was studying medicine at Bellevue. Yes, the family all conspired to make me a doctor of medicine. I was a very docile creature, always doing just as I was told. That, I believe, is about the most remarkable thing concerning me—my obedient disposition. I did not really get to rhyming till I was twenty-four years old. Think of it! And then it was quite by accident that I drifted into it. I began first in the town papers, writing over a *nom de plume*; then I rose to the 'Montgomery Advertiser' and 'Atlanta Constitution.' One day a professor at the University of Alabama invited me to bring him my portfolio. He proposed to copy some of my rhymes and send them North. I wrote a bad hand, and he a good one, and he thought my stuff would have a better chance—if legible! Well, he sent a lyric, *The Orange Tree*, to the 'New York Evening Post,' and another, *A Legend of the Sunlands*, to the 'New York Independent.' Both were accepted and published. About the same time I myself sent a piece, *Mock Orange*, to the 'Youth's Companion,' which was also taken and paid for. So—I was started—on a pleasant career which has brought me more joy than shekels. It is the greatest joy I know to make songs—to make something out of nothing—something that may please others as well as myself, and not infrequently be set to music and sung all over the English-speaking world, as was my *Grapevine Swing*, *Mignon*, *All for You*, and many others. Alas, I must confess

that the composers and publishers got about all the money! You see, a rhymester is seldom a judge of his own work. I am not. I did not know that the *Grapevine Swing* was one of my best lyrics, so I sent it to the 'New Orleans Sunday Times-Democrat,' which paid but five dollars a poem. It was copied everywhere, set to music repeatedly by different composers, and one Mr. Hubbard Smith made thousands of dollars with his arrangement. But this, I fear is not an incident, or anecdote interesting to students.

"Now, what shall I say more? Perhaps I have already said too much. Ought I to tell you my age? I don't believe I will—I don't look it. I am an old bachelor. That doesn't mean that I have never been in love—only that—well, it just happened so. At middle life—that's such a comfortable phrase, so charmingly vague—with an unbroken heart I am enjoying life immensely. I live where I like, I do what I please, sometimes I pass six months or so at the old homestead, a mile from Tuscaloosa, sometimes a winter in New York. I have been abroad four times, and expect to sail again May 18. I always take my bicycle. I rode to Paris on it. Sometimes when I start in the morning I don't know where I shall pass the night. Not infrequently I stay months in the same town. I adore Paris. When the sun shines in Paris, it is like paradise. I have written some of my best work over there. I am always reading and studying. And I am always learning. It has seemed my destiny to just keep going to school. I went to Columbia University for special courses in criticism, epochs of the drama, evolution of the essay, etc., when I was forty. I never object to changing an opinion—when I find a better by the aid of my own reason. Like Emerson, I think that the man who is consistent is a slave.

"Emerson said something like that, I believe. I read much, but I know nothing accurately. I am more fond of reading in the byways than in highways of literature. In short, I read

just what I like. If one can not choose good books for himself after a certain amount of leading, he will never amount to anything in the way of culture, and will remain a very commonplace person. If one is going to be a teacher, of course it is necessary to prepare to teach what commonplace folk think that they wish to learn. If you are going to sell to the herd, you must get popular wares. But individuality, originality, are the only things worth while in literature and art. Almost the most suggestive book I have ever met is a volume of lectures on art by John Lafarge. They are written to be delivered to art students, yet every word is equally applicable to literature. It tells of unconsciously selected memories, and how the artist is often hampered by his recollection of what others have done, and how he can never do anything really worth while till he 'breaks away,' and bodies forth what he feels in his own heart, and objectively, what he sees with his own eyes.

"I am afraid I can not muster a single 'anecdote!' Many amusing things have happened in the course of years connected with rhyming and writing. I have had letters from many people that I have never seen. Some were funny, some pathetic, and all were stimulating, in a way, as showing that at least a few folk were interested in my piping. One lady in Minnesota wrote to ask me to send her a 'feather from the tail of one of my turkeys that she might frame it with a copy of *My Grandmother's Turkey-Tail Fan*.' Not very infrequently irritating things occur also. Sometimes somebody steals a poem outright. For instance, in the holiday issue of the Munsey Magazine for 1906, a man in Seattle published a lyric of mine, *Spanish Song*, over his own name, verbatim, the only change being a change of title. He re-named it 'Mexican Song.' My *Spanish Song* was published in *Rings and Love-Knots*, my second book of verse, fourteen years ago. But the pleasures of rhyming far exceed the pains, and singing songs has brought me many delightful acquaintances—and friends.

"Perhaps a list of my few books would not be out of order: *Cap and Bells*, my first volume of verse, appeared in 1886; *Rings and Love-Knots*, in 1893; *Rhymes and Roses*, in 1895; *Fair Women of To-day*, 1895. (This was hack work, and written to order.) *The Golf Girl* was published in 1900, and a book of short stories, *Alabama Sketches*, in 1902.

"As for the future—I have no literary plans. I suppose I shall make rhymes as often as the numerous cares of this world permit me, and the songs come—to be sung. I have no living relative nearer than a nephew or a niece. Nobody cares where, or when or how I go. I am somewhat what the French term 'a pigeon sauvage.' I am seldom lonely, and always feel as if I were two persons. When I go abroad in May, after a sojourn in London and Paris, I shall probably go down into Touraine, my favorite region—after Alabama. I have been there several summers. It is a sort of second home."

Mr. Peck has tried his hand, and very successfully, as a writer of short stories, as his *Oakville Stories* in "The Outlook" will testify. They are truly Southern and very characteristic of the writer. He is thought to describe Tuscaloosa under the name Oakville. His friends feel rather aggrieved that he should be diverted from writing love songs. They say others can write short stories successfully, but no one can write a love song like Peck. His poems are of the lyric order. They are pure, and even his society verse has no double meanings as is so often the case. His first poem that attracted general attention was *I Wonder What Maud Will Say*, which came out in the Century Magazine; nearly every newspaper and magazine copied it. *A Knot of Blue* has been set to music by at least twelve different composers.

His *Rings and Love-Knots* was published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co. In this volume is found *The Grapevine Swing*, to which Mr. Peck in his letter alludes.

When I was a boy on the old plantation
 Down by the deep bayou,
 The fairest spot of all creation
 Under the arching blue;
 When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
 To the long slim loop I'd spring,
 With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
 And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
 Laughing where the wild birds sing.
 I dream and sigh
 For the days gone by,
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.

And then in his *Polly* he makes the very words speak, and the pretty picture of "the saucy little sprite" is perfect—

In a little scarlet kirtle
 With a dewy sprig of myrtle
 She comes tripping from the dairy
 When the dawn begins to peep.
 Where the snowy lambs are skipping
 And the swallows gayly dipping
 She stands with dimpled elbows—
 I can see her in my sleep!

How her rosy fingers twinkle
 As she milks! The tinkle, tinkle,
 In the milk pail is delightful,
 I could listen all the day.
 It sets my heart a-flutter
 Just to see her pat the butter,
 For she rolls it, and she pats it,
 In a wildly witching way.

'Tis sad to see the lasses
 Frown upon her as she passes,
 But she gives her wayward curls a toss,
 The saucy little sprite!
 She knows the laddies love her,
 For they never fail to hover
 Like bees around an apple-bloom,
 When Polly comes in sight.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1856.

POET OF LATER REPUBLIC.

William H. Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1856. From an article written by Waitman Barbe, of West Virginia, in 1889, we obtain the following facts about the younger poet Hayne:

"When Paul Hamilton Hayne, that 'King Arthur of the pen,' died amid the pine barrens of Georgia a few years ago, he left to the world some of the most elevated poems the South has produced; a name which is a call to every Southerner to lift his hat; and a son who has already proved himself worthy to bear that honored name. The fact that this son's veins are full of the aristocratic blood of statesmen and soldiers and authors does not give him the literary prominence he has attained.

* * In literature it is the work that tells rather than the blood. Yet the gifts which William H. Hayne has used so well are his by birthright." His home after the war was Copse Hill, the cottage already described in the sketch of his father's life. "The place became a sort of Southern Mecca, to which loving folk made pilgrimages, and its name 'Copse Hill' grew familiar to all the world." There the father died in 1886, leaving only the mother and the son. In 1891 the mother, while on a visit to friends in Augusta, was taken, leaving the grief-stricken son alone in the home nest.

"William H. Hayne was very delicate in his youth, and was educated chiefly at home by his parents, but spent a few months of hard study at Dr. Porter's school in Charleston. One does

not need to be told he was a constant and conscientious student; his productions show this. * * His literary career began about 1879, although he has written verses ever since he was a lad." His poems would fill two volumes or more. His verses frequently appear in the leading magazines, and he has published numerous negro dialect sketches and biographical and critical papers. His poems for children have appeared in "St. Nicholas," "Wide Awake," "Harper's Young People" and "The Independent." In 1873 he visited the North with his father and met many of the distinguished *literati*. In 1887 he went once more and again was well received. His poems are now accepted by the best periodicals, and are much praised.

"And so ever since the Attic bees hummed about his cradle by the Southern sea, he has been gathering flowers in wood and lea, binding them with silken threads of rhyme, and casting them upon the outward tide. I doubt not that many of them will live to return, fresh and fragrant, when the burdened tide comes in."

Like Robert Burns Wilson, he has no weakness for tricks in verse; having found something to say he says it in a simple, natural way. Many of his choice morsels are in the quatrain form.

"It seems impossible to understand
How joy and sorrow may be hand in hand;
Yet God created when the earth was born
The changeless paradox of Night and Morn."

Then again:

"Hopes grimly banished from the heart
Are the sad exiles that depart
To Melancholy's rayless goal—
A bleak Siberia of the soul."

Could any tribute be more beautiful than the one the son pays to his father?

"The guardian pines upon the hill
 Were strangely motionless and chill,
 As if they drew his last loved breath
 From the uplifted wings of Death.
 And now their mingled voices say,
 The passing of a soul away—
 The tenderest of the souls of men—
 Our dead King Arthur of the pen!
 Oh, kindred of the sea and shore,
 Our grief is yours forevermore!
 His body lieth cold and still,
 For death has triumphed on the hill!"

At the unveiling of Sidney Lanier's bust in Macon, Georgia, 1870, William Hayne delivered the poem of the occasion. It was replete in every line with tender thought and pleasing simile, and was a fitting tribute to the man it was intended to honor.

"Mr. Hayne is not a married man, unless he may be said to be wedded to his muse. The honeymoon of his marriage with this radiant maiden, whom he met and won on the Helicon heights, is hardly over, but there is no doubt that he will be faithful to her while life shall last."

This is what he wrote to a real maid with dusky hair:

"Beneath the hood her eyes were bright;
 I slyly watched her where she stood;
 Her tresses looked like scraps of night
 Beneath the hood.
 Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood;
 Such lips—like flowers warm with light—
 Would quickly melt the iciest mood.
 I put propriety to flight
 I call it neither wise nor good—
 I put propriety to flight
 Beneath the hood."

At Anchor shows interest in another maid, perhaps—

"My love was like a buoyant ship
 O'er sunny waves at sea,

And in the voyage of my heart
She sailed away from me!

I followed in her flying wake,
The waves grew strong and fleet;
I passed by shoals of circumstance,
And quicksands of defeat!

But little winds of coquetry
Still keep our lives apart,
Till in my cruise of love I reached
The harbor of her heart."

Then there is the little poem that appeared in "The Independent" called *The Seed of Love*—

"I held within my lonely heart
A seed of Love's own sowing—
'Twas blown so softly into bloom
I scarcely knew 'twas growing,

Until I felt the stainless strength
Of Passion's perfect dower,
And in the garden of my heart
The bud became a flower!"

A Band of Bluebirds was published in "Harper's Magazine," and is one of his finest poems—

"Oh! happy band of bluebirds,
Brave prophets of the Spring—
Amid the tall and tufted cane
How blithesomely you sing!
What message haunts your music
'Mid Autumn's dusky reign?
You tell us Nature stores her seeds
To give them back in grain!

Your throats are gleeful fountains
Through which a song-tide flows,—
Your voices greet me in the woods
On every wind that blows!
I dream that heaven invites you

To bid the earth "good-by,"
 For in your wings you seem to hold
 A portion of the sky!

Oh! happy band of blubirds,
 You could not long remain
 To flit across the fading fields
 And glorify the grain!
 You leave melodious memories
 Whose sweetness thrills me through,—
 Ah! if my songs were such as yours
 They'd almost touch the blue!"

A Lover's Doubt appeared in Lippincott's Magazine—

"If we but knew that Love and Life were one
 "On heights that rise beyond the baffling blue,
 How bravely would the heart's swift seasons run
 If we but knew!

Ah! should continuance of Love be true
 How vain the webs that mystery has spun
 In Sphinx-like silence o'er the spirit's view!
 If we but knew!

Does Nature foster hope through sky and sun,
 On mornings beautiful with light and dew?
 Was Love made endless when the world begun?
 If we but knew!"

His works are:

In a Southern Swamp,
 A Band of Bluebirds,
 The Carven Name,
 Drouth,
 A Lover's Doubt,
 Threnody of The Pines,
 At Anchor,
 The Field Sparrow,

The Red-Bird,
 To a Swallow,
 The Coming of the King,
 March and April,
 The Cup-Bearer,
 The Last Knight,
 Sidney Lanier,
 Quatrains.

FRANK LEBBY STANTON.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1857.

POET OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

"Stanton's poems are the record of emotions that rise unsought in the soul of man. All have felt them. When poems take form in the mind of a genius, their mission is to voice the language of the human heart."—*Joel Chandler Harris.*

Frank Lebbv Stanton, the poet of the Atlanta Constitution, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, 1857. His father moved to Savannah, Georgia, and died there in 1865, and so it happened that the young boy was forced to work upon a farm before he was nine years of age. He was ambitious from childhood, and studied hard at night, having a firm conviction that one day he would become a writer. He says that while growing to manhood he lived in South Carolina and Georgia. A few years were spent in a printing office in Savannah. Joel Chandler Harris was at that time editor of the Savannah News, and he gave the young boy work in his printing office, but ambition stirred the lad's heart and he then "drifted," as he expressed it, to Smithville, where he founded the Smithville News. From there he went to Homerville, then to Charleston, and finally to Rome, and became associated with the Tribune, a paper made prominent by the able pen of John Temple Graves.

He did not write poetry until he was fifteen, and says, "I wouldn't have done it then, if I had had any one to advise me."

It was while living at Homerville that he first conceived the idea of sending his verses to Northern publishers. One night he wrote this very short business note to the editor of one of

the leading newspapers: "*Dear Sir: I want one dollar for this,*" and then enclosing a poem sent it. The dollar came promptly and the verses soon appeared. Being encouraged he next wrote: "*Dear Sir: I want two dollars for this,*" and enclosed a longer poem, which was as well received. Becoming bolder as the money for this came just as quickly he ventured to write the third: "*Dear Sir: I want three dollars for this*"; receiving that amount without a demur, he bundled up ten poems which he sat up all night to write, and forwarded with this note: "*Dear Sir: I want thirty dollars for these.*" The answer soon came, "Declined with thanks—not up to the standard." He shed tears over his disappointment, and confided his trouble to a printer. The old man read the returned poems, saying, "Why, these are fair poems. You sent too many at a time. Try your man one by one and see what he will say. I warrant he'll think they are all brand new." The advice was taken, and the poems were accepted, and paid for at the rate of three dollars each, and the editor remained in ignorance that they belonged to the rejected "batch."

In 1890 Mr. Stanton was offered a place on the editorial staff of the Constitution. At first he wrote editorials and only occasionally contributed a poem, but for several years now he has only edited his "Just from Georgia" column, and with his poems, anecdotes, and bright philosophy delightfully illustrates Georgia life. He is so optimistic that he is an inspiration to all who read his articles. His poems breathe a philosophy that makes one forget the shadows, the troubles, the discouragements of life, and give one an insight into the heavenly things of this world."

"So much beauty in this life,
 Couldn't do without it;
 Kinder mixed with pain and strife—
 But there's joy about it!
 Let the skies be dark or blue—
 Best skies that we ever knew!"

He has done much to make others know our State and what it means to live in dear old Georgia, even if his descriptions are often in the Cracker lingo.

"Oh, summer-time in Georgia, I love to sing your praise
When the green is on the melon an' the sun is on the blaze;
When the birds are pantin', chantin', an' jes' rantin' round the rills,
With the juice of ripe blackberries jes' a-drippin' from their bills."

His office in the Constitution building is not by any means a large one; he calls it his "den." Poets are not usually noted for system or order, and Lucian Knight once said: "Stanton's office always looks like a Georgia cyclone had struck it." However, this doesn't keep the poet from holding close communion with the Muses. If he doesn't know how to keep a neat office he does know how to write poetry. He has contributed a great deal to the Sunny South and to other papers in the South.

"As the lark sings, Mr. Stanton writes. Nature has put melodies into his heart and soul, just as she has put them into the lark's throat, and he sings because it is one of the laws of his being to sing."

Frank Stanton's wife is his inspiration, and his best poems have been written to her or about her.

"Thy face is with me when I walk alone
In thorny ways of sorrow and of night;
Thy smile my comfort and thine eyes my light,
Lest I should dash my feet against a stone;
And oft the tender thought of thee, my own,
Sustains me when I waver and grow weak.
Tempted I call to mind thy farewell tone—
The kiss I left upon thy conscious cheek
At parting—and I feel thy presence near,
A joy to comfort and a strength to bear!
Oh, dear sweet face, be near me all the while!
Oh, eyes of light! dispel the darkness drear;
Oh, lips! beam on me with a loving smile,
And I the wreath of victory shall wear.

He is happiest at his home with his wife and children. Indeed, he cares little for society; receptions bore him, and he attends them under compulsion; he enjoys informal gatherings, yet much prefers his old friends and congenial spirits. Neither does Mr. Stanton care for politics—his poetry engrosses all his time. He is a charming conversationalist, provided one discusses poetry; upon that subject he can talk delightfully for hours without becoming tired or monotonous. His memory is really remarkable; he says he never forgets one line that he writes, although he does forget other things sometimes.

He is a very handsome man, with strongly marked features showing intellect of a high order; his eyes are very bright and dark brown. "He looks the poet, and his songs continue to well up from fountain sources of inspiration, and strike tender chords of sympathy in the hearts of his fellow men." His dialect poems are fine but his poems of sentiment finer. Everything in nature seems to inspire him whether it is the birds making love in the tree-tops, the meadows in full bloom, the chatter of the brook, the babble of children's tongues, the breezes in the honeysuckle, the gorgeous sunsets, or "the hush of silence which broods upon the world at dusk."

It was to his wife he wrote *Dreamin' o' Home*, *Love's Retrospect*, *A Little Hand*, *Faithful*, *Thy Face*, *A Love Note* and so many other of his beautiful poems.

Talking one night with his wife about the old home at Smithville and the loved ones left behind, a homesick feeling came over them both and the result was his *Dreamin' o' Home*.

"So there she sits a dreamin' till I git to dreamin', too,
An' when her head droops on my breast, an' sleep falls like the dew
An' closes them sweet eyes o' hers, once more we seem to be
In the old home where we'll rest some day together—her and me."

Watching her train a vine over the verandah of their little home, he wrote *A Little Hand*:

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in the sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I loved so much
To strengthen me on my way—

Softer it seemed than the softest down
Of the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press, and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love!

It seemed to say in a strange, sweet way:
"I love you and understand;"
And calmed my fears as my hot heart tears
Fell over that little hand.

Again he wrote of those dear hands:

"No jewels adorn them—no glittering bands—
They are just as God made them—those sweet, sweet hands;
And not for the world, with its splendor and gold,
Nor for the pearls from the depth of the sea,
Nor the queens of the lands with their beautiful hands,
Should these dear hands be taken from me.
What exquisite blisses await their commands!
They were made for my kisses—those dear, sweet hands."

His poem *Faithful* was evidently written, too, to his wife:

It is something, sweet, when the world goes ill
To know you are faithful and love me still;
To feel when the sunshine has left the skies
That the light is shining in your dear eyes;
Beautiful eyes, more dear to me
Than all the wealth of the world could be.

It is something, dearest, to feel you near
When life with its sorrows seems hard to bear;

To feel when I falter the clasp divine
 Of your tender and trusting hand in mine;
 Beautiful hand! more dear to me
 Than the tenderest things of earth could be.

Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong,
 For God gives grief with his gift of song,
 And poverty, too! but your love is more
 To me than riches and golden store.
 Beautiful love! until death shall part
 It is mine—as you are—my own sweetheart!

Stanton's poem written after the death of Henry Grady ranks among his best work. He always admired Grady, and his death brought great grief to him, for he felt that he had lost one of his truest friends.

Oh, Christmas skies of blue December,
 This day of earthly days remember:
 He loved you, skies! To him your blue
 Was beautiful! Oh, sunlight gleaming
 Like silver on the rivers streaming
 Out to the sea, and mountain's dew—

Bespangled; and ye velvet valleys,
 Green-bosomed, where the South wind dallies,
 He loved you! Oh, ye birds that sing,
 Do ye not miss him? Winds that wander,
 How can ye pass him, lying yonder,
 Nor sigh his dirge with folded wing?

In dearest dust that ever nourished
 The violets that o'er it flourished,
 He lies—your lover and your friend!
 Thy softest beams, sweet sun, shall kiss him:
 Sweet, silent valleys! ye will miss him—
 Your roses weeping o'er him bend.

Mr. Stanton has indeed been fortunate in having as associates such appreciative personal friends as Joel Chandler Harris, John Temple Graves, Henry Grady, Evan and Clark Howell, William Hemphill, Lucian Knight and Claude Ben-

nett—all strong men who helped him to develop the best that was in him. One of his strongest poems is *Lynched*.

LYNCHEd.

The tramp of horse adown a sullen glen,
Dark forms of stern, unmerciful, masked men.

A clash of arms, a cloven prison door
And a man's cry for mercy! . . . Then high o'er

The barren fields, dim-outlined in the storm,
The swaying of a lifeless human form;

And crouched beside—in horror and affright,
A widowed woman wailing to the Night!

His poems would fill volumes; he writes much and well. However, as yet he has published in book form only a few of them. These are collected in *Songs of the Soil, Comes One with a Song, Songs from Dixie, Up from Georgia*, and *Little Folks Down South*.

WEARY THE WAITING.

There's an end to all toiling some day—sweet day,
But it's weary the waiting, weary!

There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay
At anchor—somewhere in the far-away;
But it's weary the waiting, weary!

There's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
But it's weary the waiting, weary!
There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,
Where life's sad burdens are all laid down,
A crown, thank God, for each cross—a crown!
But it's weary the waiting, weary!

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

Denmark.

1864.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Danske Dandridge is no *nom de plume*, but a real personage. Hon. Henry Bedinger, for five years Minister to Denmark, was the father of Danske Dandridge, who was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1864. Her peculiar name, Danske (pronounced Dansker), meaning Dane, was given to her on account of the place of her birth, and it seems that "to her cradle the northern elves had brought a christening gift of fancies and rhymes." Her mother was from Rhode Island, a Miss Caroline Lawrence, the daughter of a writer, Eliza S. Bowne. She was left a widow with three children, and Danske was left an orphan at an early age. Her grandfather, Hon. John W. Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island, reared her. She had private tutors until she was sent to a boarding-school, kept by Mrs. Williamsées, from which she was graduated with first honor.

In 1877 she married Stephen Dandridge and settled in Shephardstown, West Virginia. Her husband was not rich in worldly goods, and as he lived upon a farm his wife was necessarily debarred access to books or opportunities for literary culture. The work she accomplished in this way should then be regarded as all the more wonderful, when we realize that at times she did not have a dictionary even at her command, and besides had ill health with which to contend.

Her poem *Chrysanthemum* was sent to "Godey's Lady's Book," and the editor, so quick to recognize genius, accepted it. She afterwards gained admission to the columns of the "Independent" and other periodicals.

When *Joy and Other Poems* appeared the "Boston Advertiser" said: "If a thought of spring could materialize itself into a book, it would take some such form as this most exquisite and elf-like volume." And again, "Human passion, human sorrow, seem to breathe in the song of this strange singer."

She does not write a great deal, for she will not write unless she feels the poetic inspiration. One cannot describe Mrs. Danbridge's verse better than by quoting from her *Joy*:

"The spirit for awhile,
Because of beauty freshly made,
Could only smile.
Then grew the smiling to a song—
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole—
Shaped like a soul."

Her works are *Joy and Other Poems*, *Twilight in the Woods*, *The Lover in the Woods*, and *Rose Brake*.

MOON.

We dart through the void:
We have cries, we have laughter;
The phantom that haunts us
Comes silently after,
This Ghost-lady follows,
Though none hear her tread;
On, on, we are flying,
Still tracked by our Dead;
By this white awful Mystery,
Haggard and dead!

LAFAYETTE RUPERT HAMBERLIN.

Clinton, Mississippi.

1861.

1902.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Lafayette Hamberlin was the son of Rev. John B. Hamberlin, a Baptist minister, and Virginia Stone—both natives of Mississippi. He was born at Clinton in 1861, just as the War between the States began. He was only two years of age when his mother died, and as his father had enlisted in the Confederate service his grandmother took care of him. From childhood he showed a serious, thoughtful cast of mind, loved the country and everything pertaining to nature, and showed the poetic temperament that was his by heredity.

His father married again before the war ended and settled at Meridian, Mississippi, as he had been made president of the Meridian Female College. He took Lafayette to this new home, and, although he was only four years of age, put him to school and kept him at his books until he was twelve. He was fond of study, and having access to a fine library spent most of his leisure time in reading. Under literary and religious influences he formed habits of thought and character which were of great value in his after life. He moved to Ocean Springs, where he became a member of the Staple family, and there his stepmother died of yellow fever, and he barely escaped with his own life, having contracted the disease from nursing her. This home on the Biloxi Bay, so beautifully situated, awoke all that was poetic in his soul, and inspired him to write his first poem, *My Bay Home*, which is included in his volume of verses *Alumni Lits*.

I love this little stretch o' sea,
Where sea gulls drift on silver wing,
Or in the lolling waters fling
Their silver selves abandonly.

I love this little stretch o' sea,
Whose mossy bluffs and bosom blue
And bridge and sails and sunset view
My heart names first eternally.

This was always one of his favorite poems. As he was early bereft of his parents he was forced to go to work, and accepted a position as salesman—first in a store at Scranton and then as a tally clerk in a sawmill. At sixteen he went to the College of Mississippi and remained four years. While a student there he published a volume of poems entitled *Lyrics*. At twenty he was elected principal of Norvilla Institute at Greensburg, Louisiana, but feeling the need of still further college training, he entered Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia. There he became well known for his oratory, and his fine reading suggested possibilities on the platform.

He was called the "Poet Laureate of Richmond College," and was also known as "The Alumni Poet." Two of his college songs are called *The College Bell*, and *Strike Warm Your Cordial Hands*. These are also included in his *Alumni Lilts*, the collection which is dedicated to the college.

In 1899 he went to Harvard for special study as "Austin Scholar," and in 1900 was made adjunct professor of oratory and elocution at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

In the interval between leaving Richmond College and going to Vanderbilt, he held several positions of honor in Brownville, Tennessee, Shreveport, Louisiana, the University of North Carolina, and the University of Texas.

He remained unmarried so long that he was called the "Bachelor Poet," but he did at last meet his fate in the person of Miss Lily Wilson, of Richmond, Virginia. She was not in a hurry to respond to his advances and for fifteen years this

friendship and courtship continued. He had always said he wished to be quietly married. "Some day I'm going to take an evening stroll—maybe through the meadows where the daisies blow—with some good-looking woman (I'm sure she will be good-looking) and when we get back to her home she'll be the wife of a man about my size. There won't be any curious eyes at that wedding; there won't be any embarrassing wedding gifts; there won't be any critical remarks on her dress, but blue skies above, and daisies and clover beneath our feet, and love and blessing of God—that will be my wedding." It so happened on account of a death in her family that the wedding was a very private one, and he wrote his own marriage ceremony, which was a unique thing to do. He was very handsome, vivacious in spirits, brilliant in intellect, and had many and warm friends. One of them paid this tribute to him: "I don't believe he ever had an evil thought. He was the personification of neatness in his dress. With him what was worth doing at all was worth doing well—a bundle was just as carefully tied as a lecture was prepared." His *Blessed Be Drudgery* is one of his best essays. He always hated to live in a city, for he said the walls of the houses smothered him. He loved the woods, the birds, the streams, the flowers and longed to be where the apple trees grew and where the wild flowers were in bloom. He loved music and poetry—kindred arts. He was a student of Shakespeare and one of the best readers of Shakespeare this country has produced. He longed to be a great poet. "I am beginning to desire—what I fear I shall never do—that I might write even one song, even one couplet that might live."

Among Mississippi poets, Mr. Hamberlin takes high rank, and deserves consideration not only because of the amount of work he accomplished, but on account of the variety of the work. His published poems are *Lyrics*, *Seven Songs*, *Alumni Lilts*, *A Batch of Rhymes*, *In Colorado*, *Rhymes of the War*. In prose his work is none the less valuable. His short stories are

Dick Richard and *Lil*; his best essays are *Matthew Arnold* and *Robert Browning*. His *Elements of Versification* must not be forgotten, nor must his fugitive poems *The Fifer on the Po*, *No Castles, Far, Far to the South*, *The Mountain Lass*, *Her Ways*, *Kissing*, *Dem Schlippers*, *Vat ish de Matter mit Jimmie Blaine*, *Sapsucker vs. Typewriter*, and *Her Height*. He contributed to some of the leading newspapers and magazines of the day, and his articles were always gladly welcomed.

Death claimed him in 1902, just as he entered the forties. He was buried at his wife's home, Richmond, Virginia, in dear old Hollywood Cemetery, among some of the South's greatest men—Monroe, Tyler, Jefferson Davis, Randolph, J. E. B. Stuart, Maury, Dr. Curry—and Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy. He lies surrounded by the things he loved while here in life—the murmuring waters, trees, flowers, singing birds—truly a fit place for the body of a poet to rest until the eternal waking.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

1863.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Virginia Frazer Boyle, Chattanooga, Tennessee, was born on St. Valentine's Day, 1863. Her father, Charles Wesley Frazer, a prominent lawyer, and brave Confederate soldier, was captured and taken prisoner when she was about a year old. Her mother, who was Letitia Austin, a true heroine, determined to follow him, but had only the consolation of an occasional glimpse of him through opera glasses. Virginia's first sentence was, "I'se a Yebel." After the war was over and her father released they returned to their old home in Memphis, Tennessee. Later she was sent to the Higbee High School from which she graduated. In 1884 she married Mr. Thomas R. Boyle, a young lawyer of the city.

From childhood she had written rhymes, and her compositions at school were often in verse. She composed several poems referring to the Confederacy. *The Old Canteen*, published in "Harper's Weekly," relates her father's experience at the battle of Perryville. She has also written dialect stories and folk-lore tales, and novels, but it is through her poems she is best known. In 1893 her volume *On Both Sides* appeared. This is an historic poem divided into three parts; Divergent Lines, The Prisoner of State, and Reconstruction. Mrs. Boyle is at her best in history. She traces the two peoples that settled this country, Puritan and Cavalier, and shows how different they were in the elements that made up their characters.

"Across the waters of the elder world,
 Upon the ancient land of love and song,
 Two foster-brothers smiled in childish play
 And knelt beside an English mother's knee.
 The one was gentle, and a mystic bloom
 Lay on the olive cheek and dewy lips
 That mirrored in their open purity
 The joyous, loving heart that beat within.
 And one was grave; the curve of youth was hid
 Beneath a cloak of sternness, and the eye,
 Fraught with the portent of the coming time,
 Looked keen and hardened from a narrow brow
 That marked the branching of the parent tree.
 And so they grew, nursed by divergent themes,
 Beside the ancient fountain of the race,
 Until their knighthood graved upon their shields
 The legends 'Cavalier' and 'Puritan.' "

Then in part third, the period of Reconstruction, she says:

"Like as a mother, when the day is done,
 Turns from the tiny forms she hushed to rest,
 So tender, yet so faithful in her love—
 To weep upon a treasured golden curl,
 Or faded shoe a buried baby wore—
 Nor yet a part, and yet a tie to waft
 The incense of the holy risen thing,
 On each returning springtime o'er her cross
 The widowed South remembered, wept her dead;
 To smile again upon the living hearts
 That looked their love into her faithful eyes,
 To draw her mantle o'er the holy place
 Where slept the emblem of her living dead."

She has contributed often to the leading periodicals of the day, and in all her poems there is "a tender vein of womanly feeling that touches and pleases like music." Miss Higbee, her teacher, in writing of her said, "A sunny cheerfulness, ability and helpfulness united with sprightliness, vivacity, and a keen sense of humor made her a leading spirit in the school. Loyalty to friends and constancy to principle, an almost passionate

hatred of injustice and oppression, together with strong intellectual powers, make up a character at once sweet and strong."

The Other Side (poem), *Brokenburne*, *Devil Tales*, *Serena* (novel), *Prize Centennial Ode*, *Tennessee*, *Negro Dialect or Folk-lore Tales* appeared in Harper's Magazine in 1900, and will no doubt be published in book form. L. Q. C. Lamar said of her poem, *The Other Side*, "Its style is stately, without being stilted, and its quality in this respect does not let down from beginning to end. It is evidently written by one who has inherited the traditions of the South, and whose zeal has not been weakened by experience. The authoress is thoroughly imbued, by reading and association, with the spirit of romance and chivalry." Her short stories and poems are constantly appearing in various magazines. Mrs. Boyle's home is in Memphis, Tennessee, and she there dispenses a most gracious hospitality. She is a charming woman personally, and takes great interest in everything relating to the Confederacy.

In the center of Forest Park in Memphis stands a magnificent monument to General Forrest, and on the base of the monument is this inscription written by her:

His hoof-beats die not on Fame's crimsoned sod,
But shall ring through her song and her story:
He fought like a Titan and struck like a god,
And his dust is our Ashes of Glory.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Cleveland, Ohio.

1864.

POET OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

"Marked by delicacy of expression, restraint of handling, and tenderness of thought, while their brevity would have pleased Poe."—*Israel Zangwill*.

"Glorious in the simplest setting, just as truly as those of Mr. Aldrich are wandering stars in the deeps of heaven."—*The Philadelphia Press*.

Robert Loveman was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1864. His father David R. Loveman came with his wife, Esther Black, from Hungary in 1861 and settled there. Three years later Robert was born, and the following year his parents moved to Dalton, Georgia, so, as their poet son said, he "was forty-two forty-thirds Southerner in years, love and everything."

Robert received his early education in the public schools of Dalton, and then was sent to the University of Alabama, where he received the degree of A.M. When a lad of twelve he aided his father in keeping a little village store, but was all the while reading and scribbling, and showed such a decided taste for literary work that he was sent to school and his two brothers, Samuel and Lewis, were made to take his place. As his brother Morris was practicing law in Birmingham, he went there to attend school and be under his charge. Later he went to Tuscaloosa, where he remained three years. While there he published two books of poems. Later he went to New York, remained there three months, sailed for Europe for a five

months' tour and then came to Dalton, where he is now living and writing.

On being requested to send some facts about his life, he answered, "My life has been all dreams, there are few facts to tell. Some of these days (when I get old) I intend to gather the so-called facts about my knees—give them the melodious rainbow tinge that time will touch them to—then they'll be memories."

Robert Loveman's songs have been singing such a cheerful optimistic note that they have found ready entrance into the hearts of all of his readers. His little *Rain Song* appeared without a name, and The Sunday School Times advertised for the author. Strange to say, so many claimed it that Loveman was forced to bring forward his volume of poems entitled *The Gates of Silence*, published in 1903, to prove the authorship. It is a little gem, and it would be well for all to commit it to memory that it may continue to sing its song into other hearts as time goes on.

THE RAIN SONG.

It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining daffodils!
 In every dimpling drop I see
 Wild flowers on the hills!
 A cloud of gray engulfs the day
 And overwhelms the town—
 It isn't raining rain to me—
 It's raining roses down!

It isn't raining rain to me,
 But fields of clover bloom,
 Where any buccaneering bee
 May find a bed and room.
 A health then to the happy,
 A fig to him who frets,
 It isn't raining rain to me—
 It's raining violets!

In many of his songs there sounds this note of brightness, as in his *Sunshine Song*:

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
And right for wrong;
Softly speak to the weak,
Help them along,
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
What, though, about the
Foemen throng?
All the day, on thy way
Be thou strong;
A sunshine heart
And a soul of song.

His poems have not only been published in this country in many of the leading magazines, but many have appeared in England. They are usually very short, and he is especially fond of double quatrains, if that term is admissible. In the *Bookman* appeared one of his poems entitled *A Song*:

Drenched in the dew of tender tears
A song doth blossom in my heart;
The trembling words are fraught with fears,
The melody is love's sweet art.

Oh, to my lady, song away!
Be thou my courier, true and fleet,
Mesh her in music all the day,
Then die in fragrance at her feet.

THE RIDE.

Little fellow, come to me
For a ride upon my knee;
Here we go, so brisk and bright,

Through the village of Delight,
Up the happy hill of Joy,—
Down through merry, cheery lane,
Now we gallop home again.

What a canter we have had,
You and I, my laughing lad!
Such sport one may only see
On a tried and trusty knee;
There, dismount, thou roguish sprite,
Hitch the horse up good and tight;
Next time we will take a run
Round the bailiwick of Fun.

The Birmingham Age-Herald said "Mr. Loveman's verses are Mr. Loveman. They are from him, of him; a part yet not a part. He is in them and they in him. It is beautiful; it is positively bewitching. You read him, and he abides with you; takes his place gently in your soul, and stays there. In the street, at work, everywhere you are his and he is yours. That is the most precious quality of poetry. That is what it means—that is what it is!"

"God flings the golden days like coins
Out of His spendthrift hands;
They lie up-piled by centuries
O'er all the lavish lands.

"Old Miser Time hoards them away,
Cunning and carefully;
Perhaps he hopes at last to own
All of Eternity."

His published works are:

Poems (three volumes),	Book of Songs,
A Book of Verses,	Songs from a Georgia Garden,
The Gates of Silence with Inter-	Echoes from the Gates of Silence.
ludes of Song,	

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN.

Louisville, Kentucky.

1865.

POET OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Madison Cawein was born in Louisville, Kentucky, 1865. He is the son of William and Christina Cawein, and spent his boyhood in his native city, where he received his early education at the public schools. In vacation he visited the country near by. It was these glimpses of rural life that first drew the young poet's attention to the beauties of nature, or as he expresses it, "Here I learned the first lessons of love and poetry."

He received the degree of A. B. from the High School, as the work offered there was in advance of that of the usual High School; after this he did not attend any other school of higher grade. Naturally fond of books, and books by the best authors, he received an education that really better fitted him for his life work than a full college curriculum would have done. He delved in the fields of fiction and poetry, and was well read in the English and German literature, and could quote Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Milton, Goethe, Heine, Bürger and Schiller with remarkable fluency. He began to write when a mere boy, and had enough poems to fill three volumes when he published *Blooms of the Berry*, but he discarded all except the ones included in this collection. He was greatly disappointed that his book attracted so little attention. It was a woman, the daughter of William Dean Howells, who discovered the poet. In reading the volume sent for the Editor's Study of Harper's Magazine, she exclaimed, "I have discovered a new

poet," and so she had, but could make none of the literary critics of the day agree with her at the time, except her father, who, like his daughter, recognized the true poetic spirit beneath these unprinted poems. Howells became very enthusiastic concerning them, possibly a little too enthusiastic, because it immediately set critics to work to find the flaws instead of the beauties of these writings. Encouraged by what Howells said he brought forth other books, *The Triumph of Music*, *Other Lyrics*, *Accolon of Gaul*, and his kind critic still continued to praise and encourage him.

Had Cawein written less no doubt it would have been better, but the spirit of poetry was upon him and he could not keep silent. Critics said they saw Tennyson in this poem, Milton in that, Browning in another, Poe in another, not realizing that there are few poets who have not other poets in solution in their writings. Montaigne said, "Beware how you criticize me, you may be flouting unawares a Seneca, a Plutarch, or some ancient equally as renowned."

When *Accolon of Gaul* appeared Howells said, "It is as if we had another Keats, or as if that fine, sensitive spirit had come again in a Kentuckian orator, with all its tremulous hunger for beauty."

For the last few years Madison Cawein has not lacked admirers or just appreciation; many say that he is destined to be one of America's greatest poets. He is of a sensitive nature, and there was danger that through discouragement his Muse would refuse to sing; we therefore owe Howells and his daughter a debt of gratitude for the encouraging words given when they were most needed. James Whitcomb Riley was the next to recognize Cawein's talent, and to acknowledge it. His home is in Louisville, Kentucky, and there he lives with his mother, father and sister, surrounded by books, pictures, birds, flowers and all things that make an artistic setting for a poet. Not only taste and refinement, but sim-

plicity, ease and culture are to be found in this charming home. He takes long walks into the country, often accompanied by his much-loved sister, and gathers his material for "wood and water sketches," "ruined mills and haunted houses," so often described in his poems, and while he enjoys everything that is beautiful in nature, is not a recluse, as one would suppose, but belongs to societies, enjoys the companionship of friends, is the hero of women's clubs, and in every way is a very sociable sort of person.

He thinks *Intimations of the Beautiful* is his best work. It is his longest and most mature poem.

He is a poet of the South by birth, if by nothing else. He does not write of it with the love of a lover; indeed, one sees few touches of it in any of his poems. As he was born just as the war ended, and as his parents remained in Louisville during the war, he did not catch the inspiration so evident in our writers who lived and suffered during the sixties.

Mr. Cawein is now engaged in correcting the proof of a five or six volume edition of his works which is to be re-published under new titles with beautiful illustrations by Eric Pope. This is a subscription edition, which will be sold by his publishers, Bobbs-Merrill & Co., Indianapolis.

Kentucky Poems, which appeared in 1902, was published in London, with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse, the eminent English poet and critic.

The following lines from *The Tollman's Daughter*, will give some idea of the picturesque in Cawein's poems:

For her, I knew, whate'er she trod,
Each dewdrop raised a limpid glass
To flash her beauty from the grass;
That wild flowers bloomed along the sod,
Or whisp'ring murmured when she smiled;
The wood-bird hushed to hear her song,
Or all enamored, from its wild
Before her feet flew flut'ring long.

The brook droned mystic melodies,
 Eddied in laughter when she kissed
 With naked feet its amethyst
 Of waters strained by blooming trees.

His poem that appeared in *The Criterion*, *The Old Home*, reached the hearts of many, because it found there a ready response:

THE OLD HOME.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,
 A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be:
 In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them and my eyes
 Through tear-mists behold them beneath the old-time skies,
 'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them; and heartsick with longing in my soul,
 To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl;
 Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long-ago;
 To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know
 When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To talk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
 To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold;
 To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,
 The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,
 The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
 The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be:
 In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

These are striking lines from *The Ruined Mill*:

Will you enter with me when the evening star
 In the saffron heaven is sparkling, afar
 In all of its glory of light, divine
 As a diamond drowned in kingly wine?

Or when the heavens hang wild and gray,
 And the chilly clouds are hurrying away
 Like the driven leaves of an autumn day?
 Then the night rain sounds on the sodden roof,
 And the spider sleeps in its dusty woof;
 Then the wet wind whines like a hound that's lashed,
 'Round the crazy angles whipped and dashed,
 Or wails in a cranny—and she, she plays
 On an airy harpsichord old lays,
 And sings and sobs, in a room above,
 Of a vain despair and a blighted love.

Cawein's works are :

Blooms of the Berry,
 The Triumph of Music,
 Accolon of Gaul,
 Lyrics and Idyls,
 Days and Dreams,
 Moods and Memories,
 Red Leaves and Roses,
 Poems of Nature and Love.
 Intimations of the Beautiful,
 The White Snake (a translation),
 Undertones,

The Garden of Dreams,
 Shapes and Shadows,
 Idyllic Monologues,
 Myth and Romance.
 One Day and Another (a lyrical epi-
 logue),
 Weeds by the Wall,
 A Voice on the Wind,
 Kentucky Poems,
 The Vale of Tempe,
 Nature Notes and Impressions.

CHAPTER XIII.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Miscellaneous Writers of the Republic.

NOAH KNOWLES DAVIS.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

1830.

WRITER OF EARLY REPUBLIC.

Noah Knowles Davis was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1830. His father, Rev. Noah Davis, was the founder of the American Baptist Publication Society. His mother was Mary Young. He was educated at Mercer University, Penfield, Georgia, and received there the degrees A.M., Ph.D. and LL.D. His mother had married the second time Rev. John L. Dagg, the noted Baptist divine of Georgia, who was at the time of her marriage president of Mercer University.

In 1852 Dr. Davis became a professor of natural science in Howard College, Alabama; this college was at that time in Marion, Alabama; then principal of Judson Female Institute, also at Marion; and later president of Bethel College, Russellville, Kentucky. He began to write while engaged in active teaching work, and many of his books were written for practical use in the schoolroom—such as *Elements of Deductive Logic*, *Elements of Psychology*, *Elements of Inductive Logic*, *Elements of Ethics and Elementary Ethics*; his other works are *Juda's Jewels*, *a Study in the Hebrew Lyrics*, *Synopsis of Events in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth*, *The Story of the Nazarene*, and *The Nazarene in Annotated Paraphrase*. He is now Professor of Philosophy in the University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

CHARLES PATTON DIMITRY.

Washington, D. C.

1837.

WRITER OF EARLY REPUBLIC.

Charles Patton Dimitry was born in Washington, D. C., in 1837. His father was Alexander Dimitry, so prominent in the cause of education in Louisiana, and the first superintendent of public schools in that State. It is said he was master of eleven languages. His mother was Mary Powell Mills, whose father was the architect of the National Washington Monument. He was educated at Georgetown College where he received the A.M. degree.

He joined the Confederate army as a private, and when the war ended engaged in newspaper work, first in Richmond, Virginia, and later in Mobile, Alexandria, Washington, Baltimore, New York, Brooklyn, and finally in New Orleans. He was made State historian of Louisiana.

He married in 1871 Miss Nannie Elizabeth Johnston, of Alexandria, Virginia, the daughter of a lawyer there, Reuben Johnston. She died in 1880.

Mr. Dimitry's work has been very extensive, and he still continues to write. His books are *Guilty or Not Guilty*, *Angela's Christmas*, *Gold Dust and Diamonds*, *The House in Balfour Street*, *Two Knaves and a Queen*, *From Exile, Louisiana*, *Story in Little Chapters*, and *The Louisiana of the Purchase*. This last is a history of the events leading up to and contemporaneous with the purchase of the Province of Louisiana in 1803. He wrote a series of biographical sketches for the Times-Democrat, telling of the old colonial families of Louisiana; these were published under the title *Louisiana Fam-*

lies. These sketches were about sixty in number and were illustrated with pictures copied from the old original portraits and miniatures. His short sketches for the Picayune, numbering between three and four hundred, deal with the very earliest history of the State.

The House in Balfour Street was published first as a serial under the title of *Alderly Tragedy*, and the name was changed later.

A brother of Charles Patton, JOHN BULL SMITH DIMITRY, was also a writer. He was two years his senior, having been born at Washington City in 1835. He was educated in Raymond, Mississippi, and accompanied his father to Central America in 1859. He served in the Confederate service in the army of Tennessee, and was desperately wounded at Shiloh. After the war ended he began his literary work, and was for seven years dramatic and literary editor of the New Orleans Times. He was connected with papers in Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and was the author of several historical and educational books, and also works of fiction. He published a *History and Geography of Louisiana*, which has been used as a text-book in the State.

His epitaph of *General Albert Sidney Johnston* is considered very fine. He has very successfully translated Rabelais' "Pantagruel et Gargantua." He died in 1901, leaving a widow, Mrs. Ada Stuart Dimitry, who now lives in Yazoo City, Mississippi.

There was a sister, *Mrs. Virginia Dimitry Ruth*, also known as a poet and littérateur.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

Nelson County, Virginia.

1838.

1872.

WRITER OF EARLY REPUBLIC.

Edward A. Pollard was born in Nelson county, Virginia, in 1838, and was related to the Rives and Cabells of Virginia. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and studied law at William and Mary College. He went to California after he had completed his law course, and then to Mexico and Nicaragua before returning to his own country. He secured in Washington City a clerkship under President Buchanan. When the War between the States broke out he left for Richmond to cast in his lot with his own people, and during the war was known as the ablest journalist of the Confederacy.

He had studied law under Judge Beverley Tucker when at William and Mary College, and was largely influenced by him in his political views. While at that college he was called upon to give secret testimony against some boys in their pranks. His Southern nature rebelled; he said that he was willing to testify against himself, but not against others. He was advised to leave the college, but they did not publicly expel him. His law studies were completed in Baltimore under Joseph J. Speed, then he began to study to be an Episcopal minister. During the war he started to England on a literary mission and was captured and held prisoner for eight months; when the war ended he abandoned the law and the ministry and devoted himself exclusively to his literary work, and edited a weekly, *The Political Pamphlet*.

His works are :

Black Diamond,
Southern History of the War,
The Lost Cause,
Observations in the North,
The Southern Spy,
The Rival Administrations,
The Two Nations,

A Last Appeal to the People of the
South,
Lee and His Lieutenants,
Life of Thomas Jefferson,
The Lost Cause Regained,
Life of Jefferson Davis.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON was born in Louisville, Kentucky, 1831, and was graduated from Yale in 1852. The next year he married Miss Rosa E. Duncan, and after her death married Miss Margaret H. Avery, both of Louisiana. He was on President Davis's staff during the War between the States, colonel and aide-de-camp. At the close of the war he accepted the chair of history and literature at Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia. In 1867 he was made president of the Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and in 1883 he was chosen president of Tulane University, where he remained until his death in 1899.

His works are *Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston*, *The Prototype of Hamlet*, *The Johnstons of Salisbury*, *My Garden Walk* (poems), *Pictures of the Patriarchs*, and *Seekers After God*.

EUGENE LEMOINE DIDIER.

Baltimore, Maryland.

1838.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Eugene Lemoine Didier was born at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1838. His father was Dr. Franklin James Didier, a frequent contributor to Southern periodicals, who clearly predicted the War between the States, saying that the contention about slavery would be the cause of it. His "Didier Letters from Paris," and "Franklin's Letters to his Kinfolk," became well known. Eugene's mother was Julia Lemoine, and the son frequently used this mother's maiden name in signing his articles for magazines. He attended Loyola College, but did not graduate, and later studied under private tutors for five years, and then entered commercial life, but abandoned it for literature.

He married Miss Louize Northrop, the daughter of General Lucian Northrop, who was a brave Confederate soldier. Before his marriage Mr. Didier had tried newspaper work, editing Southern Society, a weekly paper published in Baltimore. Some of his articles contributed were signed "Timon." Money did not come in as fast as he thought it should, so he accepted a position as Deputy Marshal of the United States Supreme Court, and acted as special secretary for Chief Justice Chase. In 1876 his *Life of Edgar Allan Poe* appeared, and three years later his *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte*. This last book attracted a great deal of attention, and was translated into French and Italian. This was followed by his *Prince of Criticism*. Didier as a critic is aggressive and fearless. In 1884 he published *The Political Adventures of James G. Blaine*. He is a frequent contributor to magazines on historical and literary themes. His home is still in Baltimore.

JAMES MERCER GARNETT was born at Aldie, Virginia, in 1840. His father was Theodore Stanford Garnett, and his mother Isidora Morena. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and at St. John's College, Annapolis. He tried teaching for a while, but when the War between the States began he felt it his duty to serve his country, and enlisting in the Confederate army was made captain of an artillery company. After the war he taught for some time, and then decided to spend a year abroad at Berlin and Leipzig. This fitted him the better for his work as a teacher. Upon his return in 1871 he married Miss Kate Noland, of Middleburg, Virginia. He became principal of St. John's College, Annapolis, and remained there ten years and was chosen for the chair of English Language and Literature at the University of Virginia. He held this position for fourteen years and accepted the acting professorship of English Literature at Woman's College, Baltimore.

His wife, a born leader of women, was always very active in the Daughters of the Confederacy work, having been at the head of the Grand Division of Virginia for years. Professor Garnett's grandfather, for whom he was named, was a very distinguished man in Virginia. He was the founder and first president of the United States Agricultural Society, and wrote many articles on rural economy.

Professor Garnett's literary work is not so extensive as it is finished. His published books are: *Translation of Beowulf, Elene and Other Anglo-Saxon Poems, History of the University of Virginia, Selections in English Prose, Hayne's Speech, Macbeth, Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America*, and many addresses and reviews.

His brother, Theodore Stanford Garnett, was on J. E. B. Stuart's staff during the War between the States.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE.

Richmond, Virginia.

1841.

WRITER OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

William Gordon McCabe was born near Richmond, Virginia, in 1841. His father was Rev. John Collins McCabe, a poet and antiquarian. His mother, Sophia Gordon Taylor, was the great-granddaughter of George Taylor, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was educated at home until old enough to enter the Hampton Academy, where he remained six years in preparation for his college work. He proved a fine scholar, led his class, won two prizes and was chosen valedictorian. He then entered the University of Virginia, and was graduated in 1861. When the War between the States came on, McCabe knew where his duty led. He volunteered as private, but was soon made captain of the artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. He fought bravely through all those four years of struggle, and when the surrender came went to William and Mary College to complete his education, and soon began to teach, and established a school at Petersburg, Virginia, and then later taught in Richmond.

His literary life began when he wrote his first poems. One night in camp, when that feeling of homesickness, that once felt is never forgotten, came over him, he poured out his soul in verse. It was Christmas night and the loved ones were uppermost in his mind. He pictured them as he so often had seen them, and he longed to be near them. One can see tears between each line as he wrote his *Christmas Night of Sixty-two*:

"My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
 Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
 I see the low-browed home again,
 The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far-off years
 Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
 The voices of the Long Ago!
 My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
 I see again the glad surprise
 That lightened up the tranquil eyes
 And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss.

As rushing from the old hall door,
 She fondly clasped her wayward boy,
 Her face all radiant with the joy
 She felt to see him home once more."

He was a poet by nature, and while his *Nil Nisi Bonum*, a memorial of Thackeray, and *John Pegram*, a threnody on that gallant officer's death, are considered his best poems, his *Dreaming in the Trenches* will always be the favorite. It is dated Pegram's Battalion Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, December, 1864:

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
 Where the fading firelight starts and falls,
 Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
 With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone; while those faces look silently down
 From their antique frames in a grim repose—
 Slight, scholarly Ralph, in his Oxford gown,
 And staunch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay, in crimson and gold,
 There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
 But she sits there fairer a thousandfold,
 Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading night
 Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,

Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
 With the guileless pride of her knightly race.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless way
 On the old "Romance" which she holds on her knee,
 "Of Tristram," the bravest knight in the fray,
 "And Iseult," who waits by the sounding sea.

And the proud, dark eyes wear a softened look,
 And she watches the dying embers fall—
 Perhaps she dreams of the knights in the book,
 Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall!

What fancies, I wonder, are thronging her brain,
 For her cheek's flush warm with a crimson glow,
 Perhaps—ah me, how foolish and vain!
 But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again,
 To offer my love and a stainless name,
 Or whether I die at the head of my men,
 I'll be true to the end, all the same."

There is a longer poem of his called *The Defense of Petersburg*, "in which is portrayed all the fire of battle, pathos of courage, and wreck and ruin of war."

In 1867 he married Miss Jennie Pleasant Osborne, and began to turn his attention to more practical things than writing poetry, and as his thoughts were directed to teaching he published instead of poems a book on *Latin Orthography, A Grammar of the Latin Language, Latin Reader, Cæsar's Gallic War, Ballads of Battle and Bravery, Virginia Schools Before and After the Revolution, Bacon's Rebellion of 1676*, and many addresses and articles for leading magazines not only of this country but of England also. In 1904-5 he was appointed commissioner to the Jamestown Tercentenary. His home is in Richmond, Virginia.

ALEXANDER BROWN¹ was born at Glenmore, Virginia, in 1843. His father was Robert Brown, and his mother Sarah Cabell Callaway. He lived on his father's plantation, and received his early education from private tutors, as so many Southern children were forced to do under the old régime. He then attended private schools, and when prepared for college went to Lynchburg, and later to William and Mary. He was compelled to leave college because of the war cloud that was threatening the country. Every patriotic son felt it his duty to defend her. He served throughout the war, and at its close entered mercantile business, but finding this uncongenial tried farming.

In 1873 he married Caroline Augusta Cabell, who lived only a short time, and then in 1886 married her sister, Sarah Randolph Cabell. He became a member of many of the Historical Associations, and many honors have been shown him. We are largely indebted to him for work along historical lines. He wrote *New Views of Early Virginia History*, *The Genesis of the United States*, *The Cabells and their Kin*, *The First Republic in America*, *The History of Our Earliest History*, *English Politics in Early Virginia History*, and many magazine articles.

He now lives on his farm at Norwood, Nelson county, Virginia.

JOHN ALLAN WYETH was born in Marshall county, Alabama, in 1845. His father was Louis Wyeth, judge of the circuit court, a prominent man in Alabama history during the sixties. His mother was Euphemia Allen. When the two armies were encamped in that section of the country there was a threatened famine, and Judge Wyeth visited several towns along the Ohio to find food and arrange for its free

transportation. He secured both and sent back this characteristic telegram, "My people are saved!"

John Allan was educated at the LaGrange Military Academy, Alabama, and entered the Confederate service as a private. He was taken prisoner, was carried to Camp Morton, Indiana, and remained there fifteen months.

After the war he began to study medicine, and graduated at the University of Louisville, and the Bellevue Medical College, New York. Soon after graduation he became assistant demonstrator. He organized and founded in 1882 the first post-graduate medical school in the United States, and possibly in the world. He was surgeon in Mount Sinai Hospital from 1880 to 1897.

He married, in 1886, Florence N. Sims, the daughter of the noted Dr. Marion Sims. In that same year he became president of the New York State Medical Association, and in 1901 of the American Medical Association.

He has written *Essays on Surgical Anatomy and Surgery*, *Text-book on Surgery*, *Life of General N. B. Forrest*, and numberless sketches on medical, historical and biographical subjects. His home is in New York.

HANNIS TAYLOR was born at New Berne, North Carolina, in 1851. He was educated at the University of North Carolina, and received from the Universities of Edinburgh and Dublin the degree of LL.D. In 1878 he married Miss Leonora Le Baron, Mobile, Alabama. He was sent as a minister to Spain in 1893; remained there four years, and was made Special Consul for the United States government to arrange Spanish treaty claims. Later he was made professor of constitutional and international law at Columbia University, and has held that position ever since.

His work, *The Origin and Growth of the English Consti-*

tution (two volumes), has rightly given him an international reputation. It should form the basis for constitutional study in all universities. It has been called the greatest book that has appeared in the South for many years. He has also written *International Public Law and Jurisdiction and Procedure of the Supreme Court of the United States*.

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT, born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1862, is the son of Dr. Peterfield Trent and Lucy Carter Burwell. He was graduated from the University of Virginia, received the LL.D. degree from Wake Forest College, and took a post-graduate course in history from Johns Hopkins. He taught in Richmond, then accepted the professorship of English and later became Dean at Sewanee in the University of the South. He married in 1896 Miss Alice Lyman, of East Orange, New Jersey. He had edited quite a number of books, as *Select Poems of Milton*, *Essays of Macaulay*, *Poems and Tales of Edgar Allan Poe*, *Balzac's comédie Humaine*, *Colonial Prose and Poetry*, *Southern Writers*, *Selections in Prose and Verse*, besides others. He edited the *Sewanee Review* from 1892-1900.

He has written *English Culture in Virginia*, *Life of William Gilmore Simms*, *Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime*, *Robert E. Lee*, *Verses*, *John Milton: a Short Study of His Life and Works*, *Authority of Criticism*, *War and Civilization*, *The Progress of the United States in the Century*, *A History of American Literature*, *History of the United States for Schools*, *A Brief History of American Literature*, and *Greatness in Literature*, and other literary addresses.

He is now professor of English literature at the Columbia University, New York, having accepted the position in 1900.

LYON GARDINER TYLER was born at Sherwood Forest, Virginia, in 1853. His father was President John Tyler, a man whose place in literature has never been fully acknowledged; none can deny the value of his great work, "*Dead in the Cabinet.*" It is as fine a piece of English composition as can be found. His mother was Julia Gardiner, the second wife of the President. Lyon Gardiner was educated in large measure under private teachers until prepared for the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in 1875 with the degree of A.M. Two years later he was made professor of *belles-lettres* at William and Mary College, although only twenty-four years of age. He moved to Memphis, Tennessee, the next year, having been offered a position as principal of the High School in that city. Later he decided to practice law and went to his native State and opened an office in Richmond. It is almost impossible to offer attractions in any other State great enough to hold a real true Virginian. He was made president of William and Mary College in 1888, and moved to Williamsburg, his present home.

He married in 1878 Annie B. Tucker, the daughter of Colonel St. George Tucker, of Virginia.

He is editor and proprietor of the William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine, founded in 1892, and through its pages has been able to give valuable information regarding the early history of his State. As has been stated before, the South has not felt the importance of keeping her records, and her sons and daughters of to-day are realizing the mistake that has been made and many are working earnestly to rectify it. Old documents, scrapbooks, family letters and genealogical tables are being unearthed which throw light upon the history of the past. All honor and encouragement should be given to the efforts of such men as Dr. Tyler, of Virginia. Only one other college in the United States ante-

dates William and Mary, which proves that the South has not been indifferent to education; and it is but to be expected that from her records much of the early history of our country should be learned. The State Board of Education made him one of its members in 1903. His principal writings are *The Letters and Times of the Tylers, Parties and Patronage in the United States*, *Cradle of the Republic*, *The Contribution of William and Mary to the Making of the Union*, and many other literary addresses and papers.

FRANKLIN VERZELIUS NEWTON PAINTER, D.D., was born in Hampshire county, Virginia, in 1852. He was educated at Roanoke College, Virginia, studied theology at Salem, studied abroad at Paris and Bonn, was ordained for the Lutheran ministry, but later turned his attention to teaching. Since 1882 he has been professor of modern languages in Roanoke College. He has written many books; some text-books on literature which were well received not only by the schools of his own State but by other States.

His works are: *A History of Education*, *Luther on Education*, *History of Christian Worship*, *Introduction to English Literature*, *Introduction to American Literature*, *A History of English Literature*, *Lyrical Vignettes*, *The Reformation Dawn*, *Poets of the South*, *Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism*, *Great Pedagogical Essays from Plato to Spencer*, *English and American Literature*, and addresses, and numberless contributions to reviews and periodicals.

THE DABNEYS OF VIRGINIA.

1786.

1907.

WRITERS OF NATIONAL ERA AND LATER REPUBLIC.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY was born at Elmington, Gloucester county, Virginia, in 1835. The Dabney family of Virginia has been a very noted one. The name evidently was originally D'Aubigné, and connected with the French historians of that name. In England they were called Daubeney. There have been two families of the same name in Virginia noted as writers—one from Gloucester county and the other from Louisa county.

Virginius was educated by private tutors and prepared for the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in 1855. He began the practice of law, and then abandoned it for literature, but the War between the States put an end to this. He volunteered at once and served throughout the entire time. His only literary work of merit, *Don Miff*, reached its fourth edition in six months.

His eldest son, Richard Heath Dabney, was born in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1860. He was educated at the University of Virginia, where he received his degree of A. M. Later he went abroad and studied at Heidelberg. In 1888 he married Miss Mary A. Bentley, of Richmond, Virginia. She lived only a year, and he then married, in 1899, Miss Lily H. Davis, of Albemarle county, Virginia. He taught in the New York Latin School, became professor of history in the Indiana University, and professor of history at the University of Virginia.

His works are *The Causes of the French Revolution*, *John Randolph*, a *Character Sketch*, and many miscellaneous reviews and articles. His home is now in Charlottesville, Virginia.

The Dabneys of Louiza county are represented by RICHARD DABNEY, 1786-1825. He was noted for his classical learning, was a fine Greek and Latin scholar and had a very unusually wide acquaintance with English and Italian literature. He published a volume of poems which showed taste and accurate scholarship. Many of these were translations from Euripides, Alcæus, Tyrtæus, Sappho, Seneca, and Petrarch. When the Richmond Theater burned, at the time that Edgar Allan Poe's father lost his life, Dabney, in trying to escape, was so burned that he never recovered from the injuries received. He lived for several years, but was such a sufferer that he was forced to take morphine, and became addicted to the habit which really caused his death.

His nephew, ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY, was born on the Pamunkey river, in Louiza county, Virginia, in 1820. He was educated first at Hampden-Sidney, and graduated from the University of Virginia, receiving his A. M. degree in 1842. He married Lavinia Morrison and their home was at Hampden-Sidney. As he decided to enter the ministry, he studied theology at Union Seminary, and accepted the pastorate of the church at Tinkling Spring, in Augusta county, Virginia. He taught theology for a time at the Seminary. When the war came on he entered the Confederate service on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, and remained until his state of health forced him to withdraw. He then returned to Union Seminary and taught theology until 1883.

His works are *The Life and Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Thomas J. Jackson*, and *A Defense of Virginia*. This last is really a defense of the South on the subject of slavery. The "Charleston Mercury" said of it: "It takes up slavery as existing under the authority of the Old Testament, then under the New,—its origin in this country, and its true nature; and thread by thread it disentangles the woof of abolition sophistries, and vindicates the lawfulness and sinlessness of slavery."

It is the most comprehensive and unanswerable review of the whole subject we have ever seen; and every Southern man at least ought to own a copy of it, if for no other purpose, to give to his children the opportunity of correctly appreciating his course in maintaining it. The white race of the South is down now, under the heels of Radical hate and negro fanaticism; but the truth of God's Word and of nature, can not be smothered forever. It will rise up in spite of man's wickedness, ignorance, and folly; and in due time will place the people of the Southern States completely vindicated before the whole world for maintaining African slavery, and resisting the madness which has overthrown it."

Robert Lewis's son, CHARLES WILLIAM DABNEY, was born at Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, in 1855. He was graduated at Hampden-Sidney College in 1873, and studied at the University of Virginia, at Berlin and Göttingen, from which he received the degree of Ph.D.; later the degree of LL.D. was received from Yale and Johns Hopkins. He married Miss Mary Brent, of Lexington, Kentucky, in 1881. He was professor of Chemistry at the University of North Carolina, and later State Chemist. He discovered the phosphate deposits in that State. Since 1904 he has been president of the University of Cincinnati. His works are: *Reports of North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station*, *Reports of the University of Tennessee Station*, *Old College and New*, *A National Department of Science*, *A National University*, *Washington's Interest in Education*, and *Agriculture and Education*.

WOODROW WILSON.

Staunton, Virginia.

1856.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Woodrow Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia, in 1856. His father's parents were Scotch-Irish, from the north of Ireland, and settled in Steubenville, Ohio, where he was born. His mother, Miss Woodrow, was born of Scotch parents in Carlisle, England. Her family, the Woodrows, have contributed more than any one family to the faculty of the University of Edinburgh, and one of its more learned members, in an earlier generation, was the first ecclesiastical historian of Scotland. The name was originally spelled Wodrow.

His school days were spent in Augusta, Georgia. His first teacher was William T. Derry, whose school at first was over the old post-office, and was later down by the river among the cotton warehouses; the playground was on the broad sloping bank of the Savannah river. Afterwards he was sent to Columbia, South Carolina, to be prepared for college. He entered Davidson in 1874, but remained there only one year, and then went to Princeton, from which he was graduated in 1879. He studied law at the University of Virginia, and began to practice in Atlanta, Georgia, but as it did not have the attraction for him that letters had, he went to Johns Hopkins to take special studies in history and politics, and since that time his life has been identified with educational work—first at Bryn Mawr, where he was associate professor of history; then at Wesleyan University, where he held the chair of history and political economy, and then at Princeton, where he was appointed to the chair of jurisprudence and politics.

Upon the resignation of President F. L. Patton in 1902, Woodrow Wilson's name was presented, and without opposition he was elected, the first layman in the history of Princeton that has been so honored.

In 1885 he married Miss Ellen Louise Axson, the granddaughter of Rev. Dr. Axson, for so long the greatly beloved pastor of the Independent Presbyterian church in Savannah, Georgia. Miss Axson was born in Savannah, and her girlhood was spent on Georgia soil.

He has received degrees testifying to his literary ability; from Johns Hopkins, Ph. D.; from Wake Forest College, North Carolina, LL.D.; from Tulane University, Louisiana, LL.D. A writer in the *World's Best Literature* says: "Woodrow Wilson, although one of the younger American writers on historical and political subjects, is conspicuous for his literary touch, suggestive thought, and thorough knowledge. His studies of contemporary politics and institutions have won wide attention for their thoughtful and searching analysis, presented in a style of exceptional attraction and inspired by a sincere desire to interpret and promote the good in American methods.

"His more general essays upon topics historical or literary have, by their decided charm, made him known to a far larger audience than a professional teacher or writer upon such themes usually reaches. His training has been broad and sufficient."

His published works are: *Congressional Government*, *The State Elements of Historical and Practical Politics*, *Division and Reunion*, *An Old Master and Other Political Essays*, *George Washington, Mere Literature and Other Essays*, and *A History of the American People* (five volumes).

Woodrow Wilson is a charming historian; he handles facts in such a way that they seem to be as lovely as fiction or as startling as realities. In his article *The West in American*

History he touches the true cause of the War between the States.

"It was the settlement of the West that transformed slavery from an accepted institution into passionate matter of controversy. Slavery within the States of the Union stood sufficiently protected by every solemn sanction the Constitution could afford. No man could touch it there—think, or hope, or purpose what he might. But when new States were to be made it was not so. Then at every step choice must be made; slavery or no slavery? A new choice for every new State; a fresh act of organization to go with every fresh act of organization. Had there been no territories, there could have been no slavery question, except by revolution and contempt of fundamental law. But with a continent to be peopled, the choice thrust itself insistently forward at every step and upon every hand. This was the slavery question; not what should be done to reverse the past, but what should be done to redeem the future. It was so men of that day saw it,—and so also must historians see it. We must not mistake the program of the Anti-Slavery Society for the platform of the Republican party, or forget that the very war itself was begun ere any purpose of abolition took shape amongst those who were statesmen and in authority. It was a question, not of freeing men, but of preserving a free soil. Kansas showed us what the problem was, not South Carolina; and it was the Supreme Court, not the slaveowners, who formulated the matter for our thought and purpose."

JOHN LESSLIE HALL was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1856. He is the son of Jacob Hall, Jr., and was educated in the Richmond preparatory schools, Randolph-Macon and Johns Hopkins University. From the latter he received his Ph.D. degree. He married in 1889 Miss Margaret Fenwick Farland, of Tappahannock, Virginia.

He has written *Translation of Beowulf, Old English Idyls, Judith, Phoenix and Other Anglo-Saxon Poems*, besides contributing literary articles to magazines. His latest book, *Half-Hours in Southern History*, issued by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia, will prove valuable in throwing lights upon Southern history. It is true Dr. Hall was too young to know of the War between the States from actual experience, but he has certainly been well posted by those who did. He feels deeply, but not bitterly, and says what he feels in a very direct and forceful way. "To the Southerner this book will come as a trumpet-blast on a clear and frosty morning. To the Northerner it will come as an interesting revelation of how a true Southerner of to-day thinks and feels about the South, and about the Union, of which, as Dr. Hall reminds us, the South was the chief architect."

"If we may judge by the signs of the times, the day of true union and full reconciliation is fast approaching. Mr. Charles Francis Adams's Charleston address, in which he said that both sides were right in 1861; Mr. Cleveland's Madison Square Garden speech, in which he praised the magnanimity of the South towards the negro, and urged the North to leave the solution of the negro problem to the Southern people; the endorsement of that speech by the Philadelphia Press, long the exponent of the warmest anti-Southern sentiment; the addresses made in Richmond, Virginia, in April, 1903, by Mr. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, and by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in which they spoke tenderly of Southern heroes and sympathetically on Southern questions—these and other significant events have made the heart of the South beat faster, and prepared the way for a union not 'pinned together by bayonets,' but 'resting upon the consent of the governed.'"

"Mutual forgiveness and reparation! This, as already said, is the open sesame to fraternal union and to the full measure of our national greatness. If such Northern men as those named above could write our histories, compile our encyclopedias, and edit all our great journals, this book might not be needed, or certainly many of its paragraphs might be dispensed with. Alas! however, ink-pots of Liliput and pygmy politicians have so shaped public sentiment, so filled our bookshelves with pestilential libels, that, unless Southern men write the truth, the South will be handed down to infamy. Books are still pouring from the press, encyclopedias still being printed, that demand refutation from Southern writers.

"We are not waving the 'bloody shirt,' but telling the truth, 'naught extenuating and naught setting down in malice.' Truth is the great healer. Truth crushed to earth will rise again. To tell the truth to the people of the South, and to all elsewhere that care to know it—such is the object of this volume, and we invoke upon it the blessing of high heaven, that it may increase the self-respect of our beloved South, disabuse some fair minds in other sections of false ideas as to her history, her customs, her institutions, and her motives, past and present, and hasten the day when 'Ephraim shall not envy Judah and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.'"

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN was born at Wilmington, North Carolina, 1861. His father was James Alderman. He graduated from the University of North Carolina, and received the degree of Ph.D. from it. The University of the South, Tulane University and Johns Hopkins conferred upon him the LL.D. He has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Emma Graves, and his second Miss Bessie Green Hearn. He has made teaching his profession, and has held several important positions in the gift of the universities, and has at the same time become a very popular speaker and lecturer. His published works are: *Life of William Hooper*; *Signer of the Declaration of Independence*, and *School History of North Carolina*. He is now president of the University of Virginia, having accepted the position in 1904, and lives at Charlottesville.

THOMAS McADORY OWEN was born in Jonesboro, Jefferson county, Alabama, 1866. His father, Dr. William Marmaduke Owen, was of Welch descent, and his mother, Nancy McAdory, Scotch-Irish—a good combination for a strong character. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 1887 with the A.B. and LL.B. degrees, and later received from his alma mater the A. M. and LL.D. degrees. He was admitted to the bar in 1887, but decided that his talent did not lie in that direction, and longing to devote himself to literary and historical work, began to collect old manuscripts, rare newspapers and periodicals and to study history. He is one of the founders of the Southern Historical Association, and was appointed by Governor Sanford as the director of the Archives and History of Alabama, and became first president of the Alabama Library Association. His writings are: *City Code of Bessemer, Alabama, Bibliography of Alabama, Bibliography of Mississippi, Annals of Alabama*, and many papers relating to the genealogies of Alabama families, and to historical subjects. He edited the *Gulf States Historical Magazine*.

He has accomplished a great work in preserving and collecting historical matter, not only that pertaining to Alabama, but also to Mississippi and Florida. He was unfortunate in having his rare collection of books, manuscripts and papers destroyed by fire in 1906. This was the most complete private library in Alabama. He married Miss Marie Bankhead in 1893, and lives in Montgomery. His office is in the State Capitol, where the Department of Archives and History is, which the Legislature created by Act in February, 1901. What Alabama and Mississippi have done all Southern States should do; then the records of the South would soon be made more complete.

FRANKLIN LAFAYETTE RILEY was born near Hebron, Lawrence county, Mississippi, 1868. He graduated at the Mississippi College, and received the degree of A. M. and later a Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University. He married Miss Fanny Leigh, of Clinton, Mississippi, in 1891, and their home is at University in that State. He began to teach in 1889, but siding to turn his attention especially to historical investigation, went to Johns Hopkins for a course in history. Then he returned he was offered the presidency of Hillman College for Young Women, and in 1897 was made professor of history in his State University, a position he now holds. This gives him an opportunity to carry on his historical research as he desires. He has reorganized the Mississippi Historical Society, and has organized a University Historical Society; he is the originator of the Mississippi State Department of Archives and History, and at the same time secretary and treasurer of the Mississippi Historical Society, president of the United Historical Society, chairman of the Mississippi Historical Commission, and a member of many other historical societies in his State and beyond its borders. With such earnest workers as Mr. Riley in the field of historical investigation in Mississippi it will not be long before the records of that State will show what has been done, and who are the great men and women who have made the State. He is a worthy example for other States to follow.

His published works are: *Colonial Origins of New England States*, *School History of Mississippi*, *Mississippi's Contributions to History* (eight volumes), and numbers of articles in reviews and magazines.

EDWIN MIMS was born at Richmond, Arkansas, in 1871. His father was Andrew J. Mims, and his mother Cornelia Williamson. He was educated at Webb School, Tennessee, and later went to Vanderbilt University, where he remained until 1893, receiving the A. B. degree in 1892, and the A. M. degree the next year. In 1900 Cornell bestowed upon him the Ph. D. degree.

While at Vanderbilt Professor William Baskerville was his teacher in literature. He was greatly interested at that time in "Southern Writers," which later appeared, a book that has given a new impulse to the study of what our men and women of the South have accomplished in literature. His earnestness stimulated his pupils to efforts in a literary way. May not the influence of this teacher be largely responsible for the charming life of *Sidney Lanier* that Edwin Mims has given us in the American Men of Letters series published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.? The "Outlook" said that book is an admirable piece of discriminating, judicious, intelligent and sympathetic interpretation, and belongs with the best American biography.

Edwin Mims holds now a Chair of English Literature at Trinity College, North Carolina. He has been honored by the Methodist Episcopal Church South with other positions of trust, was made a member of the joint hymnal committee that met in 1904, and is a contributor to the religious review of that denomination. He has held positions as fellow at Vanderbilt and Cornell. He is now editor of the "South Atlantic Quarterly," published in Durham, North Carolina. The object of this magazine is to afford better opportunity in the South for the discussion of literary, historical, economic and social questions; to manifest to Northern readers the elements in Southern life that are constructive, hopeful and nationalistic, and to reveal to Southern readers the forces in the North that are coming to a better understanding of Southern problems.

His literary work proper has been to edit *Carlyle's Essay on* *turns* for the Gateway Series, *The Van Dyke Book* for the Scribners, *Sidney Lanier* for Houghton, Mifflin & Co., *Thomas Nelson Page* in Baskerville's second volume of *South-n Writers*; besides he has contributed numberless articles to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *World's Work*, *Review of Reviews*, *Outlook*, *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines and newspapers.

STARK YOUNG was born at Como, Mississippi, in 1881. He was educated at the University of Mississippi, and really began his literary life at college, for he wrote articles for the college magazine when he was the editor, and for the *Annual* when he was its editor-in-chief. In 1902 he decided to go to Columbia University in New York, and received the A. M. degree in English after one year's study; during this time he wrote for several newspapers.

Feeling the necessity for quiet, he went to the mountains of North Carolina and lived alone while he studied and wrote. His "Land of the Sky," as Christian Reid has called it, is sufficient to inspire any one, for the scenery there can hardly be surpassed for beauty and grandeur. When one reads Stark Young's play, *Guinevere*, it must be remembered that the preparatory work for it was done at this time, and that while he was studying Catullus, Spenser, Matthew Arnold and Hamlet he was also studying what was of equal, if not greater, importance, the natural world around him. This poetic play of *Guinevere* is based on the Arthurian legend, as found chiefly in Malory's "Morte-D'Arthur."

In 1904 he decided to travel abroad, and spent the greater part of his time in Italy. On his return he accepted a position as assistant in English in his alma mater. In 1907 he published his book of poems, *The Blind Man at the Window and*

Other Poems. The first poem in the book, which gives it the name, is "a study of the relation of the five senses to the inner sense, the higher vision to which all senses are as channels set to the wider sea."

Other poems in the book are *The Seekers*, an allegory, of the despairing seekers of the Deity, *Nocturne*, *To a Little Blue Floater in Cornucall*, *Death and the Ghost*, *To Chopin*, and *Gordia*, a personification of the rhythm and witchery of the sea: there are also lyrics, sonnets, songs and poems that make up the book.

One can see from these that the author has been influenced by Keats, Wordsworth, Dante, Milton, Job, Coleridge, Tennyson and Catullus. He is a great student of these poets. His home is in University, Mississippi, but he is planning to go abroad in June to study Dante at the University of Bologna and then later to go to Paris to study the French lyric and dramatic poets. He is quite a young man, so much may be expected from him in the future.

CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON was born at McPhersonville, South Carolina, in 1840. His father was William Ferguson Hutson, and his mother was Sophronia Palmer. He was graduated from the South Carolina College in 1862, and joined the Hampton Legion of Infantry as private to defend his country. After the war he became a professor of Greek in the Louisiana State University, and professor of modern languages in the University of Mississippi.

In 1871 he married Miss M. J. Lockett. He has written *Out of a Besieged City*, *The Beginnings of Civilization*, *The Story of Beryl*, *French Literature*, *The Story of Language*, besides many poems.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Miscellaneous Writers of the Republic.

SARA AGNES PRYOR.

Halifax County, Virginia.

1830.

WRITER OF REPUBLIC.

SARA AGNES PRYOR was born in Halifax county, Virginia, in 1830. Her father was Rev. Samuel Blair Rice, and her mother Lucinda Walton Leftwich. She was educated by private tutors in her father's or guardian's homes, giving special time to music, modern languages, history and English literature.

She married at Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1848, General Roger Atkinson Pryor. He was a brave Confederate soldier, a member of the Confederate Congress, brigadier-general in the army, and a prisoner during the last year of the War between the States. He is now judge of the Supreme Court of New York, and is held in high esteem both in the North and South. Mrs. Pryor is a woman who has always been interested in patriotic work, and occupies many positions of honor, being charter member and honorary president of the Colonial Dames, D. A. R.'s, Mary Washington, and other associations. She has an abiding interest in collecting and preserving antiquities. Personally she is charming, and it is an honor to be privileged to hear her discuss the days of long ago.

In 1903 *The Mother of Washington and Her Times* appeared, and at once it was seen that its author was one gifted in portraying scenes peculiar to the South, and when her *Reminiscences of Peace and War* was published the following year all acknowledged that Mrs. Pryor had placed us under a debt of gratitude for her faithful pen pictures. Besides these two books she has written stories and essays for *Century*, *Cosmopolitan*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

MARY ANN JACKSON (Mrs.) was born in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, about 1831. She is the daughter of Rev. Robert Hall, D.D., and Mary Coker, and was educated at the well-known Moravian School at Salem, North Carolina. In 1857 she married Thomas Jonathan Jackson, better known to the world as *Stonewall Jackson*, the brave and much-loved general of the Confederacy—that man of prayer who was more feared by the enemy on that account than on account of his many regiments of soldiers. The marriage took place at “Cottage Home,” her father’s house in Lincoln county, North Carolina. Mrs. Jackson is a modest and retiring woman, with the cordial, gentle manners of a true Southern woman. When, after the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863, General Jackson died of the wounds he had received through mistake from one of his own men, Mrs. Jackson and her daughter Julia were left bereaved indeed. Mrs. Jackson’s home is now in Charlotte, North Carolina. Many honors have been tendered her by the Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and those loyal to the South, and she has declined a pension for the Confederate veterans, but refused it, saying that she did not need it. She always shrinks from any publicity, and will only accept those honors which will not require her to speak, or appear in any public way. She has been urged for many years past to write the life of her distinguished husband, and this book, *Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson*, will be hailed with delight, for she can best give the inner life and the beautiful home-life of her noble husband who was not only a consistent member and officer of the Presbyterian church but a man whose faith in prayer was so great that it has become almost a proverb.

JAMES D. McCABE, JR.

Richmond, Virginia.

1845.

WRITER OF WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

James D. McCabe was born in Richmond, Virginia, 1845. He is of old Irish lineage that runs back to the Crusaders. He was educated at private schools in Richmond, and then sent to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. He was fourteen when he wrote an article for a country newspaper, called *The Abingdon Virginian*, but his true literary work was a book published in 1860 called *Farrellicism and Its Results*, by a *Southerner*. *The Mide-de-Camp*, a real war story, followed in 1863. It appeared as a serial in *The Magnolia Weekly*, a literary journal of Richmond, and later came out in pamphlet form. Opportunity for publishing books was not often presented during the war, but even as poorly gotten up as it was it found a ready sale. In 1862 and 1863 he published three *Plays* that were performed at the Richmond Theater. The subjects were of the war times. The author looked upon these in later years as literary sins.

After Stonewall Jackson's death in 1863 he wrote his life, and the following year an enlarged edition was published entitled *Life of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson*, by an *ex-Cadet*. *The Bohemian* appeared in 1864, but this was not wholly the work of Mr. McCabe. Charles Patton Dimitry and Mrs. McCabe contributed, and it was brought out as a Christmas book.

In 1866 he published *A Memoir of General A. Sidney Johnston*, from material he had collected during the war from his son, the staff officers and warm personal friends of the

General. A very large volume appeared in 1867, *Life and Campaigns of General Robert E. Lee*, a book of over seven hundred pages. The only criticism upon this, which found a ready sale, was that it was unjust to President Davis. In 1867 *The Grayjackets*, a compilation of romance, wit and humor of war time, was published. Mr. McCabe was a prolific writer. It has been stated that he wrote a hundred and eighty-six stories and a large number of poems. One of his poems is *The Sword of Harry Lee*.

Besides his prose and poetry, he translated from the French two stories of Octave Feuillet, *Little Countess* and *Onesta*, edited *The Magnolia Weekly*, and made a great success of it.

MATT CRIM, Louisiana, is a popular Southern novelist, whose life has been chiefly spent in Georgia. She was educated almost entirely at home. She wrote for the "Sunny South" and the Savannah papers, but her first sketch to attract general attention was *An Unfortunate Creetur*, which appeared in "The Century." "Harper's" and "The Independent" have published many of her stories. She lives in New York, and has received helpful encouragement in her work from many literary men and women. Her books are *The Adventures of a Fair Rebel* and *In Beaver Cove and Elsewhere*. The latter, which has been published in England, is a collection of short stories, the former is a complete novel.

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

Fayetteville, Arkansas.

1848.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Frances Courtenay Baylor was born at Fayetteville, Arkansas, in 1848. She was the daughter of James Baylor and Sophy Elizabeth Courtenay. Her parents were Virginians, but she was born in Arkansas, and her childhood was spent at San Antonio, Texas, where her father was stationed. However, every Baylor is a Virginian wherever born. She was educated at home and traveled extensively, and it was in this way that she gathered the material for her books.

On her return from abroad she made Winchester, Virginia, her home, and then began to write for magazines. Her first articles were sent to Lippincott, Atlantic Monthly and the Princeton Review. Her novel, *On Both Sides*, published in 1885, is a contrast drawn between social manners and customs of England and America. This was republished in Edinburgh.

She married George S. Barnum in 1896.

Her other works are: *Juan and Juanita*, *Behind the Blue Ridge*, *A Shocking Example and Other Sketches*, *Claudia Hyde*, *The Ladder of Fortune*, *A Georgian Bungalow*, *Nina Barrow*, and *Fetherlings of Ferneyhaugh*.

Her home is Mulberry Hill, near Lexington, Virginia, where she has lived since her marriage. She is a very clever writer, and her view of life is amusing whether she is writing for children or for grown people. It has been said that no woman and few men have surpassed her in humor.

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

Savannah, Georgia.

1850.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Sarah Barnwell Elliott, daughter of Stephen Elliott, bishop of the Episcopal Church of Georgia, formerly of South Carolina, and Sarah Barnwell, of Darlington, South Carolina, was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1880. Her education was conducted entirely at home. The years of her school life came very near the years of the war. At that time the children of ministers, and the children of many others, as to that, had no opportunity to travel either away from home. Possibly this was the very best training she could have had, for a cultured home, highly educated parents, and beautiful surroundings fell to her lot. She had a large ancestry of distinguished people: James Habersham, who came over with Oglethorpe to help settle the Georgia colony, was her great-great-grandfather; her father, the beloved and honored Stephen Elliott, was the first bishop of Georgia.

After his death in 1870 the family moved to Sewanee, Tennessee, where the University of the South is situated: this was founded by him. As the university is not co-educational, she literally had to "pick up" an education, as she expressed it, and she managed to do this very effectually, judging from her writings. She took a very thorough course in metaphysics and learned a good deal of Greek, and in 1886 went to Johns Hopkins for instruction under Dr. Wright, studying enough German to take the Anglo-Saxon and to undertake the English she desired. She says that her home reading had been entirely from English books and English

magazines, for her father had no American books in his library and no American magazines were subscribed for, so that her English was necessarily kept English. After leaving Johns Hopkins she went to Europe for a year, sending articles to newspapers sufficient to pay all expenses. Her writing at first was done at her home in Sewanee, as she was her mother's housekeeper for years. In 1895, after her mother's death, she went to New York to be nearer her publishers, but the death of her sister in 1902 left to her care three boys to train and educate, and this brought her back to Sewanee, where she is now. The present problem is perplexing her very much, because unless the solution comes quickly she can not keep house and write, too.

The Felmores, the first book that was published by her, appeared in 1880. Then followed *A Simple Heart*, *Jerry*, *John Page*, *The Durbin Legend*, *An Incident and Other Happenings*, *Sam Henshaw*, *The Wedding of Jane* and *His Majesty's Servant*, a play written with an actress, Miss Hasford.

Miss Elliott's books have received very favorable criticism from the press. *The Felmores* appeared in 1880. It is the story of a skeptic who on his deathbed makes his daughter promise that she will be true to his misbelief. If he is lost she must be also, and although the style is always pleasing, never in the least smart or flippant, the tone does yet shock one's religious sentiments. Sidney Lanier wrote: "I think your book a remarkably strong one. I read it with an earnest sense of pleasure in your power. Your Helen Felmere is a genuine creation. I have already lectured upon her before one of my classes; and I shall have occasion in my public lectures at the Johns Hopkins University next winter to treat your book with considerable detail."

An Incident and Other Happenings is a volume of short stories. It is in *An Incident* and *Squire Kayley's Conclusions* that Miss Elliott presents her views about the lynch law which

created such wide discussion. It really did much to open the eyes of the North to the true situation at the South in regard to the race problem. One of her strongest books is the life of Sam Houston. "He was one of the nation's first expansionists, one always ready to fight the devil with fire, whether he appeared in the form of a Mexican general or a political opponent. He ran away to live with the Indians at thirteen, fought the slave-traders at a little later period of his life, became a common soldier, studied law, fought duels, was the friend of General Jackson for life, went to Congress, made a romantic but unfortunate marriage, was libeled for corruption, caned a Senator, was tried before the bar of the Senate, led the Texans against the best Mexican generals and defeated their armies, avenged the slaughter of the Alamo at the battle of San Jacinto, brought Texas into the Union, was sent to the Senate, was Governor of the State, President of the Republic, and during all this time was honest and kept his administration out of debt and saved the State credit at all times. He ended his life with a happy home, a wife and nine children. Miss Elliott's booklet is a gem and deserves a place in the hands of American children."

Her *Jerry* is considered a powerful study of a life blighted by the power of money. Socialists claim that *Jerry* pleads their cause.

Miss Elliott is a fine example of heredity. Her grandfather, Stephen Elliott, was an author, and published the first book on botany ever published in America; her father, Bishop Stephen Elliott, wrote extensively for the religious press; her brother, Robert Stephen Elliott, has been prominent in church and educational affairs. She claims no credit for her own facility in writing, which she says is an inheritance of generations. She is the product of the ideal home environment of the South.

JULIA MAGRUDER.

Charlottesville, Virginia.

1854.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Julia Magruder, the daughter of Allan Bowie Magruder, a lawyer of Charlottesville, Virginia, and Sarah M. Gilliam, was born at Charlottesville in 1854. She was the youngest of three daughters. When Julia was three years old the family moved to Washington City. The children were almost entirely educated by governesses and their parents. Having a fine library Julia's reading was unrestricted, and this was where the foundation of her literary career was laid. George Eliot was her favorite author and she made her works a constant study. Her father was literary, and it is possible it was from him her talent for writing came. She was only sixteen when she sent her first story, *My Three Chances*, to a Southern paper. It was accepted, and so encouraged was she by this that she wrote sketch after sketch, one following the other in quick succession. Tales for children were her special delight.

Her first book of any importance was *Across the Chasm*. This was published anonymously in one of the leading periodicals, and as it dealt with the prejudices that were expressed because a Southern girl married a Northern man, it caused a great deal of unkind criticism and for the first time she suffered the pangs as well as the joys of an author. The criticisms came harshest from the South, her own people, in that it was thought in her book she pandered to Northern favor. Soon after this she and her mother with a party of friends went to Europe and traveled for some months. She collected at this time material for her stories. She has a great deal of

method in her way of working. She devotes three hours in the morning to her writing, lays the manuscript away and will not allow herself to think about it; when the story is finished she puts it aside for weeks or months of rest, then takes it out and works it over very carefully. Personally Miss Magruder is charming; her complexion is fair, her eyes very expressive, and she dresses simply but with exquisite taste. Her other works are: *At Anchor*, *A Magnificent Plebeian*, *The Princess Sonia*, *The Child Amy*, *Child Sketches from George Eliot*, *Labor of Love*, *The Violet*, *Dead Selves*, *Miss Ayr of Virginia*, *A Realized Ideal*, *A Heaven-kissing Hill*, *Struan*, *A Beautiful Alien*, *A Manifest Destiny*, and *The Thousandth Woman*.

Some one has said, "What a dear, hysterical story Julia Magruder's *Princess Sonia* is!" It is a story of three persons, Martha Keene, and a tall, handsome, beautiful, sorrowful-eyed, dignified, exclusive, artistic young woman supposed to be a Russian princess, and Martha's brother, a great, handsome, blonde-bearded fellow who has married Sonia, the supposed Russian princess. It is an incredible sort of story, but Miss Magruder has so charmingly told it that it holds the attention from beginning to end.

ALCEE FORTIER,

Louisiana.

1856.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Alcée Fortier was born in Louisiana in 1856. He was educated largely by private tutors, but was graduated from the University of Virginia, and received the degree of Litt. D. from Washington and Lee. In 1881 he married Miss Marie Lannauze, and went abroad for the study of phonetics in Paris under Professor Passy. In 1894 he was made president of the Louisiana Historical Society. His works are: *Lousiana Studies*, *Louisiana Folk Tales*, *Bits of Louisiana Folk-Lore*, *Sept Grande Auteurs du XIXme Siècle*, *Histoire de la Littérature Francaise*, *Le Chateau de Chambord*, *Gabriel d'Ennrich*, *Voyage en Europe en 1895*, and many text-books in French for schools and colleges.

Mr. Fortier has done a great work by his *Louisiana Studies* in calling attention to our Southern writers who have had little or no justice done to them in any compilation. He has given a list of those authors living in Louisiana whose writings are altogether in French. These names are not included in French literature proper, therefore they should have a place in American literature, and more especially in Southern literature.

Among these writers in French are: Julien Poydras, who was born in Nantes in Brittany in 1740. He served in the navy, was captured and taken to England. He escaped, however, and after many adventures came to Louisiana in 1768. When he reached there he found her a Spanish province. He remained in New Orleans a year and then bought some goods

and started out as a peddler. He made a large amount of money in this way, bought a place in Pointe Coupee and settled there. He thought of returning home to his brothers and sisters, but the French Revolution began at this time, and he dared not return to his native land. After the Revolution had ended he sent for his nieces and nephews and aided them very generously. He never married. He wrote poetry and even attempted an epic poem. He lived to be a very old man, and never changed his style of dress from that of the time of Louis XV. He left twelve hundred slaves when he died. He was opposed to slavery, and would gladly have freed them at his death, but felt that it would be unwise to do so at one time, so stated in his will that all should be freed by the end of twenty-five years.

Poydras's literary work has no merit as literature, but simply as history, and he deserves our praise for the patriotism that immortalized in heroic verse the heroic deeds of our ancestors of the eighteenth century.

Other writers in French were Victor Debouchel, *Histoire de la Louisiane*, 1841.

Henri Rémy's *Histoire de la Louisiane*, 1854.

Mme. Laure Andry, *Histoire de la Louisiane pour les Enfants*.

Mme. D. Girard, *Histoire des Etats-Unis Suivie de l'Histoire de la Louisiane*.

Bernard de Marigny, *Reflexions sur la Politique des Etats-Unis, Statistique de l'Espagne*.

Alexandre Barde, *Histoire des Comités de Vigilance aux Atlatapas*.

Mlle. Desirée Martin, *Les Veillées d'une Sœur ou le Destin d'un Boni de Moussee*.

A. Lussan, *Martyrs de la Louisiane*.

L. Placide Canonge, *Le Comte de Carmagnola*, a comedy.

He also wrote librettos of several operas and many poems. His comedy was dedicated to Alfred de Musset.

Dr. Alfred Mercier is one of the best known French authors of Louisiana. He has tried all subjects except history, and succeeded in all. He is a dramatist, poet, novelist, essayist, philosopher and scientist. He is original; his style is good, and his prose elegant and correct. His poems are remarkable when his age is considered. His *Message* is one of his best. His novels are *La Rose de Smyrne*, *L'Ermite de Niagara*, *Le Fonde Palesme*, *Erato* and *Johnelle*.

Dr. François Charles Deléry has published a comedy in verse. It is a satire on carpetbag rule in Louisiana, and to those who had a personal knowledge of this period it is of intense interest.

In his *Les Némésiennes Confidées* he has bitterly attacked General Butler's rule in New Orleans.

Dr. Deléry was born in Louisiana in 1815 of French descent. He was graduated from the Medical School of Paris. His works have been along practical lines, and are very many. Some are *Essai sur la Libertie*, *Quelque Mots sur le Nativisme*, *Fèvre Jaune*, *Confédérés et Fédéraux*, and many along social and political lines as well as those on medical subjects. It is said his handwriting was perfect for neatness and easily read. He died in New Orleans in 1880.

In addition to these writers of dramas Louisiana has some French poets. Her romantic history, magnificent forests, beautiful flowers and bayous and Gulf coast form a fit place for poets to live and write in. It is true that the French language is not adapted to poetry, and French literature has always been weakest at this point, still the poets of Louisiana can not be overlooked.

Félix Courmon wrote *Le Taenarion*, a satire, but his poems are superior to this work.

Camille Thierry wrote *Les Vagabondes*, which contains some charming verses.

Constant Lepouzé is possibly one of the most classical of the French poets. *Le Facheux*, one of Horace's satires, is wonderfully well translated.

Charles Oscar Dugué has given a poem of seven cantos, but his *Essais Poétiques* are much better.

Alexandre Latil is the serious poet of French literature. He was an invalid and his poems are lamentations and prayers.

Among the novelists are Dr. C. Testut, who wrote *Le Vieux Salomon*, and *Les Filles de Monte Cristo*. This last is a continuation of Dumas's *Monte Cristo*.

Mme. S. de la Houssaye has written the story of a spoilt Virginia girl, and called it *Le Maride Marguerite*.

There are numberless others who have written articles in French for magazines, also poems and short stories—too many to mention even by name, but we will refer the reader to *Louisiana Studies*, by Alcée Fortier.

MARY GREENWAY McCLELLAND was born at Norwood, Nelson county, Virginia. The rapid growth of Miss McClelland's fame excited curiosity respecting her personal history. She was born at Norwood, in Virginia. Elm Cottage, the name of the home, has been in the family for nearly a century.

Her education was received at home, under the beautiful elms, with father and mother and one sister for companions. The scenery surrounding this cottage is beautiful, the old house very quaint, and its inmates very cultured. Mary was a very imaginative child and loved to climb the trees and be swayed by the winds so that "she might listen to what they said." Her education began with "Waverly Novels," which she read aloud to her mother.

She was once asked what would be her choice if she could

choose a gift from the gods—and unhesitatingly replied, “*Genius, though every breath were pain.*”

When *Oblivion*, her first story, appeared, it met with a warm reception from the press and reading public. Her other works are: *Norwood, White Heron, Eleanor Gwynn, Princess, Ten Minutes to Twelve, Jean Monteith, Madam Silva, Burkett's Lock, A Self-Made Man*, and *Manitou Island*.

Miss McClelland cut off from intercourse with others of her age, grew up an imaginative child, making dolls to personate the characters in Scott's novels, and costuming them after her own conception of their character. Anne of Geirstein was a very small doll with a large peacock feather in her cap.

Her first appearance in print was in two bits of verse, one written while churning with the left hand, and the other composed while following a turkey hen to her nest in the wood. *Oblivion* is without doubt her best novel. The mountaineers described in it are endowed with a tenderness that is lacking in Miss Murfree's mountaineers.

KATE MASON ROWLAND, the daughter of Major Isaac S. Rowland and Catherine Armistead Mason, is a Baltimore writer. She has been very prominent in Confederate Memorial work and making historical collections—particularly of that history which pertains to the South during the war between the States. She has written a great deal for the magazines and papers and edited several books. Among these are *Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M.D.*, and *The Real Lincoln*, by Dr. C. L. C. Minor; and she has published *The Life of George Mason*, which includes his speeches, public papers and correspondence (two volumes), *The Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton* (two volumes), and other historical articles.

CHRISTIAN REID (Frances C. Fisher), Salisbury, North Carolina, is now Mrs. Tiernan and lives in Mexico. Her first book, *The Land of the Sky*, describes those beautiful and grand mountains of her native State. This book did much to draw attention to the scenery in and around Asheville, and is largely responsible for making it so popular as a summer resort. Her next novel was a charming one, *Valerie Aylmer*, a romance written in a most delightful style. She gains the attention of her readers at the very opening chapter and holds it to the end.

Her father, Colonel Charles F. Fisher, was killed at the battle of Manassas. Frances was a child during the War between the States, and after the war attended school at Salisbury, and then began to write. Appleton & Company, New York, were her publishers. She married Mr. Tiernan and moved to Mexico, where she continues to write, and her novels are many besides those already mentioned. *Mabel Lee, Nina's Atonement, Carmen's Inheritance, Hearts and Hands, Heart of Steel, Summer Idyl, Roslyn's Fortune, Morton House, Ebb Tide, Daughter of Bohemia, A Gentle Belle, A Question of Honor, After Many Days, Bonny Kate, Armine, Miss Chürchill, The Land of the Sun, A Child of Mary, and Philip's Retribution.*

ANNA MARIA BARNES was born at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1857. Her father was James Daniel Barnes, and her mother, Henrietta Jackson Neville, traces her descent from the Earl of Warwick. After the War between the States her father, like so many other Southerners, was left without means, and his daughter when grown felt the necessity of earning a support. She was educated in the Atlanta public schools, and began to write very early, becoming interested in sending stories for children to the religious papers. She edited at one

time *The Acanthus*, a children's paper published in Atlanta, which was a financial failure. She then became the editor of the *Little Worker*, one of the very best missionary papers ever published for children: this is issued under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Her first work was *Some Lovely Lives*, and Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in high praise of this. Her other works are: *Life of David Livingston*, *Children of the Kalahari*, *Scenes in Pioneer Methodism*, *Ninito*, *House of Grass*, *Gospel Among the Slaves*, *How Achonhoah Found the Light*, *Matouchon*, *Tatong*, *Isilda*, *The Outstretched Hand*, *Carmio*, *Little Burden*, *Sharcs*, *Chonita*, *Marté*, *The Ferry Maid*, *The King's Gift*, *The Red Miriok*, *Little Lady of the Fort*, *Little Betty Bleze*, *Mistress Moppet*, *Lass of Dorchester*, and *The Laurel Token*.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE was born at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in 1860. She is the daughter of John Easter Dromgoole, and was educated at the Clarksville (Tennessee) Female Academy. When she was quite young she became the engrossing clerk for the Tennessee House of Representatives, and for many years held this position, or one in the Senate. She taught for awhile, first in a little country school and later in the public schools of Temple, Texas.

Her published works are: *Heart of Old Hickory*, *Valley Path*, *The Farrier's Dog and His Fellow*, *Adventures of the Fellow*, *Three Little Crackers from Down in Dixie*, *Hero Chums*, *Rare Old Chums*, *A Boy's Battle*, *Cinch and Other Tales of Tennessee*, *The Moonshiner's Son*, *Harum Scaram Joe*, and *The Best of Friends*. Miss Dromgoole is now on the staff of the Nashville Evening Banner.

WILLIAM NATHANIEL HARBEN.

Dalton, Georgia.

1858.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Will Harben, as he is most frequently called, was born at Dalton, Georgia, in 1858. His father was Nathaniel Parks Harben, and his mother was Myra Richardson. He was educated by private teachers, and soon found himself in business with the desire to make money for himself. He sent his first short story, *White Jane*, to the Atlanta Constitution, and it received very favorable criticism from Henry Grady and Joel Chandler Harris. He afterwards elaborated it into a novel under the name of *White Marie*, and it was published by the Cassels. After that he wrote for *The Independent*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Current Literature*, *The Arena*, and many other leading Northern periodicals. His second novel was *Almost Persuaded*, and then *A Mute Confessor* followed soon after. This last was a story of an impoverished but refined Southern family, a Northern visitor, a proud but gracious and lovable heroine, a droll, pathetic humorous negro, and all wonderfully natural and very human. There are some situations in the book that are drawn with a master hand, especially the precipice scene in the fifth chapter, which surpasses in realistic and thrilling interest anything found in recent fiction. His books are read from Georgia to California and are very much appreciated. *Abner Daniel* was possibly the one that brought him most fame. It is a story of the mountaineers in North Georgia. His book *The Georgians* appeared a little later as a serial in *The Sunny South*, and in this his character Abner Daniel appears again—indeed, he has

preserved him in several of his novels. In 1893 he took the prize offered by Current Literature for the best pathetic story. He then went abroad to study, and also traveled extensively. In 1896 he married Miss Maybelle Chandler, of Williamsburg county, South Carolina, and moved to New York. His other works are *The Land of the Changing Sun*, *From Clue to Climax*, *The Caruthers Affair*, *The North Walk Mystery*, *Northern Georgia Sketches*, *The Woman Who Trusted*, *Westerfelt*, *The Substitute*, and *Pole Baker*.

Westerfelt was written for the Harpers' American Novel Series.

His home is now in New York City, and he makes occasional visits to Dalton, Georgia. In 1905 he was one of the invited guests honored to be present at the celebration of Mark Twain's seventieth birthday. The banquet was held at Delmonico's. Some of the other Southerners present were Frances Hodgson Burnett, George W. Cable, George Cary Eggleston, Ruth McNairy Stuart, Francis Hopkinson Smith, and Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy). There were over one hundred and fifty guests.

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Louisville, Kentucky.

1866.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

George Madden Martin was born at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1866. Her father was Francis Martin, and her mother Ann Louise Madden. She was educated in the public schools of Louisville, but ill health prevented her from finishing the full course, and she completed her studies at home.

In 1892 she married Atwood R. Martin and moved to Anchorage, Kentucky. There is something in Kentucky air that encourages literary ambitions; perhaps it is the beautiful scenery.

Anchorage lies between the Pewee Valley and the city of Louisville, and there in the suburbs nestled between the slopes of the hills and the beautiful woods and fields is an old home called "The Anchorage." It is this old place that gave the name of the town that later sprang up around the station built when the railroad passed through. It is beautiful and is surrounded by great catalpa trees whose white blossoms droop close beside the door; near by is a large locust tree, and this is covered with a trumpet vine. No sound is heard except the occasional chirping of the birds which build their nests in the highest branches of the trees, and the noise of the Kentucky cardinals' wings as they fly swiftly by.

She lived for some years in this Pewee Valley; ill health forced her for six months to lie there as a prisoner and to take enforced rest; in order to cause her to forget the dreary quietness around she began to write, and sent her first effort, a sketch, *How They Missed the Exhibition*, to one of the pub-

lishers. He was so pleased that a check for seventy-five dollars followed very soon. Greatly encouraged, she made another effort and *Emmy Lou—Her Book and Heart*, won for her many more friends and admirers. This is a little classic; such humor, such sympathy, such insight into the mind of a child has rarely even in this day of much writing about children been presented. Preachers urge the reading of it, for the wise and tolerant Hattie was a Presbyterian; teachers urge other teachers to read it from the psychological point of view, esteeming it a wonderful study of child nature; and every one delights to read it because it is a purely human story. George Madden Martin may write many more stories, but she will never write another that will enter into the heart "as *Emmy Lou* in smiling childish wonder has done." It has been translated into German and French, and the publisher once received a letter written in very curious characters, and after much difficulty found it to be an order in Chinese for *Emmy Lou*.

Her other works are a novel called *The House of Fulfilment*, and many short stories and serials for magazines.

Mrs. Martin's sister, Eva Madden, is also a writer. She has been abroad for five years, and has written *The Little Crusaders*, a story of the infant Crusaders of centuries ago, *The Little Queen*, the story of Isabella of France, the wife of Richard II. of England, and *Soldiers of the Duke*. She is now in Italy writing a story of Queen Louise of Prussia and her two sons. These stories make fine historical fiction and are being used in the reading course at schools.

There are other Kentucky writers deserving a place in the history of the South's literature, and regret comes that so little can be secured about them personally or their works. Among these are Mrs. Nellie Marshall McAfee, who wrote romances under the *nom de plume* of Fay; Jean Wright, whose verses *As Light as Air* were published in 1891; Mrs. Barnett, who wrote *Mrs. Delire's Euchre*, in 1892. She has contributed

largely to the Youth's Companion, and is now the literary editor of the Courier-Journal. Mrs. Barnett and George Madden Martin originated the Author's Club some years ago, and although the number of members was limited, it promoted a very sane and enjoyable exchange of literary confidence among its members who met each week. Among the other writers are Abby Carter Goodloe, who wrote *Antinous*, a poetic drama; *College Girls*, *Calvert of Strathmore*, and *At the Foot of the Rockies*; Mrs. Flora McDonald Williams, who wrote *A Blue Cockade* and *The Lady of the Decoration*; Miss Anna Blanche McGill, a writer of critical and other essays (one of these was *The Gentle Art of Essay Writing*), contributed studies on the *Rossettis*, *Tennyson*, and *Arnolds*, to the Book Buyer. General Basil W. Duke's *Morgan's Cavalry* is an important contribution to the history of the War between the States. He knew General Morgan intimately, was his friend, relative and follower; Richard Henry Wilson, now of the University of Virginia, was the author of *Mazel* and *The Venus of Cadiz*; and Eleanor Talbot Kinkhead, of Lexington, who wrote *The Invisible Bond*. These are but a few of the many charming Kentucky writers of to-day.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON was born at Evansville, Indiana, in 1863. Her father is Rev. Albion Fellows, and her mother Mary Erskine. She married William L. Johnston, of Kentucky, in 1888, and is therefore only of the South by marriage and adoption. She was left a widow in 1892, and so thoroughly identified had she become with Kentucky ways and Kentucky people, that she decided to make her home in Pewee Valley, Kentucky, and now writes charming Southern stories for the young people of to-day. Her works are: *The Little Colonel*, *The Little Colonel's House Party*, *The Little Colonel's Holidays*, *The Little Colonel's Hero*, *The Little Colonel at Boarding School*, *The Little Colonel in Arizona*, *The Little Colonel's Christmas Vacation*, *Two Little Knights of Kentucky*, and many other stories.

ALICE HEGAN RICE.

Shelbyville, Kentucky.

1870.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Alice Caldwell Hegan was born at Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1870. She is the daughter of Samuel W. Hegan, and was educated at Hampton College, Louisville Kentucky. Her first literary work was *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and so much genuine good humor and philosophy were given to the reading public in this that her name as a writer was made. Her genius is wonderfully spontaneous; every one enjoys its optimistic trend. *Mrs. Wiggs* was published in 1902, and when in the following year the author married all feared her literary work would cease, but her husband, Cale Young Rice, author and dramatist, born 1872 at Dixon, Kentucky, aids and encourages her to continue, for he is himself a poet and playwright, well known not only in his native State, but beyond its borders. His book of poems *From Dusk to Dusk* was published in 1898, *With Omar* in 1900, *Long Surf*, 1900, and a poetic drama, *Charles di Tocca*, the same year.

After his marriage he brought out his *David*, a poetic drama. This is founded on the youth of the young David, King of Israel, and does not portray the strongest traits in his character, but rather the weakest—the temptations of the court life at Saul's palace.

Mrs. Rice's *Lovey Mary* followed the same year, and while fine, is not considered the equal of her first book, although it is marked by the same bright philosophy. In 1905 *Dandy* was published, and then a book for children called *Captain June*, which appeared first as a serial in *St. Nicholas*. The

Century Company expects to publish it in book form in the fall of 1907.

Mrs. Rice seems to write for the pleasure she gives her friends. Her books have been translated into French, German, Swedish, and were published as serials in a leading journal in Switzerland. *The Soul of Osanasan* is a child sketch that appeared in Scribner, and is the only piece of her work that touches as yet upon her trip to Japan.

"Mrs. Wiggs" is famous the world over, and praises unbounded have been given the author, but she is too sensible to be spoiled by them. She is living a normal, happy married life "beside her cabbage patch," and giving pleasure to all who know her.

MRS. WIGG'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Thank God it was the pig instid of the baby that was burned."

"My, but it's nice an' cold this mornin'! The thermometer's done fell up to zero!"

"Livin' is like quiltin'—you orter keep the peace an' do 'way with the scraps."

"I'm jes' wore out, that's all. It'll be with me like it was with Uncle Ned's ole ox, I reckon; he kep' a-goin' an' a-goin' till he died a-standin' up, an' even then they had to push him over."

ELLEN ANDERSON GLASGOW.

Richmond, Virginia.

1874.

WRITER OF THE LATER REPUBLIC.

Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow was born at Richmond, Virginia, 1874. Her father was Francis Thomas Glasgow, and her mother Anne Jane Gholson. She was privately educated, like so many other Southern girls, and began to scribble verses by the time she could read in words of two syllables, and when yet a young girl wrote an entire novel, but said she had too much sense to inflict it upon the public. When only twenty-two *The Descendant* was published, but success did not come with this, nor yet with the articles written for magazines before this, and she soon realized that true success can only come with labor, so began to work and is an indefatigable worker—painstaking and overcareful with whatever she does.

When some one wrote to her for a sketch of her life she refused to give it, saying: "I remember once trying to write a sketch of my life and getting as far as 'I was born.' To this day I have never been able to find more to add. Apart from this, I have made it a rule never to publish personal things." It is this very modesty that has prevented the mention of our Southern writers in encyclopedias and other books of reference. While the modesty is to be commended, the decision is wrong. If persons are before the world in a literary or public way it is but right and the public demands that something should be known of them and their lives, and the danger is that what is untrue will be said to supply the lack of real information.

While Miss Glasgow is very reserved, she has a real Southern cordiality of manner. She is very fond of birds, indeed of all animals; if birds are heard to chirp at her window, even when she is busy at her desk, she drops everything to give them the crumbs they have learned to expect from her hands.

Her favorite book, and the one that has greatly influenced her is *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. When she is at home this is with her, and she never travels without it. One traces very distinctly the influence of it in her third novel, *The Voice of the People*. This describes scenes and characters of her native State and the curious class distinctions there. She worked unceasingly to secure the necessary information with which to portray her characters and situations. When she wished to describe a Democratic convention she rode more than twenty miles over the mountains in the hottest August weather and for two days through the session she and her companion were the only women in the house, and were smuggled in through the stage door of the opera house by a friend and allowed to sit upon the stage. Thus she had an opportunity to gain an inside view of political life, and what she has given in her book may be vouched for by actual facts.

Phases of an Inferior Planet was her next book. The scene of this was laid at Kingsborough, which every one said was evidently meant for Williamsburgh, Virginia. She described the characters she had known from childhood—the old judge General Battle, Miss Chris the old maid, Eugenia the heroine, Nick Burr the hero, one of the “po’ white trash” of the South who possessed ability and perseverance, “Uncle Ish,” and “Aunt Verbeny,” the two old negroes, with their philosophy, assuring all that the war was a “sho’ nuff” civil war, because when the Yankees rode up to the house and marster and mistis come out dem Yankeës was es civil as ef dey’d come a’ cotin’.”

Her other works are: *The Freeman and Other Poems*, *The Battleground*, and *The Deliverance*. She is a very strong and forceful writer.

Her home is in Richmond and she continues to write, so that much may yet be expected from her pen.

CHAPTER XV.

Miscellaneous Writers of the Republic.

HENRY WASHINGTON HILLIARD.....	1808-1893
LOGAN E. BLECKLEY.....	1827-1907
JOHN McINTOSH KELL.....	1828-1900
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BENJAMIN SLEDD	1864
CALE YOUNG RICE.....	1872

CHAPTER XV.

Miscellaneous Writers of the Republic.

HENRY WASHINGTON HILLIARD.

North Carolina.

1808.

1893.

WRITER OF EARLY REPUBLIC.

HENRY WASHINGTON HILLIARD was born in North Carolina in 1808. He graduated from the Columbia College, South Carolina, and moved to Athens, Georgia, to practice law, but remained there only two years, for at the age of twenty-three he was elected professor in the University of Alabama. When only twenty-four he was invited by the citizens of Tuscaloosa to deliver an *Address on the Death of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton*, the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

After teaching three years he began again the practice of law in Montgomery, Alabama. Before this he had been an itinerant Methodist minister. In 1836 he was sent to the Legislature. He was a Whig of the State Rights school, and enjoyed politics, a born orator "possessing a grace of manner, ease and beauty of delivery and a rich imagery of conception." Whenever it was known that he was to speak lobby and gallery were crowded with strangers who were visiting Montgomery.

President Harrison appointed him to Belgium as Charge d' Affaires. He was honored in many ways, and was sent to Congress, made Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and when the War between the States began was placed in command of a Legion in defense of his country.

He died in Atlanta, Ga., 1893. His works were: *Speeches and Addresses, De Vane; a Story of Plebeians and Patricians, and Politics and Pen Pictures at Home and Abroad.*

De Vane is a novel dealing with college and home life, and is a sweet love-story mingled with the purest and highest Christian and literary sentiments.

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL, a great statesman of the South, was born in Jasper county, Georgia, in 1823. He graduated at the University of Georgia in 1844, with the first honors, studied law twelve months, was admitted to the bar and began to practice at LaGrange, Georgia. He rose rapidly in his profession and became prominent in politics. In 1851 he was sent to the Legislature, in 1856 was an elector for the State at large on the Know-Nothing ticket; in 1859 was State Senator; in 1860 was on the Bell and Everett electoral ticket; in 1861 was a Unionist member of the secession convention, but when, with others, he saw that it was the will of the people to secede, cast his vote for secession. He was a member of the Provisional Congress, and was made a Confederate Senator, a place he held until the close of the war. In 1865 he was arrested and confined at Fort Lafayette, New York, but was released on parole.

He denounced the Reconstruction Acts of Congress, and this speech made him famous. He was called "the silver-tongued orator." His *Notes on the Situation* opposing reconstruction measures attracted wide attention. He became a United States Senator in 1877, and his speeches in the Senate

were of great oratorical power—especially was his denunciation of Mr. Mahone's coalition with the Republican party fine. Mr. Hill died in Atlanta, 1882. BENJAMIN H. HILL, JR., wrote the *Life of Benjamin Harvey Hill*, which was published by an Atlanta firm. His wife, MARY CARTER HILL, was a poet of no mean ability. Her poems were often published in *The Magazine of Poetry*, and also in the Atlanta papers, but have never been collected into a volume. Her first poem was written when her father-in-law died. It was called *The River*.

"Oh, rugged river! restless river!
River of years—river of tears—
Thou river of Life!"

She brings out in this poem the thought of Time as a wheel

"Over whose granite sides are rushing
The waves of the river in a symphony sublime."

* * * * *

"Oh, Wheel of Time! one moment stay!
Turn back the river and cease to roll,
For a life we love is passing away."
But God is the Miller, and the wheel is turning,
Though Grief's hot irons our hearts are burning,
And the river's song is only a moan,
And the grinding wheel sounds a groan.

* * * * *

But from out our midnight gloom
Look up, God knoweth best;
See the life we love as it catches the bloom
Of Infinite radiance and rest!

LOGAN E. BLECKLEY.

Rabun County, Georgia.

1827.

1907.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Logan E. Bleckley was born in Rabun county, Georgia, in 1827. He was the son of James and Catherine B. Bleckley, both natives of North Carolina. On his father's side he was descended from the English, and on his mother's side from the German.

When quite a young boy he used to assist his father in copying his law papers, and this gave him a love for law. His education was very meager, only a few months in the year he attended the county schools, and then supplemented this by study in his father's office from books loaned by lawyers from adjoining counties. He was nineteen when he began to practice and his fees for the first two years amounted to only thirty-five or forty-five dollars.

During the War between the States he entered as a Confederate soldier, "taking a course," as he expressed it, "in the noble art of homicide." On account of ill health he was honorably discharged, and offered his services as legal adviser. In 1864 he was made reporter of the Supreme Court; in 1875 Judge of the Supreme Court, and finally Chief Justice. He was twice married; in 1857 to Miss Caroline Haralson, and in 1893 to Miss Chloe Herring. He had three children by his first marriage, and four by the second—all boys except his oldest child, Kate, now Mrs. Culberson, of Atlanta. He was a man of many idiosyncrasies; he wore his hair long because,

as he said, Moses wore his long, and it protected, too, the neck; he liked cucumbers and wrote poetry about them, esteeming them the wholesomest of all vegetables; he often waded barefooted after he was Judge of the Supreme Court in the streams of North Georgia, enjoying it as would a boy; he entered the freshman class at the University of Georgia when he was over seventy-three years old to study arithmetical values. His ideas on religion were not orthodox; he believed in what he called the "law of right." He was always seeking for the light and never found it. His quatrain on *Fear* expressed his religious convictions:

"And, Lord, do not regard me less,
And let it not augment my woe,
That I the naked truth confess,
Which is, I know I do not know."

He said all should have a spirit of toleration and not judge each other too harshly—that he belonged to the Universal church, and that was a church which had the largest number of members. In his poem on *Toleration* he said:

"My brother, why should we fall out
On faith or fact or fiction?
Why not forgive you all your doubt
And me all my conviction?"

"No matter what our dreams may be,
At last when we awaken,
It may be plain to you and me,
We both were much mistaken."

He was an agnostic, "a man who did not know," but he was a man of prayer and prayed for light. His poem on *Faith* includes these lines:

"No refuge for thought or for sense,
Yet I will not despair
As I drift through the air,
Afloat in the boundless immense.

In the depths of the night,
Cometh faith without light,
Cometh faith without sight,
And I trust the Great Sovereign Unknown;
No finite or definite throne,
But the Infinite, Nameless, Unthinkable One."

Judge Bleckley was regarded by the legal fraternity as one of the greatest lawyers ever born in the State of Georgia. Although he had retired from the bench, still he was consulted by lawyers in regard to legal problems. He felt that the duties incident to the life of a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia were too heavy, and resigned in order to rest. A poem which he handed in as a judicial decision was printed in the Georgia Reports. It was headed *In the Matter of Rest*.

"Rest from hand and brow and breast,
For fingers, heart and brain!
Rest and peace! A long release
From labor and from pain;
Pain of doubt, fatigue, despair—
Pain of darkness everywhere,
And seeking light in vain.

"Peace and rest! Are they the best
For mortals here below?
Is soft repose from work and woes
A bliss for men to know?
Bliss of time is bliss of toil,
No bliss but this, from sun and soil,
Does God permit to grow."

His mind was of a poetical turn, and also deeply metaphysical. He published several poems of real merit, and has written a book called *Values* which is yet to be published. He has given legal papers that are of great importance and interest to lawyers. Many of his decisions have become classics in literature as well as law.

"Judge Bleckley's career furnishes an example of the sturdy mountain youth rising above all obstacles, combatting the

foes that beset his pathway, winning step by step the fame that comes to the honest and the persevering, reaching at last the pinnacle of his profession in his native State, and dying beloved of all." He had a wonderful mind, highly endowed; he was an undefiled champion of the best in government; he was a faithful husband, a loving father, and a citizen to whom all pointed with pride.

While he had a home in Atlanta on Peachtree street, the one he loved best was his cabin on the side of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Rabun county. This home was burned in 1907, and no doubt hastened his death. He thus describes the view from it:

"As I stood alone
Upon a mountain cone;
Beneath me in the wild
A fertile valley smiled.
Beyond which north of west
Rose high a mountain crest;
And next beyond were set
Some taller summits yet;
And farther off were seen
The highest ribs of green;
More distant rims of blue
Extended still the view,
Succeeding rim to rim,
The last so faint and dim,
So far away and fine,
It seemed a fading line.
O'er all this landscape lay
The splendors of the day—
A dream of sun and sky
In the slumber of July."

JOHN MCINTOSH KELL was born in McIntosh county, Georgia, 1828, and his childhood was spent on the plantation "Laurel Grove." The Spaldings owned a large part of the island of Sapelo, off the coast of Georgia, and it was a delight for the young boy to visit his great-uncle Hon. Thomas Spalding, who lived there. No doubt it was there he learned to love the water, and had his lessons in swimming, rowing, hunting and fishing. He went to school at Darien, and then to the Academy in Savannah. His companion was a cousin, who was later the Rev. Henry K. Rees, an Episcopal evangelist in the State.

When he was sixteen John McIntosh Kell went into a counting-house in Savannah, thinking he would later be a merchant. The course of life is often changed as if by an accident, and so it was with young Kell. As he was on his way home for the winter holidays, near the coast was anchored the United States vessel "Consort." Captain Ramsey invited the boy to come aboard to visit him and to see his boat. He went often afterwards, frequently with his sisters and their friends by invitation of the officers. The life of those naval officers entranced him, and he resolved to join the navy. His mother preferred otherwise, but seeing the bent of her boy's mind, wisely yielded and sent to the representative from Darien a request to secure for him an appointment as midshipman in the United States navy. Hon. Thos. Butler King was the one into whose hands this application fell, and his answer was, "After many and repeated efforts, I have at length obtained a midshipman's warrant for your son. He now belongs to his country. That he will bear himself gallantly and honorably in the service to which he belongs, I do not doubt. That he may attain its highest and brightest honors is the sincere wish of your faithful friend."

He joined the "Falmouth," under the command of a rela-

tive, Capt. James McKay McIntosh. He describes his trip from Savannah to New York, and tells how hard it seemed to be obliged to eat food prepared so differently from that which he had at home, of his pride in his jaunty new uniform, which he thought was so becoming, the preparations for the voyage out to sea, and his putting away with tenderest care his mother's letters as the treasures most prized. Their first trip was to Pensacola, Florida, and there he met Madame Le Vert. Of her he said, "I have seen many more beautiful women but never saw one more full of grace and vivacity, or more charming as a conversationalist."

His book, written when he was over seventy, called the *Recollections of a Naval Life*, is as charming as a novel. In this he gives his experiences on the cruises of the "Sumter" and "Alabama," two vessels so closely identified with the South during the War between the States. He was closely associated with Admiral Raphael Semmes, and gives many interesting facts in regard to the sinking of the "Alabama" by the "Kearsarge," the enemy's vessel. He does not think history has ever recorded the faithful account of the "Sumter." It was on that vessel that the first Confederate flag was unfurled on the ocean.

When the "Alabama" was sunk and Captain Kell returned to the South, he was given the command of the "Ironclad Richmond," on the James river. But as the war was so near the close, and the fighting was then mostly on land, there was little need for a navy, and Commodore Tatnall advised him to go to his family in Macon, where his wife and children had "refugeed" during "Sherman's march through Georgia," and wait until an order came to go to Richmond. This order, "On to Richmond" soon came, and it was not long before the end.

After the war, in 1886, Captain Kell was urged by the Century and other magazines to give the true story of the Alabama. He refused at first, but finally consented, and this

historical article is embodied in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War."

He was a man highly honored and greatly beloved by all who knew him. His last days were spent in Griffin, Georgia, surrounded by a loving wife and devoted and happy children and grandchildren. He died in 1900.

JOSEPH TYRON DERRY was born in Milledgeville, Georgia, in 1841. He was educated in the schools of his native State, and later attended Emory College, from which he was graduated. He was a teacher of history for many years, at one time in Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Georgia, and in other schools, so that he was well prepared to write a text-book on history, called *School History of the United States*. Being a Confederate soldier, he could well tell us the *Story of the Confederacy*, and give very interesting incidents concerning the men who wore the gray. He wrote the Georgia volume for the "Confederate Military History," which was issued in twelve volumes. Besides this he has written three hundred other articles along historical lines, contributed sketches of cities, towns and battle-fields for the *Encyclopedia of Georgia*, edited by ex-Governor Candler and General C. A. Evans. His pen has ever been ready to write in defense of his State, his country and his friends. His last work is *The Strife of Brothers*, a poem in seven books, which has been published by Neale Publishing Company, New York. This has been called the "Epic of the Confederacy"; it is "a poem remarkable for the true spirit of poetry," as Frank Stanton said. Joaquin Miller wrote from his home in the Sierras, "Soldier, Poet, Gentleman—loyal and loving to your own, yet not one harsh word. Your poem has not only *heart* but *art* also."

Professor Derry was imprisoned at Camp Douglas, Chi-

cago, for several months, so can write of actual experiences on the battle-field and in prison, and while true in every instinct to the cause he loved so well, there is no hatred in his heart towards those who disagreed with him, and in his work one finds no unkind or unjust estimate of those who fought against him. "The men at the South who fought in the field, and the women who suffered at home, the cause for which they fought and suffered, and the ideals which upheld them could ask no more generous interpreter, no more loving and just eulogy."

Mr. Derry also edited and compiled in 1901 the large work, "Georgia: Historical and Industrial," issued by the Department of Agriculture.

JOHN HENNINGER REAGAN was born in Sevier county, Tennessee, 1818. His boyhood was spent on a farm, and he attended the country school until he entered college at Maryville, Tennessee. He served in the Texan war against the Indians; began to practice law in 1846; was a member of the Texas legislature in 1847; judge in 1852; congressman in 1857; member of the Provisional Congress that met in Montgomery, Alabama, 1861; elected postmaster-general of Confederate States; and made a prisoner of war in 1865. After the war between the States was over Judge Reagan resumed the practice of law at home, in Palestine, Texas.

His *Memoirs* was published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York, in 1904. This was written in a modest, straightforward way. There is no effort at literary finish—the plain unvarnished truth seems to be the object of the book. It records the memories of a very great man—great by nature, not great by force of circumstances or any freak of fortune. The best of him was given to the Confederacy and his heart is put in his book. He died in 1905.

PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Natchez, Mississippi.

1843.

1904.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Prentiss Ingraham, the son of John Holt Ingraham, of Portland, Maine (1809-1860), was born at Natchez, Mississippi, 1843. He was educated at Jefferson College, but could not graduate, for when only eighteen the war began and he entered the Confederate army in defense of his native State and soon rose to the rank of captain. When the war ended, feeling that he could not live through the reconstruction days that followed, with other Confederate officers he went to Mexico and entered the service under Juarez against Maximilian. Becoming involved in a duel with a fellow officer, he was wounded, and so resigned. He then went to Prussia and entered the army there, and when the Austrians were defeated at Sadowa joined the Cretans in their revolt against the Turks. When the Cretans were defeated it brought to his memory the defeat of his own Southland. He then began to wander aimlessly through Persia, the Holy Land, India, China, Africa, Egypt, Algiers, Morocco, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, and England. It was at London that the idea of writing came to him. He observed with great interest the phases of English life and became impressed with the attitude of servility the less favored showed toward rich and titled classes, and wrote a sketch, *Flunkeyism Flamboyant*, which he sent to *Pall Mall*. The editor was so pleased that he asked for other sketches of the satirical kind regarding English society as viewed through American eyes. He became so interested in literature then that

his thoughts were turned from war, and he decided to come home and devote himself to literary work in America. Prentiss Ingraham had fighting blood in his veins—he had to fight when an opportunity was presented. As he landed he fell in with some Cuban sympathizers, and before he fully realized what he was doing they had aided him to secure a vessel, and he it was who raised the first Cuban flag that ever floated over an armed vessel at sea. His experience was a thrilling one; the vessel was finally caught in an equinoctial gale off Hatteras, was forced to surrender, and the officers were placed under arrest. The Cuban junta honorably paid them off and the officers were discharged, but they conferred on Ingraham the title of colonel for his bravery and intrepidity.

Again he turned to literature and in a year his *Afloat and Ashore* was printed, but unfortunately in dime novel form, because he could afford nothing better. It gave the experiences in the Confederate navy. Later he published *The Cuban*, which gave his experiences in the expedition to Cuba. His extended travel served him well at this time, for he was never at a loss for something to write about. He was a rapid writer, and on one occasion wrote a novel of eighty-five thousand words in four days. It has been said that during the thirty-four years of his literary life he produced over a thousand novels—a statement that is incredible. He netted from five to seven thousand dollars a year from his work. His health failed under such pressure; he had overtaxed his strength and was forced to stop. He dictated for sometime, bravely trying to conceal his sufferings. He told a friend he had had one hundred and twenty years of experience in his sixty years, so he had no reason to complain of life.

He received from the New York Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy his Cross of Honor, and it was cherished by him with the utmost devotion until his death. He entered the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, President Davis's old home in

Mississippi, thinking the quiet and rest would restore him. There he died in 1904.

His writings were nearly all published in the dime-novel style, and therefore never took rank with real literature. He was a modest man about his work, and never cared to bring the attention of the world to what he had accomplished, which would with proper pruning have been of some worth. They convey good morals and uphold high ideals of manliness and courage. Although scarcely known comparatively as a poet, Colonel Ingraham wrote not a little verse during his long literary career, but he himself made little effort to preserve his poems. I doubt whether a collection exists large enough to be even representative of the different moods of his muse, which was sometimes gay, then again tender, or perhaps melancholy or even tragic. *A Fancy Shot*, beginning "Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot," is possibly best known, and gives a thrilling picture of the inner tragedy of war.

His father, John Holt Ingraham (1809-1860), wrote some books which were of quite a different order and which must continue to live. They had their influence in their day in Sunday-Schools and home libraries, and to-day continue to have some influence. He was an ordained minister of the Episcopal church, and always wrote on Biblical subjects. His tales teach lessons that would make character, and cause love for God and His Word. His *Prince of the House of David*, *The Pillar of Fire*, and *The Throne of David* gave him a national reputation as a writer.

IDORA M. PLOWMAN (Betsy Hamilton) was born near Talladega, Alabama, in 1843. She is the daughter of General William B. McClellan, who traced his descent from William Wallace of Scottish fame. He was a graduate of West Point and commanded in Alabama the militia of Talladega, Clay and Randolph counties, before the War between the States.

Idora McClellan, at a very early age, married Albert W. Plowman, a very prominent lawyer of Talladega. He only lived a few years after marriage, and being left so young a widow she determined to be independent, so wrote some sketches in the cracker dialect and sent them to the Talladega papers. Her first article was *Betsy's Trip to Town*, which appeared in 1873. It attracted attention and every one began to ask, "Who is Betsy Hamilton?" Her genius was shown at once, and other articles followed in quaint, homely language, giving in a true philosophical way the characteristics of a people who have the best hearts, best intentions, and finest conception of honor of any people to be found on the globe, if they do "murder the king's English."

Mrs. Plowman became Mrs. Moore, having met and married in Atlanta, Captain M. V. Moore, at that time a member of the Constitution staff. They moved to Auburn, Alabama, and she continued to write and to give readings from her own sketches in the different schools of Georgia and Alabama. She was very gifted in personating these characters, and one critic called her "the Joe Jefferson among women." Some of her sketches were, *The Backwoods*, *Familiar Letters*, and *Betsy Hamilton to Her Cousin Saliney*.

Henry Grady always appreciated very highly the work Mrs. Moore did along this line, and aided her greatly by calling attention through his paper to her work. Many of her articles have been copied in European papers.

GEORGE HERBERT SASS.

Charleston, South Carolina.

1845.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

George Herbert Sass was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1845. He was educated at a private school kept by Messrs. Searle, Miles and Sachtleben, and later went to the College of Charleston, from which he was graduated in 1868. He received from his alma mater the degree of LL.D.

In 1883 he married Miss Annie E. Ravenel, a member of that well-known Carolina family living then in Charleston. They have two children, a son and daughter.

Mr. Sass has been contributing poems for some years to the leading periodicals, and is at present literary editor of the Sunday News and Courier. He has been a lawyer ever since his graduation, and for twenty-three years has held the office of Master in Equity for Charleston county.

He has made numberless literary addresses, and in 1904 Putnam's Sons, of New York, published a volume of his poems entitled *The Heart's Quest*. Some of the best poems are *A Face*, *Elusion*, *John Mellish*, *In a King Cambyses Vein*, *Looking West*, and *The Confederate Dead*.

He has written under the *nom de plume* of "Barton Grey." During the War between the States he wrote many poems; one of the most striking was *A Prayer for Peace* or *Hath God Forgotten?* One verse was—

"And now we lift us to Thee from the dust
Of pestilence, and pray that Thou wilt still
The raging of the waters, till the calm
Of peace shall brood upon the troubled deep,

And the soft billows, murmuring a psalm
Of love and glory, gently charm to sleep
The storm-tossed mariner, soft as the chime
Of distant home-bells in a fairy clime."

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!
Their Wars behind them—God's great Peace before.
They fought, they failed, yet ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast our woe;
And now the land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give—a Grave!

One of his earliest poems is *Far*.

FAR.

Far around—the long hush of the summer;
The swell of the breezes of morn;
The infinite, echoless murmur
From the low fields of shadowy corn;
Blue reaches of sea through the elm-boughs;
Red light on the crests of the trees,
As the dim east lifts slumbrous eyelids;
Far around—only these.

Far away—a dim mystical vapour,
Drawn down o'er the grave of the moon;
A light cloud whose bosom is shaken
With the sighs of the wakening June;
A white sail adown the horizon,
Sinking slow with the last fading star;
A sweep of the billows between us
Far away—ah! how far!

Far down—a dear head calm and peaceful;
Far down—a sweet face, passion-pale;
And the daisies in beauty above it,
Soft-wooded by the soft summer gale;

A hope, and a love, and a life-throb,
' Folded close to the Great Mother's breast,
And kissed into slumber forever;
Far adown, there is rest.

Far up—a great glory of living!
A door in the fathomless blue!
A sweet voice, on earth hushed forever;
Dear eyes, darkened here, shining through.
Far up—the great rapture of heaven!
Far down—a soul's joyful release!
Far around, far away, here and ever,
God's infinite Peace!

GEORGE KING CAMP, Darien, Georgia, 1851, was a lineal descendant of Sir Matthew Hale through his father, and of John Mohr MacIntosh, who settled McIntosh county, on his mother's side. He was seventeen when he entered the University of Georgia. His first verses were humorous ones and sent at this time to his mother when he discovered a hole in his sock and had no mother to darn it for him. From the University of Georgia he went to the Virginia Military Institute, where he remained four years, and from which he graduated with honors. Here he enjoyed the personal friendship of General Robert E. Lee and Commodore Maury. He studied law in Albany, New York, and practiced for two years in Atlanta. While there he published a volume of his poems called *Whispering Winds*, and although they are written in a sad vein he is himself of a bright and cheerful temperament. He is quite talented as a musician and has set to music James Barron Hope's *The Memorial Window*, and several of his poems.

After his unfortunate marriage and the death of his child he moved to San Francisco, California, and became connected with the *Daily Examiner*. There he published his book, *Shadows*, which received some flattering notices from Bishop Quintard and other distinguished men. Joaquin Miller was also very encouraging to the poet.

His introduction to *Whispering Winds* is unique—

"I plucked a mountain laurel from its spray,
And cast it on the brook; a moment, fair
It hovered in the eddies; then away
With every leaf-sail set to catch the air
That floated through the flags, it sped . . .

Even so I cast
This book upon the stream, and like the spray
Of laurel, may'st thou beautify at last
Some empty window sill. Perhaps some day—
But let that pass! Hope's sails are all unfurled
To bear them out into the cheerless world.
And should'st thou sink or swim I can but cry,
Since thou art mine, 'God speed thee' and 'Good-by.'"

DUVAL PORTER was born in Appomattox county, Virginia, 1844. He is the son of Madison C. Porter, and was educated in Scottsville High School, and Columbia University. He began to write at the age of fourteen, sending his poems to the newspapers. He has published *Alphonso and Other Poems*, *Mere Places and Things*, *Wasted Talents*, *The Lost Cause and Other Poems*, *Adventures of an Office-Seeker*, *The Same Old Fool* and is preparing for publication *Lyrics of the Lost Cause*. Mr. Porter is not only a literary man, but an excellent linguist, speaking German, French, Spanish and Italian, and is also a fine Greek and Latin scholar. His home is now in Cascade, Virginia.

MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.

Talladega, Alabama

1852.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mary Evelyn Moore was born at Talladega, Alabama, in 1852. Her father lived on a large plantation near San Marcos, Texas. It was in Smith county, however, that she spent most of her childhood and girlhood. She received her education from her home people; a wise, book-loving mother and a highly intellectual father were the best of teachers. She later moved to Galveston. This life in Texas has entered into her writings, for while essentially Southern in her feelings and actions, her style is evidently Western. She began writing poetry before she was nine years old, although this seems inconsistent with the life of a girl who was hunting, riding, swimming and shooting with her brother, and doing as boys did in the every day life on a Southern plantation.

She was only fifteen when her first volume of poems appeared. This was entitled *Minding the Gap*, and was published in Houston, Texas, in 1867. It passed through five editions. Her later work, *Keren Happuch and I*, is a series of sketches contributed to the New Orleans Picayune. Her *Snaky Baked a Hoe-Cake*, *Grief* and other dialect stories contributed to *Wide Awake* were said to be the first negro dialect stories that appeared in print, even antedating Irwin Russell's *Christmas Night in the Quarters*, which set the fashion, as it were, for this kind of writing.

In 1874 she married Major Thomas Edward Davis, of an excellent Virginia family, who became editor-in-chief of the New Orleans Picayune in 1884. He had founded the Houston

Telegram in 1876, two years after his marriage to Miss Moore in Houston. Major Davis had been a brave Confederate soldier; he entered the service at the very beginning of the war as a private, and was rapidly promoted, being in turn adjutant, major, and then adjutant-major.

Their home now is in New Orleans, and there are gathered the best representatives of Southern society. Major Davis is a genial, refined and scholarly gentleman of the old school, who thoroughly appreciates and enjoys his charming and accomplished wife, who is as domestic as she is literary, and knows well how to dispense an unostentatious hospitality. She is an excellent French and Spanish scholar, stands at the head of many organizations of the city, and is recognized as a mental guide, philosopher and friend. Their house is historic, for in their cosy drawing-room General Jackson once discussed his plans of battle.

She has been called "The Texas Mockingbird" and "The Louisiana Mockingbird." Some of her poems that attracted special attention are *Heart's Ease*, *Going Out and Coming In*, *Forgotten*, *Hidden Music*, *The Golden Rose*, and *Stealing Roses*.

Her other works are: *In War Times at La Rose Blanche*, *The Song of the Opal*, a mysterious prose poem; *Père Dago-bert*, *Throwing the Wanga*, *The Center Figger*, *The Elephant's Track*, *Under the Man-Fig*, *Under Six Flags*, *Wire Cutters*, *The Queen's Garden* and *Jacometta*.

STEALING ROSES THROUGH THE GATE.

Long ago, do you remember,
When we sauntered home from school,
As the silent gloaming settled,
With its breezes light and cool?
When we passed a stately mansion,
And we stopped; remember, Kate,
How we spent a trembling moment
Stealing roses through the gate?

But they hung so very tempting,
And our eager hands were small,
And the bars were wide—oh, Kittie,
We trembled, but we took them all!
And we turned with fearful footstep,
For you know 'twas growing late,
But the flowers, we hugged closely,
Roses stolen through the gate!

Well, the years have hastened onward,
And those happy days are flown;
Olden prime of early childhood,
Laughing moments spent and gone!
But yestere'en I passed your cottage,
And I saw, oh, careless Kate!
Handsome Percy bending downward,
Stealing roses through the gate!

Stealing roses, where the willow
O'er the street its long bough dips;
Stealing roses—yes, I'll swear it,
Stealing roses from your lips!
And I heard a dainty murmur,
Cooing round some blessed fate:
Don't deny it! Wasn't Percy
Stealing roses from the gate?

THOMAS E. WATSON.

Columbia County, Georgia.

1856.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Thomas E. Watson was born on his father's plantation in Columbia county, Georgia, in 1856. He is descended from Quaker colonists, the Watsons and Maddoxes, who came from North Carolina and settled in Georgia in 1750. They were landowners and slaveowners until the War between the States put an end to the old régime at the South.

Thomas Watson received his education at Thomson, and then went to Mercer University at Macon, Georgia. The panic of 1873 swept away all the remaining property of his father, and he was forced to leave college on this account, and began to teach when only sixteen years of age. He read law at night—his only light being a pine-knot fire. Judge W. R. McLaws, of Augusta, became interested in him and allowed him for two weeks to read in his office, and to use his books. He was admitted to the bar in Augusta in 1875. He had not money enough to pay for his license, and through kindness the clerk credited him. As he found that the law brought him in too little money for a support he began to teach again, but at last one of his former teachers said he would credit him for board until he should be well started in his practice. While waiting for clients he assisted the clerk in recording deeds, mortgages and other records. The couple that gave him his board then have for years been his guests in one of his homes, and he tries in many ways to show gratitude to them who were so good to him in time of need.

Nothing can daunt such a spirit as Thomas Watson pos-

sesses. Although his income from his practice the first year was only two hundred and twelve dollars, during the second year he bought one of the old places that had belonged to his father and made a home for his father, mother and younger brothers and sisters. It is true it was bought on credit, but he saw his way to pay for it. He lived with them, and walked three miles to his office, carrying his dinner in a tin bucket, like a schoolboy, and thus saved the cost of it in Thomson.

In 1878 he married Miss Georgia Dunham, of Thomson. She showed her faith in him, for at this time there was little prospect of a support. Soon after he entered politics; that means much sacrifice often on the part of those in the home, for not only money but time is demanded of the politician. He became the leader of the Farmers' Alliance movement and the People's Party, and made many enemies among the organized Democrats of his State. He was, however, true to his convictions, and often was forced to work at fearful odds. He tried to serve his people in Congress, and was largely responsible for many reforms, such as the eight-hour law, the use of automatic couplers, and rural mail delivery.

When his party lost power he turned his attention to literature. He is a very vigorous writer and wields a facile pen. He advocates in his books the principles he advocates in his political life—"human liberty and justice and good government in historical work."

His works that deserve special notice are *The Story of France*, *The Life of Napoleon*, and *The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*.

He first commenced his *Story of France* by writing some sketches for his paper published in Atlanta, his object being to show how class legislation, or greed of the few, had wrecked the French monarchy and caused the Revolution, and that just so these very same things would cause a revolution with us if not checked by measures of peaceful reform. "Pub-

lic Opinion," in criticising this book, said, "Mr. Watson's style softens toward the end of the book; it is still roughly impressive, but now rarely slangy, and the bludgeon of invective and jibe is turned into a more powerful weapon of sarcasm and epigram."

His *Napoleon* is by far his finest book. It is the story of a charity schoolboy who fought his way to a pinnacle from which he made thrones his footstools and gained his own reward. He proves what can be done under modern conditions by giving an intelligent direction to the democratic principles of the nation, and shows that as long as Napoleon was content to represent the aspirations which the French Revolution had awakened he was *irresistible*, but just as soon as he united church and state, divorced for selfish ambition his loved Josephine to marry the daughter of the Austrian Emperor, his strength began to wane and he lost the support of the democracy and failed to gain the support of the aristocracy.

Mr. Watson is now editing the Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine, and his home is in Thomson, Georgia. His home life is ideal—a congenial, helpful wife, children and many grandchildren bring him joy.

WAITMAN BARBE.

Monongalia County, West Virginia.

1864.

WRITER OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Waitman Barbe was born in Monongalia county, West Virginia, in 1864. He was graduated from the West Virginia University and received from it the degrees of A. M. and M. S. He then went to Harvard and Denison University. From the latter he received the degree of Litt. D.

His university training fitted him to become a teacher. His literary work began in a newspaper office as managing editor of the Daily State Journal of Parkersburg, West Virginia. While there in 1893 he sent some poems to Lippincott which were published under the title *Ashes and Incense*. The little volume attracted attention at once, and he received commendatory letters from the London Saturday Review, as well as from the leading papers of this country, and from eminent authors at home and abroad.

His scholarship well fitted him for his poet's work. He is very conscientious as to the quality of his verse, and does not believe in making rhyme by the yard; he is his most severe critic.

He married in 1894 Miss Clara Louise Gould, of Parkersburg. He is now living in Morgantown, as he has accepted the position of assistant to the president of the West Virginia University. He is also president of the West Virginia Improvement League, edits the West Virginia School Journal, and continues to write poetry.

His book of short stories entitled *In the Virginias* was a decided success. His *Going to College* was written in the in-

terest of education, as was also *The Study of Poetry*. This last is a most helpful book for the teacher. Mr. Barbe says in it that "The final purpose of poetry is to arouse noble emotions," and then goes on to give a list of the human emotions—love, hope, aspiration, joy, the sense of beauty, pleasure, peace, awe, doubt, despair, grief and the like. He says that these are the greatest things in the world; the most unchanging things in the world. Grief to-day is the same that it was to Hagar; love is the same to-day as it was to Leander; patriotism is the same to-day as when Horatius held the bridge; friendship is the same to-day as when Jonathan's soul was knit to David's."

"These emotions belong to all classes of people. The mother by her lifeless babe feels the same whether she lives in a cabin or a palace. Love in a by-way is the same as in a high-way; and love or grief can topple over wealth, poverty, culture or ignorance, whether one lives under a Northern pine or a Southern palm." Mr. Barbe follows definitions with illustrations (from the very best poets). The little book is charming and will well repay the reading.

In *Ashes and Incense* are found some very striking poems. One of his best is *Nature's Triumph*.

"Across the hill on sunny bank,
 A wild rose grew;
 Alone it stood and nightly drank
 The gentle dew.
 Upon the rose bank soon there waved
 The standing corn;
 And all the fruitful land was saved
 From briar and thorn;
 But dead was then the wilding rose,
 And buried low,
 And shocks of corn above it rose—
 Grave shafts of woe.
 A home was built adown the lane
 Where waved the corn;

A childish voice laughed o'er the main
 Both night and morn;
 But all the sweet briar and the thorn
 Had died away.

Across the hill to-day I found
 A little grave,
 And saw, upon the weedy mound,
 A wild rose wave;
 Alone it stands, as years ago,
 On that bright morn,
 And o'er the graves its petals blow
 Of child and corn."

FINIS.

I ask not,
 When shall the day be done, and rest come on?
 I pray not
 That soon from me the "curse of toil" be gone;
 I seek not
 A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtain drawn;
 But give me
 Time to fight the battle out as best I may;
 And give me
 Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;
 Then let me
 Sleep as one who toiled afield through all the day.

THE WINDS.

"A flower! a flower!"
 The South Wind cried,
 And the violet blushed and bloomed;
 "A weed! a weed!"
 The North Wind sighed,
 And the violet's life was doomed.

Better things than summer flowers
 Are cheered or killed by words of ours.

BENJAMIN SLEDD,

Bedford County, Virginia.

1864.

POET OF LATER REPUBLIC.

Benjamin Sledd was born in Bedford county, Virginia, in 1864. He studied at home until he entered Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, in 1881, was graduated from there in 1886, and received the degree of Litt. D. in 1906. Later he entered Johns Hopkins for a post-graduate course, and after graduating accepted the Chair of Modern Languages at Wake Forest College, North Carolina. In 1888 he was transferred to the Chair of English, which he now holds.

When a young schoolgirl asked for some points concerning his life his reply was in substance: Born August, 1864 (poets are all born, you know); entered the Confederate army September, 1864, but I do not remember just what I did to distinguish myself. However, I am told that I kept up considerable noise, and this is all the average soldier does, I suppose; prepared myself for college, or rather went unprepared; edited text-books, but shan't ever do it again; and published two volumes of poems, but did not make a fortune on them. I will add by way of warning that I am married with three children, and am still in love with my wife; I love nature, women and children; your modern man is not worth being interested in, much less being in love with (*entre nous*)."

In 1898 a volume of his poems entitled *From Cliff and Scour* was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and in 1891 Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston, issued a volume en-

titled *The Watchers of the Hearth*. Both were well received by the critics, and they reached a circulation of over a hundred thousand. W. P. Trent, a most admirable critic, said in the *Sewanee Review*, after the *Watchers of the Hearth* appeared: "I shall mention but two qualities of his verse that seem' to me to give it considerable value and promise. The first is, a refined pessimism that does not become unbalanced; the second is, an equally refined pathos that does not become sentimental." William Dean Howells wrote him: "I find a sympathy with the more delicate and refined moods of nature and of literature, and a poet's sense of the world of mystery which emphasizes them both. Your path has not been in the beaten roads, and you have known how to win a peculiar charm for your verse."

ORELIA KEY BELL, Atlanta, Georgia, 1864, is the daughter of Marcus A. Bell, a man of sterling worth and integrity of character. She is related to Francis Scott Key, or as she expresses it, "I am close kin to the 'Star-Spangled Banner.'" She early developed a taste for literature. Mother Goose has been her favorite from childhood, and she draws from it many morals for every-day life. She was educated in the public schools of her native city, and during her last years at school became fascinated with "anapests and dactylic pentameters" with these she says she has ever since tried to get even with the public. When General Sherman was in Atlanta he used her father's home on Wheat street for a stable and his horses ate corn from her cradle.

Henry Grady, of the *Atlanta Constitution* was one of the first to encourage her poetical genius. The *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, which stands very high as a literary exponent of news, through its editor, Mr. Page Baker, accepted many of her poems. Mr. Gilder of the *Century* was particu-

early kind to her, and Charles A. Dana of the Sun paid her one dollar a line for one of her poems. It was in his paper that *Gathering Roses* first appeared. She had a yearly contract to furnish "flower songs" and "love songs" for the Detroit Free Press. Miss Bell works out all her problems of life by the simple rule of love. She was called a "Tartar" when a child because she was such a "fighter"; she continues to fight, but it is with the weapons of humility, faith and love.

Miss Bell's poems will probably not reach the heart of the multitude, for they are too spiritual, too ideal. She is at her finest in her poems of nature. With all the poetry in her soul she is truly practical and really enjoys "turning a sonnet into a bonnet." Her poems number over a hundred. Those to attract most attention are: *Po' Jo*, *Gathering Roses*, *To Youth*, *My Dream*, *Under the Laurel*, *To-day's Gethsemane*, *The Jamestown Weed*, *The Dead Worker* and *Maid and Matron*.

LILLIAN ROZELL MESSENGER was born near Wilburn, Kentucky. She is the daughter of Dr. F. O. Rozell and Caroline Cole, both of Virginia. She was graduated from Forest Hill Institute near Memphis, Tennessee, and has made a special study of music and painting. She married North A. Messenger in 1868, who was an editor in Tusculum, Alabama. He died leaving her with one son. She began to apply herself to newspaper work for a support, and moved to Arkansas and later still to Washington City, which is now her home. She has been prominently connected with the State Press Association of Arkansas, and with the Daughters of the American Revolution work.

Her books are: *Threads of Fate*, *Fragments from an Old Inn*, *The Vision of Gold*, *The Southern Cross*, *Columbus* and *In the Heart of America*.

Lizette Woodworth Reese was born in Baltimore county Maryland, in 1856, and is now a teacher of English in the Western High School, Baltimore. Her poems have attracted very favorable notice from the press, and she has published three volumes, *A Branch of May*, *A Handful of Lavender*, and *A Quiet Road*.

DR. ROBERT W. DOUTHAT, a valiant Confederate soldier who served as captain in the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, Pickett's division, and Longstreet's Corps, has written a poem *Gettysburg*, which has been called a very strong poem in that it gives most accurately the history of one of the decisive battles of the world. Dr. Douthat was one of the few officers in Pickett's command who came out of the charge unhurt.

"Ne'er troops to such a test were put,
Nor men behaved more gallantly."

He is now professor in the West Virginia University, and frequently lectures upon Gettysburg, and holds his audience entranced, so vividly does he portray the scenes in which he himself took part.

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN, Little Rock, Arkansas, is the author of a volume of poems called *Heart Songs*. She was left a widow in 1903 and since that time has been connected with the Commercial Appeal at Memphis, Tennessee. She continues to write poems, and one of her best is *Where Do Kisses Grow*. Mrs. Cappleman is an earnest worker among the Daughters of the Confederacy and is the recording secretary of the Memorial Chapter in Little Rock.

LOUISE MANLY was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1857. She is the daughter of Rev. Basil Manly, Jr., and Charlotte Whitfield. She was early educated in South Carolina and graduated from the Georgetown Seminary, Kentucky, went abroad in 1883, remained two years studying in England and Germany, and on her return taught school in Alabama, Kentucky, Florida, and North Carolina. She was made member of the Alabama Historical Society, and charter member of the Southern Historical Association at Washington City.

In 1895 she published her *Southern Literature*, being the first to realize since the war the necessity for such a text-book in the South. (Davidson's *Living Writers* had appeared in 1869.) Miss Manly's book has been the means of awakening great interest in Southern writers and is used in many Southern schools. She has also written a *History of Alabama for Children*, and a *History of the Judson Institute*, and co-editor of *English Poets*. She is now living in Tampa, Florida. MARY WASHINGTON (CABEL) EARLY, born in Virginia in 1864, wrote a book on *Southern Novelists*. Her other works are: *Sambo's Banishment*, *Virginia Before the War*, and *Essays*. MARY FORREST, in 1860, published in New York a large volume of *The Women of the South*. CARL HOLLIDAY, professor of English at the University of Virginia, has just published through the Neale Publishing Company, of New York, a *History of Southern Literature*.

ANNA R. HENDERSON, born at Cheraw, South Carolina, is the author of a book of verse entitled *Life and Song*. She has sent many of her poems to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Wide Awake*, *Pansy*, and other periodicals. She is now writing a prose work of fiction. *Garner the Beautiful* is one of her best poems.

CHAPTER XVI.

Theologians of the South in Literature.

The United States has produced during the past century more eminent theologians than any other country, England not excepted. These have not only accomplished, and are now accomplishing, a great work in God's service by their eloquent and heart-searching appeals, their pious and godly lives, but by their learned writings have made, and are still making an impress upon the literature of the day. Many of them were men of Southern birth or affiliation; some have passed from earth, but their works remain; many are still living and continue to write. Space forbids more than a passing notice of some of these.

YOUNG J. ALLEN, D.D. (Methodist), was born in Burke county, Georgia, in 1836. His father was Young Allen and his mother Jane Wooten. He was educated at the High School in Starrsville, Newton county, at Emory and Henry, Virginia, and at Emory College, Georgia. He was left an orphan at an early day; his father died before his birth and his mother six months after. An aunt, Mrs. Hutchins, his mother's sister, adopted him and changed his name to hers; this name he bore until he was fourteen years old. He had a very good income from property left to him, so that when he decided to go to China in 1860 he was not wholly dependent upon the church. He taught English in the Chinese University, and received there the highest literary degree; edited the Review of the

Times, and published and edited many books. He married Miss Molly Hampton, of Meriwether county, Georgia, and has five children, who were all born on Chinese soil; one of his daughters married a missionary, and is living in China.

Dr. Allen is one of the most literary of Southern divines, and because he has lived abroad so many years little comparatively is known of his work by others outside of his denomination. He has reached a larger number of people in China through his books than any other American has ever done, for they have been read not only by the lower and middle classes but have reached the official classes also. His literary work began in the *Christian Advocate*, the leading organ of the Methodist Church, South; to this he sent letters about his work abroad. When he reached China he began translating as soon as possible hundreds of volumes of pure and uplifting literature for the Chinese in their own language. When one realizes how difficult it is to learn Chinese, it will be understood what patience and indefatigable labor this must have meant. He has now been in China nearly fifty years.

As far back as 1863 the Chinese government, having confidence in Dr. Allen, requested him to take charge of the new educational system as then projected. He advised Chinese students to come to America and study the American system of education and carry back these new views to China. This advice was accepted and many Chinese students entered American institutions of learning. To Dr. Allen more than to any other one man is due in large measure the present attitude of China to modern civilization. Through the translation of geographies, arithmetics and histories, the Chinese have come to realize that they are very antiquated in their methods and are now adopting new systems of education which will bring about radical changes. Dr. Allen is greatly distressed over the attitude of our government towards the immigration of the educated Chinese, for he feels that China has been grossly mis-

represented. It is thought that she is an ignorant country, but on the contrary she has a language and literature and laws that have come down from the greatest antiquity, and if rightly judged would be esteemed one of the greatest of all nations ancient or modern. Little is left of the literature of the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, except a few fragments, but China has lost nothing of her great writings. Japan acknowledges this, and could never have gained what she has in civilization except through China. The Chinese did not resent it when the coolies and lower classes were excluded from America, but they strongly objected when the children of the upper classes, who desired to attend the colleges in order to secure advanced civilization, were forbidden to land. Dr. Allen is an authority upon this subject and his opinion is of great value. He has been many times called into consultation with the representatives of this government on matters of international relations. In his church he was offered the episcopacy of China and the East, but refused it.

He is a great man in many ways. Of him it may truthfully be said that he has the "sweet-spirited, unassuming, crystal grandeur of character of one who has studied and loved and worked enough to never think of the ways of one who esteems himself."

His works are: *The Czar of Russia*, *Li Hung Chang's Travels*, *How the English Became Christians*, *Family Prayers for Chinese Christians*, *Patriotism*, *True and False*, *Illustrations of Christian Truth*, *A Scheme to Make a Nation Great*, *The Importance of International Intercourse*, *A Life of Luther*, and his last and greatest work, *Woman in All Lands*, in twenty-one volumes. These are only a few of his many works; they have had a powerful influence in creating a sentiment in favor of educational and religious reform.

GEORGE DODD ARMSTRONG, D.D. (Presbyterian), was born at Mendham, New Jersey, in 1813. He graduated from Princeton in 1832 and went to Virginia to live with his brother, William J. Armstrong, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church of Richmond. He taught for three years, and then deciding to enter the ministry went to Union Theological Seminary, Prince Edward county, Virginia, and in 1851 became pastor of the Norfolk church. His earliest literary works were contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and *Ruffin's Farmers' Register*. His published works are *The Summer of the Pestilence*, a history of the terrible epidemic of yellow fever in Norfolk in 1855; *The Doctrine of Baptism*, *The Christian Doctrine of Slavery*, and *The Theology of Christian Experience*.

JOHN BACHMAN, D.D., LL.D., Ph.D. (Lutheran), was born in 1790. He was educated at Williams College, Massachusetts, but as he could not graduate on account of ill health, traveled abroad and later studied in Germany, and at Berlin received his Ph.D. degree. His LL.D. was bestowed upon him by the South Carolina College at Columbia. As he became intensely interested in science he was made a member of a number of societies of natural history and philosophy at home and abroad. His works deal with both religious and scientific subjects. He wrote *Design and Duties of the Christian Ministry*, *Defense of Luther and the Reformation*, *Sermon Against Duelling*, *Essays*, *Reviews*, *Sermons*, and editorials on religious themes. His most important works on science are *The History of the Quadrupeds of America*, and *The Doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race Examined on the Principles of Science*. When General Sherman burned Columbia many of his valuable manuscripts on scientific subjects were burned. Dr. Bachman lived to the ripe age of eighty-four.

DANIEL BAKER, D.D. (Presbyterian), 1791-1857, was born at Midway, Liberty county, Georgia. He graduated with honor at Princeton in 1815, studied theology under Rev. Mr. Hill at Winchester, Virginia, was ordained in 1818, was pastor of several churches in the South, and for years engaged in the work of an evangelist. He was instrumental in securing an endowment for Austin College, Huntsville, Tennessee, and later was made its president.

His works are: *Baker on Baptism*, *Baptism in a Nutshell*, *Address to Children*, *Address to Mothers*, and *Revival Sermons*.

REV. WILLIAM MUMFORD BAKER (Presbyterian), born in Washington City in 1825, was the son of Daniel Baker. He graduated at Princeton with honor in 1846, studied for the ministry under his father, and was ordained in 1850.

His works are: *The Life and Labors of Rev. Daniel Baker, D.D.*, *Inside: a Chronicle of Secession*, *The Virginians in Texas*, *The New Timothy*, *Oak-Mat*, a *Sunday-School Book*, and many contributions to religious papers of his own denomination.

WILLIAM J. BARBEE, M.D. (Christian), was born in Winchester, Clark county, Kentucky, in 1816. His home in his youth was in Paris, Kentucky. He studied medicine in Cincinnati, but abandoned the practice in order to teach. In 1848 he came South and for twenty-five years or more was identified with leading educational institutions in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

His works are: *Physical and Moral Aspects of Geology*, *First Principles of Geology*, *The Cotton Question*, *The Scriptural Doctrine of Confirmation Without the Laying On of Hands*, *The Life*, *Discourses*, *Epistles of the Apostle Peter*, and the *Life of Paul*.

JAMES TURNER BARCLAY, M.D. (Christian), was born in Hanover county, Virginia, in 1807. He was of Quaker descent from Barclay of Ury, who was an intimate friend of Washington and Jefferson. His mother was Sarah Coleman Turner, who was a widow when James was a little boy. He studied Latin and Greek at the Staunton Academy, the University of Virginia, and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He married in 1830 Mrs. Julia A. Sowers, of Staunton, Virginia. In the same year he bought Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's old home, and lived there for a time, but finally sold it. He joined the followers of Alexander Campbell and in 1850 was sent by them as a missionary to Jerusalem. He remained there three years, and then returned to educate his children. Later he went again to Palestine, but returned because the war made it necessary to discontinue the work. After the war he began to teach, first at Bethany College, and then in Alabama; here he remained until his death, teaching, preaching and writing. He contributed very often to the *Millennial Harbinger*, one of the periodicals of his church, and while in Jerusalem wrote several pamphlets both in English and Arabic. He was greatly interested while in Jerusalem in searching for the footsteps of our Lord, and collected historical data concerning *The City of the Great King*, which he published, and which is considered by the most eminent authorities the best book yet written about Jerusalem. Barclay's Pool is still pointed out where his converts were baptized.

His daughter, *Sarah Barclay*, born in Albemarle county, Virginia, was with her father in Palestine and greatly aided him by her pencil and brush. It is related that by disguising herself as a Mohammedan she was admitted into David's Tomb, and was thus enabled to draw a picture of the interior for an illustration for her father's book. She married J. Augustus Johnson, Consul-General of Syria, and spends her

winters in Beyrout and her summers in Mount Lebanon. She has published an exceedingly interesting book called, *The Howadji in Syria*.

CHARLES MINNIGRODE BECKWITH, D.D. (P. Episcopal), was born in Prince George county, Virginia, in 1851. He is the son of Dr. Thomas Stanley Beckwith and Agnes Ruffin. He graduated at the University of Georgia in 1873, studied theology at the Berkeley Divinity School, and received the degree of D.D. from the University of the South.

He married Miss Mary Belle Cameron, of Galveston, Texas, in 1897. He was ordained in 1881 and succeeded Bishop Wilmer in 1902 as bishop of Alabama.

His works are: *The Trinity Course of Church Instruction*, *The Teacher's Companion to the Trinity Course*, and sermons and addresses.

JOHN HOLMES BOCOCK, D.D. (Presbyterian), born in Buckingham county, Virginia, 1813, was the son of John Thomas Bocock, and Mary Flood, both of the same county. His early education was received in his own home. As a boy he was exceedingly conscientious, and when the question of entering the ministry arose there was a long struggle before he could be perfectly assured that it was his Master's will. During his course at Amherst College, Massachusetts, he had among his associates Benjamin M. Palmer, Henry Ward Beecher and Stuart Robinson, who were often in controversy over the all-absorbing topic then—the abolition of slavery. When Henry Ward Beecher bade good-by to these Southern friends, he said, "When next we meet it will be upon the topmost wave of controversy," and it was.

In 1835 John Holmes was graduated from that college, then entered Union Theological Seminary, and was ordained in

1839. He stated that it had been his prayer that God would not let him be a "saddlebags preacher," and added, "He kept me in the saddlebags fifteen years." During this time he learned many serious lessons and became willing to remain a saddlebags preacher if God so willed it.

During convalescence following a severe illness he prepared articles for the Central Presbyterian which were signed "John Memini," and another series for the Christian Observer. About the same time that he received his first call to take charge of a church in 1853 at Harrisburg, Virginia, he was married to Miss Sarah Margaret Kemper, of Madison, Virginia. This proved a very happy and congenial marriage. Mrs. Bocock was a woman of culture and fine literary tastes, and at the request of the Presbyterian Board edited a volume of selections from her husband's writings after his death.

Three of their sons became writers, JOHN PAUL and WALTER KEMPER, poets and journalists, and WILLIS HENRY a frequent contributor to periodicals.

When the War between the States began Dr. Bocock became chaplain of the Seventh Regiment of Virginia Infantry, but his health failed and he was forced to return home. He possessed two distinguishing characteristics; ardent devotion to the South, Virginia especially, and very strong religious convictions. The last article he ever wrote was *Authorship in the South*, and he may be said to have died singing the old hymns of the church.

As his mind was essentially poetical, and his imagination rich with poetical fancies, one can readily understand that his children would by inheritance be literary also.

His works were: *Theophany*, *Progress to Tranquillity*, or *a Search for Truth*, *Emblems and Diagrams*, *The Old War*, *St. Paul's Vision of Victory*, *The Divine Purpose in the Classics*, *the Instructed Scribe: a Plea for Thorough Ministerial Education*, *Bledsoe's Theodicy*, *Sketch of Rev. George Bax-*

ter, D.D., *Who is the Christian? Divine Illumination, Miscellaneous Pieces, Poems, Sayings by the Way, Sermons*, and other magazine articles.

He died in 1872 at Lexington, Virginia.

JOHN ALBERT BROADUS, D.D., LL.D. (Baptist), was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, in 1827. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and became a Baptist minister soon after. In 1859 he was professor of New Testament interpretation and homiletics in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, South Carolina, and later removed to Louisville, Kentucky. As a Greek scholar and a New Testament critic he stood pre-eminent among the Baptists in the South. He edited at one time the *Religious Herald*, Richmond, Virginia.

His power in the pulpit was due to the simplicity of his language; he was clear and forceful and was easily understood by all. An old family servant hearing that Dr. Broadus was to preach on a certain Sunday in Richmond walked ten miles to hear him; after the sermon was over, the old man came from the gallery, and after greeting his former master said, "Mars John, dey tole me dat you wus a big preacher, but t'aint no sech thing, cos dis old nigger understood every word you done said."

Dr. Broadus's works are: *The Preparation and Delivery of Sermons, Recollections of Travels, Lectures on the History of Preaching, Three Questions as to the Bible, Commentary on Matthew, Sermons and Addresses, Memoir of James P. Boyce*, and *Harmony of the Gospels*. His *Recollections of Travels* came out first in letters to the *Religious Herald*, and describe his tour in Europe and the East.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, D.D. (Christian), was born in 1788 in Ireland, and was the *Founder of the Church of the Disciples*. His ancestors were of Scotch origin on one side, and he was descended from the Huguenots of France on the other. He was blessed with intellectual and pious parents who reared him a strict Presbyterian. He was educated at the University of Glasgow and came to America in 1809 with his parents, who settled in Pennsylvania. He and his father, Thomas Campbell, both became Baptists, but finally Alexander separated from that denomination and founded the Church of the Disciples. He published in 1823 *The Christian Baptist*, a monthly that he edited for seven years; then he enlarged it under the name of the *Millennial Harbinger*. The first years of his editorial life were filled with controversies of various kinds; his articles contributed to these magazines fill forty volumes or more.

He had the honor of erecting and having Bethany College, West Virginia, endowed. In 1829 he was persuaded to go into politics and represented the people of West Virginia in the Virginia Constitutional Convention. He acted on a committee with Chief Justice Marshall; was an intimate friend of President Madison; clashed in debate with John Randolph because he so warmly advocated the claims of West Virginia, but in any and all conflicts never once forfeited the dignity of his character as a Christian minister.

He was an anti-slavery man, although a slaveholder by property that came to him through his Kentucky wife, freed all of the slaves by gradual emancipation and wrote a tract advising the people of Kentucky to do likewise.

His works were a translation of the New Testament, with critical notes, the *Christian System, Infidelity Refuted by Infidels, Baptism: Its Antecedents and Consequents, Literary Addresses, Life of Thomas Campbell*, and many pamphlets on *Universalism*, and other subjects.

‘Dr. Campbell was a great traveler, frequently visiting Great Britain and Ireland, and preaching there to great audiences. Sometimes his sermons were two hours in length, but he held his audience in rapt attention.

He had his enemies, but none could find a flaw in his character, strong in truth, integrity and goodness.

He died in 1866 at Bethany, West Virginia.

WARREN A. CANDLER, D.D., LL.D. (Methodist), was born in Carroll county, Georgia, in 1857. His father was Samuel Charles Candler, and his mother Martha Beall. He graduated from Emory College and received the degrees of D.D. and LL.D. In 1877 he married Miss Nettie Curtright, of La-Grange, Georgia. He was licensed to preach in 1875 and joined the North Georgia Conference. In 1886 he became editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Nashville, Tennessee, and in 1888 was made president of Emory College, a position which he held until made Bishop of the M. E. Church, South.

His works are: *History of Sunday-Schools, Georgia's Educational Work, Christus Auctor, High Living and High Lives*, and *Great Revivals and the Great Republic*.

JOHN LEADLEY DAGG, D.D. (Baptist), was born in Virginia in 1794, but early became identified with Georgia. His father was able to give him but two years of regular attendance at school, and those when he was a small boy. He was left an orphan at an early age, with a sister to care for. When he was fifteen he was baptized and at eighteen was an ordained minister. He continued to study, overtaxed his eyes and was in later years compelled to depend on others to read and write for him. He married the second time Mrs. Mary (Young) Davis, the widow of Rev. Noah Davis, the founder of the American Baptist Publication Society which has become such

a power in our country. Her son is Noah Knowles Davis (1830), now professor of philosophy at the University of Virginia, the author of so many well-known books. Mrs. Davis was a remarkable woman, gifted in many ways, and proved a real helpmeet to her husband. One daughter of Dr. Dagg's, Elizabeth, married Dr. Shaler Hillyer, and a daughter of Mrs. Davis married Mr. R. C. Mallery, of Macon, Georgia. In 1845 the Board of Missions of the Triennial Baptist Convention refused to accept a delegate from the South on the score that he was a slaveholder. After due remonstrance, as nothing was accomplished, the Baptists of the South called a convention to meet in Augusta, Georgia. There were three hundred delegates present, and it was deemed best to withdraw from the Northern brethren, as the subject of slavery was agitating the country. Dr. Dagg, who was then President of Mercer University, at Penfield, Georgia, was one of the delegates. He was a very fine-looking man, and was distinguished for his dignity, wisdom, cheerfulness, and power as a conversationalist. He was a wise and safe counsellor, and his words were always words of wisdom and greatly influenced all with whom he was associated. He loved the Bible and his mind glowed with the light of revelation.

His works are not as numerous as they would have been had not his eyesight failed. He wrote *A Manual of Theology*, *Moral Science*, which has been used as a text-book for so many years in the leading institutions of the South, and *An English Grammar*.

CHARLES FORCE DEËMS, D.D., LL.D. (Church of the Strangers), was born at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1820. He was a graduate of Dickinson College, professor in the University of North Carolina, and Randolph-Macon, and later president of the Greensboro Female College. He wrote constantly for the Southern Methodist Quarterlies, edited five volumes

of the Southern Methodist Pulpit, and compiled three volumes of Southern Methodism. He was for a while the editor of *The Watchman*, a New York weekly. He was a man full of charity, geniality and learning. His works are *Sermons to Young Men*, *The Home Altar*, besides *Triumphs of Peace and Other Poems*, *Devotional Melodies*, *Jesus, What Now*, *Weights and Wings*, *Jesus, a Work on the Life of Christ*, *A Lesson in the Closet*, *Chips and Chunks for Every Fireside*, *My Septuagint*, and a *Life of Dr. Clarke*. In 1865 he went to New York as pastor for the Church of the Strangers.

His *Sermons* were written for the students of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and his *Home Altar* was a collection of Scripture readings with prayers and hymns for the encouragement of home worship.

Dr. Deems died in New York in 1893.

He married Miss Anna Disosway. One of his children, EDWARD MARK DEEMS, born at Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1852, was educated in New York where he is now living. He was prepared for the ministry at Princeton, and was licensed to preach by the New York Presbytery and had charge of the Central Presbyterian Church there. He has written *Memoirs of Charles Force Deems* and *Holy Days and Holidays*.

THOMAS UNDERWOOD DUDLEY, D.D., LL.D. (P. Episcopal), was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1837. He was graduated from the University of Virginia, entered the Confederate army and became major. After the war he studied in the Theological Seminary of Alexandria, Virginia; received the degree of D.D. from St. John's, Annapolis, and the University of the South; that of D.C.L. from King's College, Nova Scotia, and LL.D. from Griswold College.

He was ordained in 1868 and became Bishop of Kentucky in 1884.

His works are *A Wise Discrimination the Church's Need*, *Church Sunday-School Question Books*, and many published lectures and addresses. He died in Louisville, 1904.

OSCAR PENN FITZGERALD, D.D. (Methodist), was born in Caswell county, North Carolina, in 1829. He was educated in the public schools of North Carolina, studied for the ministry, and was licensed to preach in Georgia. He married Miss Sarah Banks, of Alabama, in 1855, became editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate in 1878, and later went as a missionary to California, and became Superintendent of Public Instruction of that State. In 1872 he became President of the Pacific Methodist College, Santa Rosa, California, and was made Bishop of the M. E. Church, South, in 1890.

His works are: *California Sketches*, *The Class Meeting*, *Christian Growth*, *Glimpses of Truth*, *Dr. Summers*, *A Life Study*, *Centenary Cameos*, *Life of McFerrin*, *Bible Nights*, *Eminent Methodists*, *The Whetstone*, *The Epworth Book*, *Judge Longstreet*, *The Day and the Word*, *Sunset Views*, and *Upper Room Meditations*.

ROBERT FULLER, D.D. (Baptist), was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1808. After practicing law for several years he began to study for the ministry, and became pastor of a church at Baltimore in 1847. He was considered one of the ablest men in the denomination, and possibly stood first among the thinkers and workers of that church in the South.

His works are: *Sermons* (four volumes), *Correspondence with Bishop England Upon the Roman Chancery*, *Correspondence with Dr. Wayland on Slavery*, *Letters*, *An Argument on Baptist Close Communion*, and *The Psalmist*. This last was compiled jointly with Dr. J. B. Jeter, and is a hymn-book which is not only used by the Baptists in this country but in London and some of the British Provinces.

THOMAS FRANK GAILOR, D.D. (P. Episcopal), was born at Jackson, Mississippi, in 1856. He was graduated from Racine College, Wisconsin, in 1876, and received the degree of D.D. from Trinity College and the University of the South. He married Miss Ellen Douglas Cunningham, of Nashville, Tennessee, in 1885. He was first elected professor of ecclesiastical history at the University of the South in 1882, then Bishop of Georgia in 1890, but declined, and later was made Bishop of Tennessee in 1893 by a unanimous vote; this position he accepted. He succeeded Bishop Quintard, one of Tennessee's great bishops. His works are: *Manual of Devotion*, *The Apostolic Succession*, *The Divine Event of All Time*, *Things New and Old*, *The Trust of the Episcopate*, *The Puritan Reaction*, *The Master's Word and Church's Act*, *Apostolic Order*, *Christianity and Education*, and *The Episcopal Church and Other Religious Communions*.

ALEXANDER CHARLES GARRETT, D.D. (P. Episcopal), was born at Ballymot, Ireland, in 1832. He was the son of John Garrett, rector of Ballymot, and Elizabeth Fry, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he received the degree of D.D. After he came to America he received the same degree from the Nebraska College and the University of Mississippi.

In 1859 he came as a missionary to British Columbia, and was there during the War between the States. In 1874 he was made Bishop of Northern Texas, and his literary work has been identified with that State. As soon as the diocese of Dallas was created he was made its bishop.

His works are *Historical Continuity*, *The Eternal Sacrifice*, *Baldwin*, *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Incarnation*, and many sermons. The sermons on the *Divinity of Christ* won special attention.

CARDINAL JAMES GIBBONS (Roman Catholic), was born at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1834. When quite young he was taken by his father to Ireland to be educated, and when fourteen years of age the family returned to the United States and settled in New Orleans. James was sent to the St. Charles College, and later to St. Mary's Seminary, Maryland. He was ordained priest in 1861 and assisted at St. Patrick's in Baltimore. He later became pastor of St. Bridget's at Canton, one of the suburbs of Baltimore, and then private secretary to Archbishop Spalding and chancellor of the arch-diocese. In 1868 he was made vicar apostolic of North Carolina, with the rank of bishop. At this time the Roman Catholics were very few in that State. Bishop Gibbons built new churches, opened new schools, founded asylums and largely increased the number of priests. He was soon transferred to Virginia and worked as he did in North Carolina. In 1877 when Archbishop Bayley's health began to fail Pope Pius IX., at the Archbishop's request, appointed Bishop Gibbons his successor.

In 1883 he was called to Rome with other Archbishops to confer with the Pope in regard to the affairs of the church in the United States.

In 1884 he presided at the Third National Council at Baltimore, was nominated as cardinal to succeed Cardinal McCluskey, and was invested with the princely insignia, the cardinal's hat.

He wrote *The Faith of Our Fathers*, which has been translated into many languages and has passed through forty editions, *Our Christian Heritage*, and *The Ambassador of Christ*. His home is in Baltimore.

DAVID McCONAUGHEY GILBERT, D.D. (Lutheran), was born in Pennsylvania in 1836. He went to Virginia to enter upon his ministry, and while there wrote *The Lutheran Church in Virginia*, and *Muhlenberg's Ministry in Virginia*. His church was not strong in that State and he was anxious that its doctrines should be known.

JOHN COWPER GRANBERRY, D.D. (Methodist), was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1829. He is the son of Richard Allen Granberry and Ann Leslie. He was graduated from the Randolph-Macon College and joined the Methodist Conference in 1848. As soon as the War between the States came on he volunteered for service and was made chaplain. At the close of the war he again joined the conference and remained in active church work until he was made professor of moral philosophy and practical theology at Vanderbilt University. He married twice; his first wife was Miss Jennie Massie, and his second was Miss Ella Winston.

He wrote *Bible Dictionary*, *Twelve Sermons*, and *Experience, the Crowning Evidence of the Christian Religion*.

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS, D.D. (Episcopal), was born at New Berne, North Carolina, in 1798, and died in 1866. He became a clergyman of the Episcopal church in 1827, and rector of parishes in New York, New Orleans and Baltimore. He was the first president of the University of Louisiana, and three times declined to be made bishop. He was a distinguished pulpit orator, as well as an able and untiring writer. His ecclesiastical works are considered a valuable contribution to the history of the church in the United States. His *History of North Carolina* shows how dearly he loved his native State, and *The Story of the Last Colony of Roanoke* is said to have been called "The tragedy of the American colonization." In

this he gives an account of the first Indian baptized in America; this was Manteo, Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonguepeuk, and he was the first native to receive the sacrament of the English church. He also tells of the birth of Virginia Dare, the first white child born on American soil. She was the granddaughter of Governor White, and was born on the eighteenth of August, 1587.

His works are besides *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States*, *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland*, *Constitutions and Canons of the Episcopal Church*, *Auricular Confession in the Episcopal Church*, *Egypt and Its Monuments*, *Romance of Biography*, *Cyclopedia of Biography* and *Perry's Expedition to Japan*.

ATTICUS GREEN HAYGOOD, D.D., LL.D. (Methodist), was born at Watkinsville, Georgia, in 1839. He was graduated from Emory College, Oxford, Georgia, and soon after was licensed to preach by the M. E. Church, South. He edited the Sunday-school publications of his denomination and later in 1876 was made president of Emory College, where he remained eight years; he then was persuaded to act as a general agent for the John F. Slater Fund. This money was left by a very wealthy Northern man for the education of Negro preachers, and has been instrumental in doing much good throughout the South. The Paine Institute in Augusta, Georgia, was established for this purpose.

In 1872 he was chosen Bishop, but declined the honor, although some years later he did accept. In 1878 he began to edit the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*. His sister, Miss Laura A. Haygood, a woman of wonderful power as a teacher, went to China as a missionary and was largely instrumental in establishing there a school for educating the girls from the higher classes; through this school access was gained to the

homes which had always been closed against missionary efforts of all kinds. When her part in the work was ended God took her home. She is buried in Shanghai, but her work goes on. The death of this beloved sister was a crushing blow to Bishop Haygood.

His works are *Go or Send, an Essay on Missions, Our Children, Our Brother in Black, Close the Saloons, Speeches and Sermons*, and edited Sermons by Bishop George Foster Pierce, one of the most noted bishops of the M. E. Church, South, the son of that godly man, Rev. Lovick Pierce, of Georgia.

When his *Brother in Black* appeared it created a great deal of unfavorable comment from the religious and secular press. He was accused of being disloyal to the South and of pandering to the views of the North in order to secure money. He had really up to this time been an extremist in his Southern views and his position was not fully understood even by some of his own denomination.

SHALER GRANBY HILLYER (Baptist) was born in Wilkes county, Georgia, in 1809. His father was Shaler Hillyer, who came from Granby, Connecticut. His mother was Rebecca Freeman, the daughter of John Freeman, a brave soldier of the Revolution. They moved to the banks of the Broad River, in Wilkes county, and named their plantation Poplar Grove. There three sons and one daughter were born. It was a happy home, ruled over by wise, just, religious parents. Shaler Granby was the youngest of the three boys, and, on account of the lack of educational advantages, was sent from home to a boarding-school at the early age of seven.

His father died in 1820, and as he had assumed heavy obligations his widow was forced to sell most of the property to settle his affairs. As the grandmother, Mrs. Freeman, had

money, the family decided to move to Athens, Georgia, in order to be near Franklin College. The farm was one mile from college, and Shaler was obliged to walk back and forth several times a day. The rule then was that every boy must be at morning prayers, and these were held in the College Chapel at sunrise. Mrs. Hillyer, a highly educated woman, was of great assistance in teaching her boys their daily tasks. In 1829 Shaler Granby was graduated with distinction. Two months later he was offered a position to teach in Florida in the family of Colonel Gamble, a very wealthy planter. Although in 1830 he studied law in the office of his brother, Junius Hillyer, who was himself a very gifted man and a well-known lawyer of Georgia, yet he decided to become a minister. He had joined the Baptist church while at Athens and had often spoken in the meetings. He knew that he would be obliged to teach or practice law until he as a pastor could secure a salary sufficient for his support and decided to teach, for he felt that as a teacher he could live more consistently than as a lawyer.

In 1836 he married one of his pupils, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, and took charge of an Academy at Athens and became at the same time pastor of the Baptist church. This was a happy marriage and in speaking of his wife he said: "My dear Elizabeth is queen in our little home." She died in 1844 and his four children were sent to her mother in Liberty county.

In 1845 he was elected to the chair of rhetoric at Mercer University, but owing to financial troubles, was not able to begin his work until 1847. Before entering upon his duties he married Miss Elizabeth Dagg, the daughter of Dr. John L. Dagg, president of the University. She was a very intellectual woman and had been largely educated by her distinguished father. Dr. Hillyer afterwards taught theology at Mercer, and held the position until the breaking out of the

war. His two sons volunteered at once but their father urged that they remain to receive their diplomas. Lorraine was killed at the battle of Manassas; this was a fearful blow to his devoted father. When the college was disbanded at Penfield, Dr. Hillyer took charge of church work, and at the close of the war, as his slaves had been freed, and he was land-poor, he was forced to begin anew the struggle for life, and accepted the position of principal of Monroe College, at Forsyth, in order to educate his daughters.

Dr. Hillyer's literary life began with his letters to the *Christian Index* and the *Religious Herald*. He rarely wrote his sermons, so that after his death, in 1900, they could not be published. His *Reminiscences* and *Bible Morality*, with his religious newspaper articles, form the greater part of his writings. His style was clear, logical and original.

His daughter, Loula C. Hillyer, a teacher for so long in the Atlanta Girls' High School, wrote a life of her father to append to his *Reminiscences*.

JEREMIAH BELL JETER, D.D., (Baptist), was born in Bedford county, Virginia, in 1802. He was one of the ablest divines of his denomination in the South. He began preaching when he was only twenty years of age, with an education "picked up," as it were, by his own unaided efforts. After preaching for fourteen years he went to Richmond and then to St. Louis, where he died. He resigned his pastorate to edit the *Religious Herald*.

His works are *Memoir of Mrs. Henrietta Shuck*, the first American woman Missionary to China; *Memoir of Rev. Andrew Broadus*, *The Mirror*, *Campbellism Examined*, *Campbellism Re-examined*, *The Soul, or the Impression of Divine Truth on a Candid Mind*, a very large number of tracts, pamphlets, and magazine articles, and *Recollections of a Long Life*.

JAMES S. LAMAR (Christian), was born in Gwinnett county, Georgia, in 1829. His father moved to Muscogee county, and it was there he received his early education; later he attended the Academy. In 1850 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1853 entered Bethany College to prepare for the ministry. He was graduated in 1854, ordained as an evangelist, was called to the Augusta church, remained there for many years, and then moved to Warrenton, Georgia. He married Miss Mary Rucker. One of their children is Joseph Rucker Lamar, an honored member of the Georgia bar, Associate Justice of Georgia, and an orator of very marked power.

Mr. Lamar greatly endeared himself, not only to the people of Augusta but to all who knew him in the State.

He has published several books; possibly the one by which he is best known is *The Organon of Scripture, or the Inductive Method of Biblical Interpretation*. He is a clear thinker, a graceful writer and a preacher of power. He is recognized as one of the most chaste and polished writers of his denomination.

JAMES WIDEMAN LEE, D.D. (Methodist), was born in Rockbridge, Georgia, in 1849. His father was Zachary J. Lee, and his mother Emily H. Wideman. He went to the Grantville High School for his early education, graduated from Emory, and entered the North Georgia Conference in 1874. He married Miss Emma Eufaula Ledbetter in 1875.

In 1892 his *Making of a Man* appeared. It is a book well calculated to inspire a young man with a sense of the possibilities of the development of character. Dr. Lee has been pastor of churches in Dalton, Rome, Atlanta and St. Louis. In 1894 he was sent with R. E. Bain, a very fine artist, to Palestine to collect material for his illustrated book on the *Earthly Footsteps of Christ and His Apostles*. Bishop John

H. Vincent assisted him in this. He collected also the material for his *Self-Interpreting Bible*, one of the most helpful aids in Bible study, with life-like illustrations, as one who has been in the Holy Land can testify.

In 1893 he delivered in Chicago an address before the Parliament of Religions on *Christ the Reason of the Universe*.

He has written many articles for magazines which have received most favorable comment from the press, as *Henry Grady, Editor, Orator, and Man*, *History of Methodism*, and *History of Jerusalem*. His *Maximilian and Carlotta* appeared in *The Old Homestead*. His *Making of a Man* has been translated into Chinese and Japanese.

JOHN LEYBURN, D.D. (Presbyterian), was born in Lexington, Virginia, in 1814. He graduated at Princeton in 1833, studied theology at Union Seminary, Virginia, and at Columbia, South Carolina, and was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Petersburg, Virginia. In 1849 he became Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and then bought *The Presbyterian* and edited it until 1861. When the war came on he sold it, went South and became Secretary of the Publication Board of the Southern Presbyterian Church. He did a great work for the Southern people in creating a religious literature at a time when they were cut off from the rest of the Christian world. After the war he became pastor of a church in Baltimore. His editorials, letters, and literary articles would fill volumes. His works in book form are *Soldiers of the Cross*, and *Hints to Young Men*,

JOHN WILLIAM MCGARVEY, D.D., LL.D. (Christian), was born at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, in 1829, and was graduated from Bethany College, West Virginia. He married Miss Ottie Hix, of Fayette, Missouri, where he preached for twelve years. He held the professorship of Sacred History in the College

of the Bible at Lexington, Kentucky, afterwards was elected its president, and has been connected with newspaper work for forty years. He has written *Commentaries on Acts of the Apostles, Matthew, and Mark, Lands of the Bible, Text and Canon of New Testament, Jesus and Jonah, and Credibility and Inspiration of New Testament.*

HOLLAND NIMMONS McTYEIRE, D.D. (Methodist), was born in the Barnwell District in South Carolina in 1824, and was graduated from the Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, in 1844. He has written much for periodicals about his own denomination. He was made Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at New Orleans in 1866, and lives in Nashville, Tennessee. He wrote *Duties of Christian Masters*, in the interest of the slaveholders; it is full of good logic and Christian teaching. He also wrote a *Catechism*, and *History of the Methodist Discipline*. He was editor at one time of the *Christian Advocate*.

PATRICK HUES MELL, D.D. (Baptist), was born in Walthourville, Liberty county, Georgia, in 1814. His father was Benjamin Mell of that county, and his mother Cynthia Sumner, whose grandfather had come from South Carolina with the early settlers of Georgia. Patrick Hues was the second of four children and the oldest son. When the grandfather died a valuable property enabled the family to have all the comforts of life, but Major Mell's liberal, sympathetic and generous heart induced him to stand security for a friend who failed to meet the obligations; this involved the estate very greatly and Major Mell's health, owing to worry and anxiety, failed and death came very soon after. The mother did not long outlive him and Patrick Hues, then a lad of seventeen, was forced to earn by his own exertions a support for

himself and younger brothers and sisters. He had been given the very best opportunities for acquiring an education, and God had endowed him with an intellect of a high order, determination and many other gifts. He was self-reliant, brave and hopeful; he had been a leader among his schoolmates, and soon became a leader among men. A wealthy friend of his father's insisted upon lending him the money that he might attend Amherst College, Massachusetts. His stay there was not pleasant, for many misunderstandings between professors and students fretted and annoyed him. In 1838 he returned to Georgia and accepted an offer to teach in Montgomery county; later he was elected principal of the Oxford Classical and English School by the Board of Trustees of Emory College.

He had joined the Baptist church before going to Amherst, but not until he had passed through many trials and was teaching at Emory College did he fully understand what was meant by a complete surrender of his will to God's will and to the control of the Holy Spirit. When he decided to become a minister he was licensed by the North Newport church, of Liberty county. He began to preach in Oxford, Georgia, in the spring of 1840, but he was not ordained, however, until later.

In June of the same year he married Lurene Howard Cooper, who had been one of his pupils when in Montgomery county. This was a happy marriage in every way. There were eight children. One, DR. PATRICK HUES MELL, Jr., was born at Penfield, Georgia, in 1850, and is now the President of Clemson College, South Carolina. He was educated at the University of Georgia, was State Chemist of Georgia, and professor of geology and botany at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. He has written numberless scientific articles, invented the system of weather signals now used by the United States Weather Bureau, and has written an ex-

cellent life of his distinguished father. He married Miss Annie R. White, of Athens, Georgia, daughter of Wm. N. White, the author of "White's Gardening for the South." Dr. Mell, Sr., was elected to the chair of ancient languages at Mercer in 1841, and continued to preach to the churches in the neighborhood; later he was ordained and called to the Greensboro and Antioch churches. So greatly attached were they to him, and such influence did he have over them, that that portion of the State has been styled "Mell's Kingdom." He accepted in 1856 the chair of ancient languages at the University of Georgia, and later, after Dr. Alonzo Church's death, the chair of ethics and held this even after he was made Chancellor of the University in 1878.

When the War between the States came on Dr. Mell was made captain of the Mell Volunteers and later colonel of a regiment and ordered to Rome, Georgia. His son, Benjamin Mell, was mortally wounded at the Battle of Antietam. Just before the death of this son his wife died, leaving a family of young children. Her death was a great loss not only to her family, but to the community, for she was a woman richly endowed, of the strongest convictions and greatly beloved.

His second wife was Miss Eliza E. Cooper. There were six children by this marriage and four of them are still living in Athens. Dr. Mell was a wonderful parliamentarian and so gifted in governing bodies of men that he was made moderator of the Georgia Baptist Convention for thirty years and of the Southern Baptist Convention for seventeen years. At one of their meetings in Memphis he was asked to prepare a Manual of Parliamentary Law and Practice, which is one of the best books on this subject ever written. He also wrote *Baptism in Its Mode and Subjects*, *Corrective Church Discipline*, *Manuals on Slavery*, *Predestination*, *Calvinism*, *God's Providential Government*, *Philosophy of Prayer*, and many tracts prepared by special request.

ROBERT MILLIGAN, (Christian), was born in Lynne, Ireland, in 1814, and was only four years old when he was brought to the United States. His father was John Milligan. There were nine children and Robert was early thrown upon his own responsibility. He opened a school in Bourbon county, Kentucky, at Flat Rock. He had only fifteen pupils when he began and in three months had his limit, forty, and refused other applicants. He began to study the New Testament in order to find out what was taught about immersion, and decided to be baptized into the Church of Christ at Cane Ridge.

He entered Washington College, Washington, Pennsylvania, and graduated with A. B. degree, and then accepted a professorship in that college, which he held for ten years. He married in 1842 Miss Ellen Blaine Russell. In 1854 he accepted the chair of Mathematics in Bethany College, Virginia, and was co-editor of the *Millennial Harbinger*. In 1857 he was elected President of Bacon College, Harrodsburg, Kentucky; the college was destroyed by fire and President Milligan moved to Lexington, Kentucky.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL (P. Episcopal), was born at Caldwell, New Jersey, in 1855. He is the son of Arthur B. Noll and Mary Hamilton. He studied in his father's schools and then read law and was admitted to the bar. In 1885 he was prepared for the ministry at the University of the South, and was ordained in 1888. He had parishes in Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee. He became historiographer of the Diocese of Tennessee, and later registrar and lecturer on medical jurisprudence at Sewanee in the University of the South.

In 1887 he married Miss Florence Dunn, the daughter of Dr. Thomas Dunn, of Newark, New Jersey.

He has written *A Short History of Mexico, From Empire to Republic*, *History of the Church in the Diocese of Tennessee*, *Confirmation*, *The Peruvians*, *History of the Northern States Subsequent to the War*, *Dr. Quintard*, *Chaplain C. S. A. and Second Bishop of Tennessee*, and many magazine articles; and has edited *The Little Giant and Other Wonder Tales*, by Thomas Dunn English.

JOHN MARTIN PHILIP OTTS, D.D. LL.D., (Presbyterian), was born at Union, South Carolina, in 1838. He was educated at Davidson College, and studied theology at the Theological Seminary in Columbia, South Carolina. In 1864 he married Miss Leila McCrary, of Greensboro, Alabama. He was ordained in 1863 and was pastor of churches in Alabama, Tennessee, Delaware and Philadelphia. In 1890 he went to Egypt and the Holy Land, and later delivered lectures on *Explorations in Bible Lands*. He wrote *Nicodemus with Jesus*, *Light and Life for a Dead World*, *The Southern Pen and Pulpit*, *Interdenominational Literature*, *The Gospel of Honesty*, *Laconisms*, *The Fifth Gospel*, *Unsettled Questions*, *At Mother's Knee*, and *Christ and the Cherubim*. He died in 1901.

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER, D.D., LL.D. (Presbyterian), was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1818. He was educated at the University of Georgia and prepared for the ministry at the Theological Seminary in Columbia, South Carolina. He was universally beloved by young and old during his college days as well as when pastor. His first charge was the First Presbyterian church at Savannah. He had charge also of churches in South Carolina and finally accepted the call in 1856 to the First Presbyterian Church in

New Orleans. He taught at one time—being professor of Church History and Polity at the Theological Seminary, of Columbia, South Carolina, and was one of the founders of *The Southern Presbyterian Review*. He was the author of many books. Some were *Life and Letters of J. H. Thornwell, D.D., LL.D., Sermons, The Family in Its Civil and Churchly Aspects, Formation of Character, The Broken Home, and Theology of Prayer*.

His death in 1902, although he had lived to such an advanced age, was not caused by sickness and disease, but by an awful accident. Greatly beloved by all, his death cast a gloom over the whole city of New Orleans and brought distress to his many friends elsewhere. He was one of the most brilliant men in this country and preached with power and “unction from on high.”

JAMES MADISON PENDLETON, D.D. (Baptist), was born in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, in 1811, but his boyhood was spent in Kentucky. He became pastor of the Baptist church in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1837, and remained there twenty years, and then accepted a professorship in the Theological College in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. He wrote largely for religious papers for thirty years or more. He sided with Henry Clay in his emancipation schemes.

His books are *Three Reasons Why I Am a Baptist, Short Sermons on Important Subjects, Church Manual, A Treatise on Atonement, Old Landmarks Reset, and Sermons*.

He died in 1891.

CHARLES CLIFTON PENICK, D.D. (P. Episcopal), was born in Charlotte county, Virginia, in 1843. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and Danville (Virginia) Military Institute, and graduated from the Alexandria Semi-

nary. He served in Pickett's Division, Confederate Army, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He married Miss Mary Hoge, of Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1881. He was ordained in 1870, and consecrated bishop to Cape Palmas, West Africa, in 1877.

He wrote *More Than a Prophet, Advice to the Church in Africa, Hopes, Perils and Struggles of the Negroes in America, What Can the Church Do for the Negro in the United States*, and numerous other works.

GEORGE WILLIAM PETERKIN, D.D., LL.D. (P. Episcopal), was born in Washington county, Maryland, in 1841. He was educated in the Episcopal High School of Virginia, University of Virginia, and was graduated from the Theological Seminary of Virginia. He married Miss Constance Gardner Lee, of Alexandria, Virginia, in 1868; his second wife was Miss Marion McIntosh Stewart, of Brook Hill, Virginia.

He served in the Confederate Army from the beginning to the close. He was ordained priest in 1869, and made bishop of West Virginia in 1878. In 1893 he was put in charge, as bishop, of the mission in Brazil and visited that field.

HENRY NILES PIERCE, D.D., LL.D. (P. Episcopal), was born at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1820. He graduated at Brown and received from the University of Alabama and the University of the South the degree of D.D., and from William and Mary the degree of LL.D. He was ordained priest in 1849, and went as a missionary to Texas the same year. In 1854 he married Miss Nannie Hayward Sheppard, of Matagorda, Texas. He was rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans, in 1854, and St. John's, Mobile, from 1857 to 1868.

His works are *The Agnostic and Other Poems, Sermons, and Addresses*. He died in 1899.

WILLIAM SWAN PLUMER, D.D., LL.D. (Presbyterian), 1802-1880, was born at Griersburg (now Darlington), Pennsylvania. He was only five years old when his father moved to Kentucky, and only sixteen when he began to teach in Wood county, Virginia. He entered Princeton in 1826, and was licensed to preach. His first church was at Danville, Virginia, then he went to Warrenton, North Carolina. In 1854 he became Professor of Didactic and Pastoral Theology in the Western Theological Seminary at Alleghany, Pennsylvania. In 1866 he was elected to the Chair of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Seminary of Columbia, South Carolina, which he held until his death in 1880.

His works are *The Promises of God*, *Thoughts 'Worth Remembering*, *The Bible Tone*, *Rome Against the Bible*, *The Church and Her Enemies*, *Vital Goodness*, *Rock of Our Salvation*, *Grace of Christ*, *Love of God*, *Jehovah-jireh*, *Earnest Hours*, *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*, *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, and *Studies in the Book of Psalms*.

ALFRED MAGILL RANDOLPH, D.D., LL.D. (P. Episcopal), was born at Winchester, Virginia, in 1836. He is the son of Robert Lee Randolph, and graduated at William and Mary. He received the degrees of D.D. and LL.D., from the Washington and Lee University, and D.C.L. from the University of the South. In 1862-65 he was Chaplain in the Confederate Army, and at the close of the war became rector of Emanuel Church, Baltimore, Maryland. He was made coadjutor bishop of Virginia in 1883, and then bishop of Southern Virginia in 1892, when the diocese was divided.

He wrote *Reason, Faith and Authority in Christianity*, and *Sermons and Addresses*.

HENRY RUFFNER, D.D., LL.D. (Presbyterian), was born in Page county, Virginia, in 1789. His father was David Ruffner, who discovered salt water by boring, and was the first salt-maker. He received his education in part at Washington College, in Lexington, Virginia, and afterwards was tutor there. On entering the ministry he founded the Presbyterian church of Charleston, South Carolina, the first of that denomination in that section of the State. He was later made president of Washington College. In 1848 he resigned and devoted the rest of his life to farming, preaching and writing.

His works are *The Fathers of the Desert, Being a History of Monarchism; The Predestinarian, Methodism, Judith Ben-Paddi, Future Punishment*, and *Address on Slavery*, known as the Ruffner pamphlet, an argument against slavery which created a sensation. He was a constant contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Richmond. He died in 1861.

His son, REV. WILLIAM HENRY RUFFNER, born in 1824, was also a writer on social and political subjects.

JOHN RICHARD SAMPEY, D.D. (Baptist), was born at Fort Deposit, Alabama, in 1863, and was graduated from Howard College, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He married Miss Annie Renfroe, of Talladega, Alabama, in 1886. He has held many positions of honor on account of his high scholarship. He is a member of the International Sunday-School Committee, and aided in revising the Old Testament Scriptures, which were presented by the American Baptist Publication Society. He has traveled a great deal abroad, and visited Egypt and Palestine in 1897. He is now Professor of Old Testament Interpretation at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

His works are *The First Thirty Years of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary*, *Syllabus for Old Testament Study*, and several theological treatises.

WILLIAM ANDERSON SCOTT, D.D. (Presbyterian), was born in Bedford county, Tennessee, in 1813. He was educated among the Cumberland Presbyterians, and was licensed to preach when only seventeen. Realizing that his education was incomplete, he went to Cumberland College, Kentucky, where he graduated in 1833, and then studied theology at Princeton. He had charge at one time of the Presbyterian church at the Hermitage, which was supported in large measure by Andrew Jackson, one of the members. He succeeded Daniel Baker in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in 1840, and John Breckenridge in New Orleans in 1842. Later he went to San Francisco and organized the Calvary Presbyterian church, of which he was pastor until 1861. Because of the troubles growing out of the war he resigned and traveled for two years, attending theological lectures and preaching. He afterwards went to Egypt, Arabia, the Holy Land, Turkey and Greece. He learned eleven languages.

His works are *The Christ of the Apostles' Creed*, *The Voice of the Church Against Arianism*, *Strauss and Renan*, *The Centuries of the Gospel*, *The Wedge of Gold, or Achan in El Dorado*; *Trade and Letters, their Journeyings Round the World*, *The Giant Judge, or Samson the Hebrew Hercules*; *The Bible and Politics, or an Humble Plea for Religious Freedom and Against All Sectarianism in Our Public Schools*; *Esther, the Hebrew Persian Queen* (seventeen lectures), and *The Pacific Expositor* (three volumes).

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING (Roman Catholic), was born at Lebanon, Kentucky, in 1840. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, University of Louvain, Belgium, and studied for the priesthood in Rome, Italy. Upon his return to the United States, in 1865, he was made Secretary to the Bishop of Louisville. He became greatly interested in the negroes of Louisville, and was instrumental in having the St. Augustine church built for them. In 1871 he became Chancellor of the Diocese of Louisville. The President appointed him one of a committee to settle the anthracite coal strike in New York.

Father Spalding has been a very prolific writer. His works are *Life of Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, Archbishop*, *Essays and Reviews*, *Religious Mission of the Irish People*, *Lectures and Discourses*, *Education and the Higher Life*, *Things of the Mind*, *Means and Ends of Education*, *Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education*, *America and Other Poems*, *The Poet's Praise*, *Songs*, *God and the Soul*, *Opportunity*, *Religion*, *Agnosticism and Education*, *Aphorisms and Reflections*, *Socialism and Labor*, *The Spalding Year-Book*, and *Religion and Art, and Other Essays*.

GEORGE A. SMITH, Jr. (Methodist), 1829, of Georgia. His works are *History of Methodism in Georgia and Florida*, *Life and Letters of James Osgood Andrew, D.D.*, *Life of Bishop George Foster Pierce*, *Life of Bishop Francis Asbury*, *Story of Georgia and the Georgia People*, *Harry Thornton*, *Benny's Triumph*, *Mr. Hull and His Family*, *Childhood and Conversion*, *Boy in Gray*, and *Life of John W. Knight*. Mr. George Smith has been a very prolific writer. His papers on genealogy, published in the *Atlanta Journal*, showed him to be a great searcher of records. He wrote many tracts; among them are *Infants' Catechism*, *Child's Catechism*, *Old Testament*

Lessons, Infant Life of Jesus, Fresh Lessons for Infant Classes, Intermediate Catechism, From Darkness to Light, Walk in the Light, and Child and the Saviour.

THOMAS SMYTH, D.D. (Presbyterian), 1808-1873, was born at Charleston, South Carolina. He was pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, and while a faithful minister was busy with his pen. He wrote *Lectures on the Prelatical Doctrine of the Apostolic Succession, Ecclesiastical Catechism of the Presbyterian Church, Presbytery and not Prelacy the Scriptural and Primitive Policy, Claims of the Free Church of Scotland on American Christians, Ecclesiastical Republicanism, History of the Westminster Assembly, Calvin and his Eminence, Name, Nature and Functions of Ruling Elder, Prelatical Rite of Confirmation Examined, Union to Christ and His Church, Solace for Bereaved Parents, Unity of the Human Race, Young Men's Christian Associations, Church Manual, The Well in the Valley, Presbyterian Facts*, and numberless articles contributed to the Princeton Review.

THOMAS OSMUND SUMMERS, D.D. (Methodist), was born at Dorsetshire, England, in 1812, and died at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1882. He came to the United States in 1830, and was admitted into the Baltimore Conference on trial. He was very active in organizing conferences in Texas and Alabama. He was made professor of systematic theology at Vanderbilt, and became dean of the faculty.

His works are *Commentaries on the Gospel, The Acts, Ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Seasons, Months, and Days*, and *Talks Pleasant and Profitable*. He was editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, and wrote *Baptism, Golden Censer, Holiness, Refutation of Paine, Sunday School Teacher, Sunday School Speaker, and Scripture Catechism*.

GEORGE BOARDMAN TAYLOR, D.D. (Baptist), was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1832. He is the son of Rev. James Barnett Taylor and Mary Williams. He graduated from the Richmond College, and the University of Virginia. He was the first pastor of the Franklin Square church, in Baltimore. Since 1873, he has been under the appointment of the Southern Baptist Board of Missions at Richmond, and was sent by them to Rome, Italy. His wife was Miss Susan Braxton, who died in Rome in 1884. Since 1901 he has been teaching in the Baptist Theological School in Rome, Italy.

His works are *Oakland*, stories for little children; *Coster Grew*, *Roger Bernard*, *the Pastor's Son*, *Walter Ennis*, *a Tale of the Early Virginia Baptists*, *Baptists—Who They Are and What they Have Done* (4 vols.), *Italy and the Italians*, and *An Italian Text-book on Systematic Theology*.

WILLIAM TAYLOR (Bishop), D.D. (Methodist), born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in 1821, was reared as a farmer and tanner. He entered the Methodist ministry in 1842, became a missionary to California, spent five years in Canada and New England, visited Europe in 1862, and finally began missionary work in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. In 1885 he went to Africa and established mission stations on the Congo. He wrote the record of his life's labors as he went.

His works are: *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco*, *The Model Preacher*, *Reconciliation, or How to Be Saved*, *Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life*, *Christian Adventures in South Africa*, *Four Years' Campaign in India*, *Pauline Methods of Missionary Work*, *The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa*, and *Story of My Life*.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D., LL.D. (P. Episcopal), was born at Londonderry, Ireland, in 1830. He was educated in the common schools of Caldwell, New Jersey, and received his degree of D.D. from the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, and LL.D. from the University of Alabama. In 1860 he was made professor of Church History at the Nashotah Theological Seminary, and in 1876 was called to Trinity church, at New Orleans, and made bishop of Mississippi in 1887.

His works are *Copy! More Copy, Unity and Its Restoration, First Principles, Kingdom of God, Sin and Penalty, The Word and the Logos, The World and the Man, The World and the Kingdom, The World and the Wrestlers, Absolution, Is Romanism the Best Religion for the Republic*, and many lectures, sermons and pamphlets.

He died in Jackson, Mississippi, in 1902.

JAMES HENRY THORNWELL, D.D. (Presbyterian), was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1812, and died in 1862. The greater part of his life was spent in the service of his Master. He wrote *Discourses on the Truth, Rights and Duties of Masters*, and *State of the Church*. He was at one time editor of the Southern Quarterly Review, and many of the strongest articles in its pages were from his pen. Dr. Benjamin Palmer, of New Orleans, a personal friend and admirer, has written a life of Dr. Thornwell, and it is very refreshing to read the life of such a good man, written by another just as good.

WILBUR FISK TILLET, D.D. (Methodist), was born at Henderson, North Carolina, in 1854. He was educated at Randolph-Macon College, and graduated in theology from the Princeton Theological Seminary. He married, in 1888, Miss Kate O. Schoolfield, of Virginia, and after her death Miss Laura McLoud, of North Carolina. He was pastor of the Methodist church at Danville, Virginia, then chaplain, tutor and adjunct professor of systematic theology at Vanderbilt University at Nashville.

His works are *Our Hymns and Their Authors*, *Discussions in Theology*, *Personal Salvation—Studies in Christian Doctrine Pertaining to the Spiritual Life*, *The Doctrines of Methodism*, and many articles in reviews and magazines.

JOHN JAMES TIGERT, D.D., LL.D. (Methodist), journalist, editor of the Methodist Review since 1894, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1856. He was educated at the Vanderbilt University, and received degrees from Emory College, Henry College and the University of Missouri. He married Miss Amelia McTyeire in 1878, and has taught at Vanderbilt, and been book editor and editor of the Review, secretary of the M. Episcopal Church, South, and has also written many books.

Constitutional History of American Episcopal Methodism, *Handbook of Logic*, *Systematic Theology*, *The Preacher Himself*, *Passing Through the Gates*, *A Manual of Christian Doctrine*, *The Journal of Thomas Coke*, *A Voice from the South*, and *Theology and Philosophy*.

HENRY ALLEN TUPPER, D.D. (Baptist), was born at Charleston, South Carolina. During the War between the States he was chaplain of the Ninth Georgia Regiment, and after 1872 was corresponding secretary of the foreign missionary society

of the Southern Baptist Convention. His works are *Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention*, and *Truth in Romance*. He died in 1902. His son, KERR BOYCE TUPPER, D.D., LL.D., was born at Washington, Georgia, in 1854. He was graduated from Mercer University, and Central University, Iowa. He married Miss Lucilla Sloan, of Greenville, South Carolina. He is now pastor of the First Baptist church in Philadelphia. His works are *Gladstone and Other Addresses*, *Seven Great Lights*, *Robertson's Living Thoughts*, *Popular Treatise on Christian Baptism*, and *English Synonyms*.

JAMES ISAAC VANCE, D.D. (Presbyterian), was born at Arcadia, Tennessee, in 1862. He was graduated from King College, Tennessee, studied theology at the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, and received the degree of D.D. from Hampden-Sidney College. He married, 1886, Miss Mamie Stiles Currell, of Charleston, South Carolina. He was in charge of several churches, and at one time was pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Nashville, the largest church in the Southern Assembly. In 1900 he resigned to accept the North Reformed church, Newark, New Jersey. His works are *Young Man Four-Square*, *Church Portals*, *College of Apostles*, *Predestination*, *Royal Manhood*, *Rise of a Soul*, *Simplicity in Life*, *A Young Man's Make-Up*, and contributions to magazines and reviews.

HENRY M. WHARTON, D.D. (Baptist), was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, in 1848, and is a younger brother of Martin Bryan Wharton. He was thirteen when the War between the States began, and too young, of course, to enter the army, but at fifteen could no longer be restrained, and was only sixteen when he surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

He was educated at Roanoke College, the University of Virginia, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

He studied law and practiced it for five years, but decided to abandon it in order to enter the ministry. He became pastor of a Virginia church, and then went to Baltimore and was instrumental in building the largest Protestant church in Baltimore, known as the Brantley Memorial, but became convinced that he could do more good as an evangelist than as a regular pastor, and began to hold meetings in this country and in Europe, and has been wonderfully blessed.

Dr. Wharton has the genial, cordial, gracious, loving manner of the Virginia gentleman, and makes friends wherever he goes. He preaches the old-fashioned Gospel in all its sweetness and simplicity. He has written many books. His most important works are *Pulpit, Pen and Platform*, *Travels in Palestine*, *Volumes of Sermons*, *The War Song and Poems of the Confederacy*, *D. L. Moody, His Work and Workers*, and a novel, *White Blood*. He has lectured a great deal. Some of the subjects were *On Horseback in the Holy Land*, *The Ups and Downs of Life*, *The Man in the Moon*, *The Confederate Soldier*, and *Rambles in Europe*.

MORTON BRYAN WHARTON, D.D. (Baptist), was born in Orange county, Virginia, in 1839. His father was Malcolm H. Wharton, and his mother Susan Roberts Calvin. He was educated in the Orange Academy, Culpepper Academy, Richmond College and Virginia Military School. He did not graduate because of the War between the States, which interfered with all educational institutions.

The First Baptist church, Bristol, Tennessee, was his first charge, and he remained there until 1864. He married that year Miss Mary Belle Irwin. He received the degree D.D. from the Washington and Lee University. He was pastor of

several churches at different times in Alabama, Kentucky and Georgia. In 1876 he was made corresponding secretary of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, in 1881 was sent as United States consul to Sonneberg, Germany, and three years later was made editor of the *Christian Index*, published at Atlanta, Georgia. He has held many important pastorates—in Montgomery, Norfolk, Baltimore, Atlanta and Eufaula. He began sending contributions to the *Atlanta Journal* in 1903, but before this had done definite literary work by publishing *European Notes*, *Famous Women of the Old Testament*, *Famous Women of the New Testament*, *Pictures from a Pastorium*, *Famous Men of the Old Testament*, and in 1904 *Sacred Songs to Popular Airs*.

ROBERT ALEXANDER WEBB, D.D. (Presbyterian), was born at Oxford, Mississippi, in 1856. His father was Robert Clark Webb, and his mother Elizabeth Eaton Dortch. He was educated at the Webb School, Culleoka, Tennessee, and Southwestern Presbyterian University, at Clarksville, Tennessee, and studied for the ministry at the Columbia (S. C.) Theological Seminary. In 1888 he married Miss Roberta Chauncey Beck. He was pastor of churches at Bethel, South Carolina, Davidson College, North Carolina, and Westminster church, Charleston, South Carolina. In 1888 he became professor of systematic theology at the Southwestern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tennessee.

RICHARD HOOKER WILMER, D.D., LL.D. (P. Episcopal), was born at Alexandria, Virginia, in 1816. He was graduated from Yale, received the LL.D. degree from the University of Alabama, and D.D. from William and Mary. He married Miss Margaret Brown, of Nelson county, Virginia.

He was made bishop of Alabama in 1862. When the War between the States ended he could not be reconstructed and recommended to his diocese to omit the prayer "for the President and all in civil authority" on the ground that Alabama was under military, not civil, authority. Gen. George H. Thomas issued an order suspending him and his clergy, but President Johnson set this order aside.

His works are *The Recent Past from a Southern Standpoint*, *Reminiscences of a Grandfather*, *Guide Books for Young Churchmen*, and many sermons.

Among his best sermons and addresses may be mentioned *False Swearing*, *Church and State*, *Ritual and Ritualism*, *The Lord's Day*, *The Church and the Negro*, *Shall the Church Change its Name?* and *The Word of Christ*. He died in 1902 and was succeeded by Bishop Beckwith.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

For lack of space a supplementary list of theologians, equally as noted possibly as those already mentioned, must be placed in the *Addenda*. This is greatly regretted, but there is nothing else to be done.

CHAPTER XVII.

The History of Journalism in the South.

When we realize that the press of the day sets the standard for literature more than books, and that we are influenced more by its opinion than by any one power, it behooves us to inquire into the character of the papers and magazines we read and have in our homes, and the character of the men whose direction we follow. The press has been called "The Queen of the World," and she does rule in a very large measure, and has the power to make or to mar a nation.

Each of the thirteen seceding States forming the Confederacy can show an array of names great in journalism, and it would take volumes to tell of the many political, social, and religious questions that have been discussed and settled through the pages of the periodicals published in our midst, and the great men and women who have been the leaders of thought in the land. The history of some of these papers and magazines and the lives of their editors are known to the writer of this book, but very much concerning others in other States is unknown and it has seemed to be an impossibility to secure the facts, therefore it must not be supposed that the full story of journalism in the South is by any means contained in these short sketches included here.

It is natural that, as the author is a Georgian, she should know more of Georgia's history and people, but it does not argue that other States have not done as well. Any omissions are due to lack of knowledge, and not to "malice aforethought."

Before the War between the States, there were very few literary magazines published in the South, for the reason that writers were few and the demand not sufficient to warrant the expense. The Southern people were literary and subscribed freely to magazines and papers purely literary, but they did not think it necessary to publish their own, as England supplied them with "Littell's Living Age," "Cornhill," "Macmillan," "Household Words," "Blackwoods," and so many of like merit to be found in almost every cultured Southern home.

The most prominent literary magazine published in the South before the war was *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Richmond, Virginia. It exerted a mighty influence, not only upon Southern and American literature, but throughout the English-speaking world, and had the reputation of being the most influential of American magazines in the first half of the nineteenth century.

It was founded in 1837 and came into the possession of BENJAMIN BLAKE MINOR, of Richmond, Virginia, in 1843. He was its editor and proprietor until 1847. At that time JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON bought it, and was its editor and proprietor for twelve years. It was in this magazine that Edgar Allan Poe was introduced to the world of letters through the friendship of John Pendleton Kennedy; it was through its pages that George William Bagby's humor attracted so much attention; Ik Marvel's *Dream Life and Reveries of a Bachelor* first appeared there; Matthew Fontaine Maury's scientific articles were first brought to notice through its influence; the poems of John Reuben Thompson first were published there; John Esten Cooke, Philip Pendleton Cooke, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Henry Timrod—all received their first stimulus for literary work from its pages. This magazine gave true pictures of Southern life—the refinement included in the social, moral, intellectual and spiritual

life of the South during those days of unique civilization and wonderful culture.

Dr. Minor may be regarded as the one who laid the foundation for the building of this great monument to Southern culture, and as one of its most important builders. He was born at Tappahannock, Essex county, Virginia, in 1818, and graduated from the University of Virginia. William and Mary College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1839. He married, in 1842, Miss Virginia Maury Otey, the daughter of James H. Otey, the P. E. Bishop of Tennessee. He first practiced law in Petersburg and Richmond, and in 1843 decided that, as the need was becoming great for a literary paper in the South, he would edit *The Southern Literary Messenger* to encourage young writers of this land. The undertaking was a great one, the subscribers few, the means of advertising limited, and he did not make a fortune out of his venture, but he realized its possibilities and had faith in it.

He sold it to John Reuben Thompson in 1847, accepted the presidency of the Virginia Female Institute at Staunton, and held after this many important positions as a teacher; later he practiced law again in Richmond until 1860. After the war he taught for a while, then entered insurance work, lectured on astronomy and the Bible, and devoted his last years to literary work, publishing before his death, in 1905, his *History of the Southern Literary Messenger*.

He held many positions of honor in historical and religious societies, and was for years secretary of the Virginia Bible Society, which antedates the American Bible Society, and was secretary of the Virginia African Colonization Society. Thompson's life is given on page 423.

This magazine was the longest-lived and the most successful of all the Southern monthlies. Thompson was eminently fitted to conduct it, and to carry out the policy of its founder. His criticisms and book reviews were able and discriminating. He praised when it was possible to praise, and when it became

necessary to give an adverse criticism it was tempered so kindly by advice and encouragement that it did not offend. When his health failed he went South seeking a milder climate, and settled in Augusta, Georgia, and founded, in 1859, *The Southern Field and Fireside*. In 1863 he was sent to Europe to arouse interest in the Confederate cause, as well as to regain his health. Upon his return he sent many articles to the *Land We Love*, edited in Charlotte, North Carolina, by GENERAL DANIEL HARVEY HILL.

Thompson was also editor at one time of *The Record*, a short-lived Confederate weekly published at Richmond, and correspondent for *The Index*, the Confederate organ published in London during the War between the States. When he left Richmond, in 1859, GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY succeeded him; (see page 395); then FRANK H. ALFRIEND, of Virginia, became editor of the Messenger. He is the author of *Life of Jefferson Davis*, and *Life of R. E. Lee*.

The Land We Love was issued at Charlotte, North Carolina, from 1867 to 1869. Its editor and founder was DANIEL HARVEY HILL, born in York district, South Carolina, in 1821. He was a brave Confederate soldier, who joined a North Carolina regiment at the beginning of the war, was made colonel and then lieutenant-general, fought under Jos. E. Johnston and Bragg, laid down his arms which had never been dishonored and went home to bravely take up the battle of life. Instead of repining and spending his days bemoaning the situation, he began to publish a paper to preserve the memories of the land we love, and to encourage those so cast down to write the history of the days before and during the war.

The Land We Love was a monthly, and while its life was brief (only two years), because subscribers were few—and money was very scarce and the needs great—it did much good, and sounded a note of cheer. Rare old copies of this magazine are highly prized by those fortunate enough to possess them.

In 1877 General Hill became president of the University of Arkansas, and later president of the Military and Agricultural College at Milledgeville, Ga. He wrote *A Consideration of the Sermon on the Mount*, *The Crucifixion*, an *Algebra*, and contributed many articles to magazines.

There were other periodicals identified with the South, such as *Russell's Magazine*, published and edited at Charleston, South Carolina, by Paul Hamilton Hayne, and *The New Electic*, which was started in Baltimore in 1868, and discontinued in 1871. *The Southern Magazine* took its place and gave promise of being the medium for Southern literary ability; such men as Paul Hamilton Hayne, Sidney Lanier, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and others rallied to its support, but it was discontinued in 1875 for want of patronage. It was to this that Colonel Johnston sent his Dukesborough Tales, only receiving one hundred dollars for them, when they should have brought him thousands. He was over fifty years old before he knew that he could write. So well were these and other sketches received that he has been called "The Hogarth of Georgia;" and James Whitcomb Riley called him "The Vicar of Wakefield of American Literature."

The DeBow's Review, in New Orleans, was edited by James D. B. DeBow (1820-1867), the professor of commerce at the University of Louisiana for a time. This Review exerted a great influence upon literature for years, and is a complete encyclopædia of the Old South. Another of its editors was WILLIAM MCCREERY BURWELL.

The Southern Quarterly Review and *Legare's Review*, published at Columbia, South Carolina, belonged wholly to the South.

The Southern Review, started in Richmond, Virginia, by ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE in 1867, was a quarterly also. Dr. Bledsoe was its editor, but he was very ably assisted by Mr.

Browne, and his gifted daughter, Mrs. Sophy Bledsoe Herrick. The *Review*, like its editor, was fearless and "belligerently sectional," and the questions of the day were handled in a brave, bold way; the tone and manner may at times have seemed severe, but the editor argued the times demanded it. Dr. Bledsoe was called "The giant of Southern Literature."

He was born in Kentucky, in 1809, and died in Richmond in 1877. He was the author of several books besides editorials and contributions to magazines, having written *An Examination of Edwards on the Will*, *A Theodicy*, *An Essay on Liberty and Slavery*, *The Philosophy of Mathematics, with Special Reference to the Elements of Geometry and the Infinitesimal Method*, and *Is Davis a Traitor?*

The *Review* came to an untimely end in 1878, another sacrifice to Southern apathy towards Southern literary work.

A magazine that had its influence in the South, especially in Georgia, was *Scott's Magazine*, published in Atlanta, Georgia, just at the close of the War between the States. It was started by REV. WILLIAM J. SCOTT, who was both editor and proprietor. He had been before the war a member of the North Georgia Methodist Conference, and had contributed frequently to magazines. During the period of reconstruction and adjustment he believed that he could bring encouragement and hope to the people of the South by making them realize their own ability in a literary way. The people were out of heart with themselves and with the world, and Dr. Scott did much to revive them, and to him we owe a debt of gratitude.

He was born in Clarke county, Georgia, in 1826, graduated from Emory College, and received the degree of D.D. from the University of Georgia. His father was a man of classical attainments, and aided largely in the education of his son. Dr. Scott studied law before leaving Emory, and was admitted to the bar when he was only twenty years old. He loved politics and was always ready for the fray. He was a Whig and

a fiery advocate of his opinions, which he never hesitated to express. In his youth he had been a sceptic, but the reading of Richard Watson caused him to enter the ministry.' He married Miss Bonner, and then settled in Rome, Georgia, practiced law and edited a paper. During the war he was pastor of Trinity church, Atlanta, Georgia, and at its close began the magazine. He made a brave effort in its behalf, and it was worthy of it, as the old bound volumes will testify, but it only lived six years because of lack of financial support. Mourning over its failure and over the loss of a beloved son caused his health to fail. Then followed the death of his only daughter, and almost total blindness; his last days were miserably unhappy; he passed away in his seventy-fourth year, a broken-hearted man.

He had published some of his works which stand to prove what a strong and vigorous mind he possessed. They are *The Story of True Civilization*, *Lectures and Essays*, and *Historic Eras*.

There were many other short-lived papers, however, issued during the War between the States that had a powerful influence in sustaining the courage of those at home, and in maintaining confidence in the administration of Confederate affairs; these were the means of preserving the history of those times, so that in an article on *Journalism at the South*, they can not be overlooked.

When Sherman reached Atlanta, in 1864, he destroyed many of these papers, it is true, but what he did while there filled many, and it is from the columns of these that the records of that period will be preserved for history. Some of the files still preserved are *The Southern Confederacy*, managed by Col. George W. Adair. On the staff was Henry Watterson, now of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. This was a weekly started in 1859 by Dr. James P. Hambleton. It became the most violent secession paper in the South. In 1860 there was

published a "Black List" of Northern Republican merchants, and all Southerners were urged not to trade with them. *The Gate City Guardian*, *Commonwealth*, *Reveille*, *Knoxville Register*, *Memphis Appeal*, and *The Register* were the names of some others. This last was edited by L. J. Dupre, and John C. Whitner, and brought forth strong editorials from the pen of such statesmen as L. Q. C. Lamar, Howell Cobb, James Jackson, Henry R. Jackson, and other brainy men who knew the situation and could best write of it. General Cobb never wrote over his own signature, but all recognized at once his bold, brave utterances.

The Milledgeville Union and Recorder, one of the oldest papers in Georgia, is the outgrowth of two papers, *The Recorder*, 1819, edited by Grantland and Camak, and the *Federal Union*, 1825, edited by such men as John G. Polhill, John A. Cuthbert and Hershel V. Johnson. Milledgeville was the capital of the State for many years, and was the center of political interest. It was there the Secession Convention was held, and it was there Georgia's greatest men spoke in defense of home and people. This paper, then, is more closely identified with the history of the State than any other, and its old files are of the greatest value in writing the history of the State. R. B. Moore is its present editor.

There were several literary magazines and papers published in Alabama before and during the war, and while short-lived, had their influence. In 1837 *The Bachelor's Button*, published at Mobile and Tuscaloosa, was a monthly museum of Southern literature, edited by WILLIAM RUSSELL SMITH (1815-1896), born in Alabama. He was educated by General Crabb, who saw signs of genius in the boy. While at the University of Alabama, he began to write poetry, and after leaving published two small volumes, one a romance called *The Bridal Eve*, and the other a poem called *College Musings*, or *Twigs from Parnassus*. He studied law and opened his office in

Greensboro. He was very fond of dress, and looked like a Spanish cavalier in the cloak he used to wear. He started to Texas to aid her in gaining her independence, but at Mobile was persuaded to begin a monthly, *The Bachelor's Button*. In this paper appeared some of his best articles. It only lived a year, and then he went to Tuscaloosa to edit the *Monitor*, succeeding ALEXANDER M. ROBINSON. He was made mayor, then elected to the Legislature, then made brigadier-general of the militia, then judge of the circuit, then a member of the Secession Convention. Although violently opposed to Alabama seceding, yet when the majority said she must, he threw himself heart and soul into supporting her in this action, and entered the army as colonel, and later was made a member of the Confederate Congress.

He wrote a great many books, and was a constant contributor to Reviews. He made a reputation as a speaker, yet his voice was low and at times could be heard with difficulty. He became president of the University of Alabama after the war. Some of his poems were *Hard Cider*, modeled after Hudibras, describing the Nashville Convention; *Impotence Abroad*, a satirical poem; *The Uses of Solitude*, *The Royal Ape*, a dramatic poem portraying official life at Washington after the battle of Bull Run; *Polyxena*, a tragedy; *The Chief* and his *Reminiscences*.

In 1839 the *Southron* appeared, edited by ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK (see page 197). This was devoted to poetry, fiction, essays, and book reviews, with sketches of the early history of Alabama.

Then followed, in 1843, the *Southern Educational Journal and Family Magazine*, published at Mobile by F. H. BROOKS.

The Mobile Register was conducted by THOMAS COOPER DE LEON, born at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1839. He was educated at the schools in Washington, D. C., at Rugby Academy, in Portland, Maine, and was gradu-

ated from the Georgetown College, District of Columbia. As soon as the issue came between the North and the South he left Washington immediately to enter the Confederate service. At the close of the war he began newspaper work, connecting himself with the *Cosmopolite Magazine* in Baltimore; later he went to New York, and later still to Mobile, Alabama. He has become so identified with the work there ever since, that he is regarded as one born and bred in that city, for he is always studying what is best for its interest and prosperity.

He is sole editor of the *Mobile Register*, owner and editor of *The Gossip* and *The Gulf Citizen*, and manager of the Gossip Publishing Company. He organized the Mobile Mardi Gras Carnival, managed it for twenty-five years, and was instrumental in having these carnivals organized in other places.

He is a magazinist, a novelist, and a lecturer. He has written many books, parodied many, edited many, translated many, besides contributing to many magazines. His works are *South Songs*, *Camors* (trans.), *Chalis* (trans.), *Cross Purposes*, *Hamlet*, *Ye Dismal* (a burlesque), *Pluck* (comedy drama), *Jasper* (a drama), *Bet: or Through Fire and Water*, *Rock or the Rye* (a travestie), *Creole and Puritan* (a novel), *Jenny*, *A Fair Blockade Breaker*, *The Puritan's Daughter*, *Four Years in Rebel Capitals*, *Society as I have Foundered It* (a travestie), *Schooners that Bump on the Bar* (a travestie), *Out of the Sulphur*, *A Bachelor's Box*, *An Innocent Cheat*, *The Pride of the Mercers*, *Crag Nest*, *Life of Joseph Wheeler*, *Confederate Memories*, *History of Creole Carnivals*, *Tales from the Coves*, *For God and St. Louis*, *The Passing of Arle Haine*, and *Belles and Beaux of the Sixties*.

It was De Leon who wrote *St. Twelmo*, a parody on *St. Elmo*, by Augusta Evans Wilson; his *Rock or the Rye* parodied Amélie Rives's *Quick and the Dead*, and his *Schooners that Bump on the Bar*, Beatrice Harraden's *Ships that Pass in*

the Night. This vein of humor has always been a very prominent characteristic of the man. His parodies are always free from anything that offends, and the authors of the books take them as implied compliments, for a poor book can never be successfully parodied.

Mr. De Leon is living now in Mobile and continues to write and entertain his friends.

FRANCIS PATRICK O'BRIEN was born at Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1847. He ran away when he was fourteen years old, entered the Confederate army and served until its close. He married Miss I. H. McBryde, of Montgomery, Alabama. During the war he made pen and pencil sketches for several newspapers. In 1871 he was one of the pioneers of Birmingham, Alabama. He was one of the organizers of the *Iron Age*, and later editor and proprietor of the *Age Herald*.

JAMES NEWTON SMITHEE, the editor of the *Daily Arkansas Gazette*, was born in Sharp county, Arkansas, in 1842. He was educated in a country printing-office, and soon became part owner in the *Prairie County Democrat*, Brownsville, Arkansas. He served in the Confederate army from the beginning until the close of the war. When it was over he entered a printing-office in Memphis, and was soon editor and proprietor of the *Arkansas Gazette*. In 1874 he entered politics, sold the *Gazette* and founded and edited the *Arkansas Democrat*; in 1896 bought the majority of stock in the *Arkansas Gazette* and was its editor until his death in 1905.

OPIE READ, born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1852, was educated at Gallatin, Tennessee. He began newspaper work in Franklin, Kentucky, and later went to Little Rock, where he

edited *The Arkansas Gazette*; but it is in connection with the *Arkansas Traveler* that he is best known. He established this humorous paper in 1883, and for ten years it furnished most of the funny sayings that came from the West. In 1893 he decided to move to Chicago and begin literary work, and later was persuaded to go upon the lecture platform. He is certainly a diamond in the rough. He cares very little for external appearances—looks at times like a veritable “hoosier,” but knows well how to tell a joke; while his face preserves an immovable expression he often has his audience convulsed with laughter.

In 1881 he married Miss Ada Benham, of Tennessee.

His works are: *A Kentucky Colonel*, *Emmet Bondove*, *Len Gansett*, *A Tennessee Judge*, *The Jucklins*, *Old Ebenezer*, *An Arkansas Planter*, *On the Suwanee River*, *My Young Master*, *Bolanyo*, *A Yankee from the West*, *The Wives of the Prophet*, *In the Alamo*, *Judge Elbridge*, *Selected Novels, Stories*, *Mrs. Annie Green*, *Twenty Good Stories*, *Up Terrapin River*, *Waters of Caney Fork*, *An American in New York*, *A Kentucky Editor*, *Opie Read in Arkansas*, *Son of the Sword-maker*, *Old Jim Jucklin*, *Turkey Eggs*, *Griffin*, *The Carpetbagger* (with Frank Pixley), *The Starbuck*, and *Our Josephine and Other Tales*.

The South Atlantic Quarterly is a Southern magazine published at Durham, North Carolina, and offers a medium in the South for the discussion of literary, historical, and economic questions. In this the South sounds its note of progress, and the chords are not discordant. It is up-to-date and independent, and treats vital issues in a fresh, suggestive way. Every Northern man should read it, if he wishes to gain a clear and trustworthy idea of the opinion of the educated class at the South; every Southern man should read it, because of

the help it will give in solving the problems pertaining to the South.

Its editors are EDWIN MIMS (page 708), JOHN SPENCER BASSETT and WILLIAM H. GLASSON.

ISAAC ERWIN AVERY was born at Swan Ponds, near Morganton, North Carolina, in 1871, and died in 1904. His father was Hon. Alphonso C. Avery, and his mother Susan Morrison. His boyhood was spent near the old home of his parents, and his schooling was in primary schools in the neighborhood. A Presbyterian minister, Rev. John A. Gilmer, prepared him for college. He entered the Sophomore class of Trinity College, then located in Randolph county, but later moved to Durham, and became very fond of history and literature; he then studied law, but having contributed to newspapers during his college life, he had acquired a taste for literature so that law was soon abandoned.

In 1894 Mr. Avery went with Thomas P. Jernigan, of Raleigh, North Carolina, who had been made consul-general at Shanghai. This trip meant a great deal in many ways, for he not only sent back letters to newspapers at home, but he became a regular contributor to *The North China Daily News*, the leading English paper in the East. No one could talk more delightfully than Mr. Avery about his travels in China.

He returned to North Carolina, began active newspaper work, and had charge of a number of newspapers represented by Col. Fred A. Olds of Raleigh, North Carolina; in 1900 he became city editor of the *Charlotte Observer*, and held that position until his death.

He was an exceedingly handsome man, and a very popular one. He was generous to a fault with a hand and heart ever ready to relieve the distressed and needy. His articles under the head of *A Variety of Idle Comments*, which came out

every Monday morning in the Charlotte Observer, possibly gave him his fame as a newspaper man. "His humor was exquisite, his pathos tear-compelling. He was the master of a rich vocabulary—the master—that is the word. He attempted no figure that was not complete; he drew no picture that did not stand out on the canvas in colors of living light." He was a very gifted man in many ways.

It was a great grief to his friends that his life should have gone out in the tragic way that it did. Many were the surmises about his death, but no one positively knew the cause.

WALTER HINES PAGE, born at Cary, North Carolina, in 1855, was educated at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, and Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland. In 1890 he was made editor of *The Forum*, and in 1897, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, a position he still holds. He has contributed many articles to magazines, and has delivered frequent lectures on literary subjects. His editorials are always marked with a breadth of knowledge of men and affairs. He has made a study of educational matters and is interested in all things that tend to advance his people and his race. His late article, *The Arisen South*, is attracting much attention, and has placed this section where it rightfully belongs in the eyes of the world. He is a man honored equally at the North and the South.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, the editor of the *RALEIGH NEWS AND OBSERVER*, was born at Washington, North Carolina, in 1862, and educated in his own State.

JAMES CALVIN HEMPHILL, the editor of the *Charleston News and Courier* since 1888, has been connected with the paper since 1880, first acting as local reporter, then as city

éditeur, and later as manager and editor. He is a strong Democrat, and closely identified with that party in his State. ' He was born at Due West, South Carolina, in 1850. His father was Rev. W. R. Hemphill, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and his son has inherited many of the fine traits from these ancestors. He was educated at Erskine College, and married, in 1872, Miss Rebecca True, of Flushing, Rhode Island.

His first experience in journalism was in connection with the *Medium*, published at Abbeville, and he remained associated with it until he joined the staff of the *News and Courier*. CARLYLE MCKINLEY was the poet and literary editor of this paper for some time, and was connected with it when he died (see page 628).

The oldest paper in Georgia, and the *eighth* in the colonies, was *The Georgia Gazette*, edited by JAMES JOHNSON in Savannah. It was a weekly and was mainly a chronicle of marriages, deaths, the arrival of ships, and brief articles on political subjects. It followed the fortunes of the dominant party, whether Royalist or Patriot. This paper was suspended in 1779. The second newspaper in Georgia was *The Georgia Republican*, started in Savannah by JOHN F. EVERETT in 1802. In 1810 it became *The Republican and Savannah Evening Ledger*, and after many changes the subscription list was sold to *The Morning News*, which was established in 1850.

The next-oldest living paper in Georgia, and possibly in the South, is *The Augusta Chronicle*. It was founded in 1785, consolidated with the *Constitutionalist* in 1799, and passed through many changes until it fell into the hands of PATRICK WALSH, that Irishman of great brain and noble heart who was its editor for more than twenty years. When it was called *The Chronicle and Sentinel*, JAMES M. JONES was its chief editor, and V. M. BARNES ably assisted him. This was just before

the War between the States. During the secession period it became *The Constitutionalist*, with JAMES GARDNER at its head. This paper became a power during the ten years before secession, and came very near putting its editor in the governor's chair. During the last two years of the war Barnes was editor, and the paper was bold in defending the South during the Reconstruction period. James R. Randall became its editor then, and continued until it united with *The Chronicle*. Then it was that GEN. A. R. WRIGHT and his son, H. GREGG WRIGHT, made a national reputation for themselves in journalism. Patrick Walsh succeeded them. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1840, and was a self-made man. He learned to set type in the office of the Charleston News, and thus gained a rudimentary education. After serving in the Confederate army, he settled in Augusta. His strong newspaper articles attracted attention at once, and he became editor of Augusta's leading paper. He was a forceful speaker in State conventions, and other deliberative assemblies, filled the unexpired term of Senator A. H. Colquitt at Washington, and won a name as statesman. He was a strong Democrat, and his paper always advocated those principles. He was never happier than when advancing the interests of the South, and no man in the State had a greater command of statistics at hand relating to the industries of the South than Mr. Walsh. He was a vigorous writer, an eloquent speaker, full of public spirit, and a true and loyal friend. His death was a blow to journalism in Georgia.

H. H. CABANISS, of Atlanta, Georgia, so long connected with *The Atlanta Journal* (see Journal, 845), succeeded him and held that place until 1905, when W. T. Loyless, the present editor, bought the paper.

The Augusta News was started in 1877 by William H. Moore. Connected with this paper so long was Judge Tom Gibson, that much-loved knight of the pen whose sad death

and burial in a foreign land brought keen sorrow to his friends. This paper was always a champion for what was true and loyal to State and country. It had a rival in *The Herald* under THOMAS D. MURPHY, who stands high in journalistic fame.

The Athens Banner is one of the oldest papers in Georgia. It was founded in 1816 by HOPKINS HOLSEY, and successively edited by many until it fell into the hands of JAMES D. SLEDGE, who faithfully conducted it during the years of war and reconstruction. *The Watchman*, a weekly founded in 1854 by JOHN H. CHRISTY, was consolidated with *The Banner*, and it was known then as *The Banner-Watchman* for many years. It is now *The Athens Banner*, with Hugh Rowe, proprietor, Thomas S. Read, editor, and D. G. Bickers, poet. It has had among its many well-known editors such men as the brave and fearless Henry H. Carlton and T. L. Gantt, the present editor of *The Athens Evening Call*.

The LaGrange Reporter is another of the early Georgia papers. It was founded in 1843, and has been ably edited by such men as JUDGE BENJAMIN H. BIGHAM, ALEXANDER SPEER, the father of our distinguished judge and statesman, EMORY SPEER, THOMAS J. BACON, C. H. C. WILLINGHAM, J. W. CHAPMAN, who was later connected with *The Washington Gazette*, and WILLIAM A. WIMBISH. It was Editor Willingham who was threatened with arrest for his unsparing denunciation of military reconstruction government. FRANK CALLOWAY is the present editor. He succeeded his father, and at the time was the youngest editor in the State.

THE MARIETTA JOURNAL, edited by R. M. GOODMAN, fought reconstruction boldly. The paper was issued while the town was in ruins and garrisoned by Federal soldiers.

The Savannah Morning News was established in 1850 by William Tappan Thompson (see page 372). He was its first editor, and held the place until 1882, although Sherman's

presence in Savannah caused its suspension for a time. In 1867 JOHN HOLBROOK ESTILL purchased an interest in it, and gave his entire time to its upbuilding. It was a fearless paper during the Reconstruction Period, and greatly aided in restoring good government and democratic rule. It was the first paper in Georgia that had a special Washington correspondent.

Colonel Estill was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1840. His father was William Estill, a bookbinder and printer, so, from childhood, he has been connected with a printing establishment. His father moved to Savannah in 1851, and the boy began his career in the office of the *Evening Journal* when only eleven years of age. He attended school, and between times clerked. When the War between the States came on he volunteered in the first regiment to enter Confederate service. After the war he entered the newspaper work, and in 1868 was both editor and proprietor of the *Morning News*, having Thompson associated with him. The success of the paper shows the man that has been back of it. Colonel Estill proves plainly what indomitable perseverance, steady application, rare executive ability, and excellent judgment will accomplish for a man. He is a fine example of the self-made man, and his paper has always stood for purity and truth. The policy of the paper has been *accuracy, promptness and fairness*—and this has always been maintained.

His first work in Savannah was on the *Evening Express*. He established the *Southern Farmer's Monthly*, now consolidated with the *Southern Cultivator* of Atlanta, edited by the Hunnicutts (see page.385), and the *Sunday Telegram*, now the *Morning News*.

There are many other papers that have had their birth in Savannah—some have lived, others have died. One of the most promising of the later papers is *The Savannah Press*, established by PLEASANT A. STOVALL, in 1891. He is editor

and proprietor. This paper has always advocated purity in politics and everything that will tend to the upbuilding of a great State. Read its editorials and you can read the man who sends them forth. Pleasant Stovall was born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1857, and was graduated from the University of Georgia. His father, P. A. Stovall, a member of the well-known family of that name from Augusta, Georgia, was a brave Confederate soldier, and with his wife, the lovely Mattie Wilson, the daughter of a Presbyterian missionary, reared their children in the fear of God, and taught them first to be true to Him and then to their church, and then to their country. Can one wonder at the spirit shown by the son? He is loyal to his country because it is his; true in every instinct to the South, and what she stands for, because he is a Southerner by birth and training; and a bold defender of his State and her best interests because he is a Georgian, and is found striving to make her the greatest State in the Union.

At one time he was editor of the *Augusta Chronicle*, one of the oldest papers in the South. Besides his work as an editor, he has written a *Life of Robert Toombs*, one of Georgia's great statesmen, which was published in 1892.

The Old Homestead, started in Savannah, continued but a short time and was moved to Atlanta.

SENATOR THOMAS M. NORWOOD, of Savannah, born in Talbot county, Georgia, in 1830, has been closely identified with journalism in his own State. He is also the author of a book, *Plutocracy or American White Slavery*.

The Macon Telegraph was established in 1826 at Macon, Georgia. It became identified with *The Messenger*, a paper owned by SIMON ROSE, but edited by Gen. William M. Browne. Connected with that paper have been such men as JOSEPH CLISBY, II. H. JONES, A. R. WATSON, ANDERSON REESE, ALBERT R. LAMAR, HARRY EDWARDS, F. H. RICHARDSON, A. A. ALLEN, and others.

Probably ALBERT LAMAR wielded as powerful a pen in moulding public opinion as any writer in the State. He was a student and a thinker, and his style was pointed and polished to the highest degree. His editorials were read with the keenest delight, whether one agreed with him or not. He had a wit and humor that was absolutely captivating.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS succeeded Lamar. He had been local editor for some years during the time that Lamar was editor, and in 1881 became associate editor and part owner with J. F. HANSON, one of Macon's leading business men (see page 529).

The present owners and editors of The Telegraph are the Pendleton brothers—CHARLES RITTENHOUSE PENDLETON and LOUIS BEAUREGARD PENDLETON.

Charles was born on his father's farm in Effingham county, Georgia, in 1850. His father was PHILIP C. PENDLETON, who had the honor of editing the first magazine published in the South—*The Magnolia*, Richmond, Virginia, 1840. He moved to Georgia and had his son educated in the public schools of Valdosta. In 1879 Charles married Miss Sallie Patterson Peebles, of Valdosta. He had early become interested in journalism, and between this and politics divided his time. He is really the business manager of the paper, and his brother is the literary man.

LOUIS BEAUREGARD PENDLETON was born at Tebeauville, now Waycross, Georgia, in 1861. He was educated at Valdosta, then sent to the College of the New Jerusalem church, at Philadelphia. He began early to contribute articles to the press, and has published several books. His works are: *Bewitched*, *In the Wire-Grass*, *King Tom and the Runaways*, *The Wedding Garment*, *The Sons of Ham*, *In the Okefinokee*, *Corona of the Nantahalas*, *Carila*, *Lost Prince Almon*, *In the Camps*

of the Creeks, A Forest Drama, and In Assyrian Tents. He has written for magazines and periodicals articles not yet collected in book form.

THE MACON NEWS, established in 1884, has for its editor and manager R. L. MCKENNEY, and for news editor R. L. SIMMONS, JR.

The Columbus Enquirer-Sun, one of the oldest papers in Georgia, was founded in 1828 by *Mirabeau Lamar* (page 129). In 1830 he was succeeded by *Henry W. Hilliard* (page 741). *S. M. Flournoy* followed and was editor from 1834 to 1857. It passed through many hands before BEALE HOWARD RICHARDSON became its editor in 1889, and its owner in 1894.

He was a Baltimore man, born there in 1841, and reared and educated there. His father was BEALE HOWARD RICHARDSON, also a journalist, and the editor of *The Argus*, a paper of Baltimore, suppressed in 1863 for its loyalty to the South. His son learned to love newspaper work by being so much in the printing-office of *The Argus*. The War between the States interrupted all his plans. He joined the army, served faithfully during the war, surrendered with General Dick Taylor at Meridian, Mississippi, then went to Mobile, Alabama, sold his watch, invested the money in citizen's clothes, interested Colonel Ballantyne in reviving the *Mobile Tribune*, and became associate editor with him. In 1871 he was offered a position on the *Morning News*, at Savannah; he edited at the same time the *Sunday Telegram*, and later bought the *Times*. He then moved to Montgomery, edited the *Evening Star*, and later the *Hot Blast*, at Anniston, and finally moved his family to Columbus, Georgia, his home until his death in 1885.

Colonel Richardson's family is of revolutionary renown, and stands high in the social and political history of Maryland. He was succeeded in 1885 by CLARENCE IRVIN GROOVER,

its present editor and owner. He was born in Brooks county, Georgia, in 1864, and is the son of Dr. James Irvin Groover and Emily Johnson.

The names of the DeWolfes, father and son, are associated with the TIMES and MR. and MRS. E. T. BYINGTON with THE LEDGER.

Among the early Atlanta papers was THE NATIONAL AMERICAN, owned by COL. C. R. HANLEITER and edited by COL. J. S. PETERSON. This paper was an authority on statistics concerning the South. Col. Hanleiter was afterwards associated with THE SOUTHERN MISCELLANY, which was moved from Madison, Georgia, to Atlanta.

The first daily paper in Atlanta was *The Intelligencer*, edited by Major John H. Steele, and owned by Judge Jared I. Whitaker. This was in 1851. It was a democratic paper, and for eight years rendered valuable service to Georgia, during the time that Joseph E. Brown was Governor, and was considered the leading daily of North Georgia. *The Daily New Era* was established July, 1865, J. W. Phillips and J. S. Prather, editors and proprietors. January, 1866, Phillips's interest was purchased by Hon. W. L. Scruggs, a trained journalist and editorial writer of distinguished ability. October following Dr. Samuel Bard bought the paper, and it became an organ of the Republican party. *The Herald* and *The Sun*, two other Atlanta papers of short lives, had on their staffs such well-known journalists as HENRY GRADY, ROBERT ALSTON, A. ST. CLAIR ABRAMS, CINCINNATUS PEEPLES, ALEXANDER STEPHENS, A. R. WATSON, *the poet*, P. J. MORAN, WILLIAM H. MOORE, JOSIAH CARTER and others as distinguished.

The Atlanta Constitution, one of the greatest papers in the South for moulding public opinion, was founded in 1868, in Atlanta, Georgia, a few years after the War between the

States. Its first editor and proprietor was CAREY W. STYLES. Its very name—*The Constitution*—holds its history epitomized. When the State of Georgia was fighting to bring constitutional liberty out of oppression and chaos during the Reconstruction Period, this paper sprang into existence. Editorially and otherwise it did its full share in that memorable battle for the restoration of the sovereign right of self-government, and the South is indebted to Carey W. Styles for the fight he made at this time. He sold it to J. H. ANDERSON & COMPANY very soon. They sold it after a short while to J. R. BARRICK, a Kentuckian, who edited it until his death in 1869.

CAREY W. STYLES was born in 1826, in Savannah, Georgia, and was a man of strong convictions. He was a bitter hater of everything that he considered unfriendly to the South, and was perfectly fearless in denouncing the Republican rule and Reconstruction measures. Indeed his life at times was in great danger, and he knew it, but it did not lessen one iota his boldness in denouncing those opposed to him. His successor was J. R. BARRICK, born in Kentucky. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and great grief came when he died of consumption in 1867. Barrick was a gifted poet, and two of his poems that attracted special attention were *The Poet*, which appeared in the first number of Scott's Magazine, and the *Sword and Pen*, which appeared in the Constitution.

ISAAC WHEELER AVERY then became its editor. He was born at St. Augustine, Florida, in 1837, was educated at Oglethorpe College, Midway, Georgia, entered the army, practiced law in Dalton, Georgia, after the war, and moved to Atlanta in 1866. He was one of the editors of the Constitution, and later founded the *Atlanta Herald*, and the *Atlanta Capitol*. Both of these papers were short-lived, although there were connected with them some of the brightest minds in Georgia.

He wrote a *History of Georgia*, and a *Digest of Georgia's Supreme Court Decisions*, and was esteemed one of the

brainy men of the early days of the Constitution. He died in 1897. He had sold the Constitution to E. Y. CLARKE in 1869, who became managing editor for six years. Colonel Clarke was ever patriotic and public spirited in his efforts in behalf of his State and managed successfully the business affairs of the paper, aided by the wise counsel of William A. Hemphill. In 1876 the paper was sold to EVAN P. HOWELL. He was born in Milton county, Georgia, in 1839, was educated at the Georgia Military School at Marietta, Georgia, studied law at the Law School of the University of Georgia, and began to practice one year before the War between the States. He went to the front with the First Georgia Regiment, and was captain of Howell's artillery. At the close of the war he resumed his practice, and then, in 1876, bought a half interest in the Atlanta Constitution, and became president of the company and editor-in-chief of the paper. He married in 1861 Miss Julia A. Erwin, of Barnwell, South Carolina, a woman of beautiful Christian faith and character. Mr. Howell brought to the paper a clear analytical mind, a recognition of the proper methods of inaugurating a campaign of State development, a wit that pleased friends or flayed foes, the right degree of pugnacity, and a genius for humor and social intermingling—a fine combination for an editor of a city paper. He died in 1905, and his wife died the following year.

HENRY GRADY, in 1880, bought a part interest in the paper and became associated with Mr. Howell as managing editor. The genius of Grady impressed itself upon every department of this great daily. His tongue and pen were characterized by eloquence, pathos, wit and logic, and made friends and admirers for the paper, North as well as South (page 415).

When Grady died, in 1889, CLARK HOWELL, the oldest son of Evan P. Howell, who had been night editor, was made managing editor. He had an intimate knowledge of men and

affairs, having been Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives, possibly the youngest man in the State so honored, and twice President of the Senate. His several consecutive terms as democratic national committeeman from Georgia make him to-day conspicuous as an aggressive leader of thought in the South. When his father died he was made editor-in-chief of *The Constitution*, and is well upholding the traditions of the paper.

He was born in Barnwell, South Carolina, in 1863. He graduated from the University of Georgia, is one of her honored trustees, and has ever been efficient and active in advancing her best interests. He married first Miss Harriet Barrett, of Augusta, and several years after her death Miss Annie Comer, of Savannah. When WILLIAM A. HEMPHILL died, Clark Howell bought a majority of the stock, and was made president of the Constitution Publishing Company.

The Atlanta Constitution wields a mighty influence, not only in Georgia, but throughout the Southern States, and is considered a great power in political matters.

It needed a very wise man to manage the business affairs of such a great paper as the Constitution, and WILLIAM A. HEMPHILL was well fitted to fill this place. He had been its manager when Carey Styles was editor, and continued manager until his death in 1902. He was born at Athens, Georgia, in 1842, and was educated at the University of Georgia. He served with Lee in Virginia, and was dangerously wounded. He was a brave man, a loving, devoted son, and a faithful and true friend.

His place was filled by ROBY ROBINSON and Clark Howell. Mr. Robinson is a type of a self-made man of business. He stands at the head of many large business enterprises of the city, and is the promoter of the *UNCLE REMUS MAGAZINE* just issued with JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS as editor (page 506).

FRANK LEBBY STANTON is the poet of *The Constitution*, and has been connected with the paper since 1890. His bright, cheerful philosophy makes life worth living.

"This world that we're a-livin' in
Is purty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But—ain't the roses sweet?"

"We sigh and deem Love's sun is set,
And give the rose our tears;
When Love may be a violet
That blossoms unawares!"

"The thunder comes like a roll of drums,
And the lightning leaps from high,
But the rainbow's like a ribbon red
'Round the black dress of the sky!"

For a sketch of his life see page 656.

Others prominent in journalism who have in the past been connected with *The Constitution* are WALLACE PUTNAM REED, Alabama, 1849, author of a *History of Atlanta*; P. J. MORAN, a Canadian, whose industrial campaigns in behalf of *The Constitution* are well known history in Georgia, and LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT, poet, orator and historian who left the paper for the Presbyterian ministry.

Mr. Knight has recently published his *Reminiscences of Famous Georgians*, and has made the State his debtor by bringing to light hitherto unpublished history concerning these great men. The book is written in a charming, convincing style.

The Atlanta Journal, founded in 1883 by COL. E. F. HOGE, is now one of the leading papers, not only of Georgia, but of the South. Colonel Hoge's ill health forced him to sell the paper very soon to COLONEL JOHN PAUL JONES, of Toledo, Ohio. He soon sold it to a stock company composed

of HON. HOKE SMITH, HENRY H. CABANISS, and others. From the time it came under this management the circulation became phenomenal, and it has ever since wielded a mighty influence over the politics of the country.

HOKE SMITH was born at Newton, North Carolina, in 1855. His great-grandfather was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and his grandfather, William True Smith, was very prominent in New Hampshire. His father is H. H. Smith, a well-known educator in the South, and his mother, Mary Brent Hoke, of English and German descent, is the daughter of a very distinguished lawyer of North Carolina. He was educated at Chapel Hill until he was thirteen, when his father personally directed his studies; he was admitted to the bar in Atlanta when yet in his teens, and before he was twenty-one had secured a large law practice. Close application to duty, earnestness of purpose, an indomitable will, and great force of intellect compelled him to succeed.

In 1887 he became one of the owners of the *Atlanta Journal*, and president of the Journal Publishing Company. He retained this position until 1898. In 1883 he married Miss Marion McHenry Cobb, the daughter of Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, of Athens, Georgia. In 1893 he was made Secretary of the Interior under Grover Cleveland's administration. By investigating false claims and righting just ones he made for himself a national reputation. In 1906 he was elected Governor of Georgia by a phenomenal majority, over many prominent candidates, in one of the hottest contested elections ever held in the State. In 1907 he went with a party of friends to Europe to investigate the advisability of bringing trained white foreign labor to the State, and the South is looking with interest to the result of this visit. Governor Smith has always been a friend to education, and has ever been foremost in advancing the interests of the public school system of the State. For

years he was president of the Board of Education in Atlanta. He is now one of the honored trustees of the Peabody Fund.

While he has never devoted time to literature proper, his pen has been a force in journalism as well as at the bar and in politics. He does not write often, but when he does his editorials are telling ones, and carry great weight.

HENRY H. CABANISS was born at Forsyth, Georgia, in 1848. His father was Judge Elbridge Gerry Cabaniss, and his mother Sarah Shipman. He was educated at the University of Georgia, graduating in the class of 1869. He was made president of the Georgia Press Association, Southern Press Association, vice-president of the Associated Press, and director of the North American Newspaper Publishing Association. For seventeen years he was manager of the *Atlanta Journal*, manipulating the business department of this large paper in a wonderfully successful way. He is now president of the Carnegie Library, Atlanta.

In 1901, when the *Journal* was sold to JAMES RICHARD GRAY and others, Mr. Cabaniss moved to Augusta, Georgia, became business manager of *The Augusta Chronicle*, and remained there until 1906, when he returned to Atlanta to enter into insurance work.

JOSIAH CARTER was the managing editor when the *Journal* was owned by Mr. Smith and Mr. Cabaniss, and ably attended to the business affairs.

JAMES RICHARD GRAY, the present owner, editor-in-chief and general manager of the paper, was born at Adairsville, Georgia, in 1859. He is a member of the firm of Inman & Company. His father is John William Gray, and his mother is Sarah Jane Venable. He was educated at the North Georgia Agricultural College, and married in 1881 Miss May Inman, of Atlanta. He studied law at Cartersville, Georgia, and practiced in Atlanta until he entered journalism. Mr. Gray personally

directs all matters connected with the paper. He has as one of his able assistants MAJOR JOHN S. COHEN, the managing editor, whose pen has wielded an influence in journalism in the South, and whose spicy and telling reports from the National Capitol are watched and read with such interest by his friends; there is also MORTON SMITH, the assistant managing editor, who is a practical newspaper man of exceptional ability.

ROYAL DANIEL, the news editor of the Journal, is from Newnan, Georgia. He is also a lecturer on psychology, having given several years to scientific research along this line.

The Journal has had in the past some of the finest writers in the State, who have maintained the policy adopted by the paper and kept it up to its standard. All can not, of course, be mentioned, but a passing word must be given to such writers as FRANK RICHARDSON, H. H. SMITH, CHARLES HUBNER (page 617), MONTGOMERY FOLSOM, CORINNE STOCKER, MARY LAMAR JACKSON, ALEX BEALER, JACK HASTINGS, JOE JOHNSON, JR., MACON T. LAHATTE, and others too numerous to mention. Besides the members of the present staff, there was Walter Howard, who was connected with the New York Journal later, and was sent by that paper to London as the American editor. He died in 1902, leaving a widow, Mrs. Belle Newman Howard, who is at present in the society department of the Atlanta Journal. Then there are the two poets, DON MARQUIS and CHARLES J. BAYNE. Mr. Marquis, who is now the associate editor of Uncle Remus' Magazine, is a regular contributor of short stories, poems and general literature to the leading periodicals of the country.

CHARLES J. BAYNE was born in Milledgeville, Georgia, in 1870. He inherited literary taste and ability from his father, and deciding to make journalism his life work early became a contributor to the newspapers. He was a Washington corre-

spondent for a time, then edited the AUGUSTA HERALD, one of the leading dailies in the South, and finally moved to Atlanta.

He is gifted, also, as a lecturer and poet. Two of his most popular lectures are *The Things We Might Have Said* and *Drones and Dreamers*. He published a volume of poems, *Perdita and Other Poems*, in 1905. Horace E. Scudder, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, said after reading these poems, "You are sounding a note—a sort of reminiscent eighteenth century, if I may say so—not over familiar." He has been called "one of the sweetest singers in all the South."

FRANK H. RICHARDSON, the son of Francis Marion Richardson, one of Atlanta's pioneers, was for a time editor of the Journal. He discussed all questions pertaining to the politics of the day with fearlessness and candor, and was considered one of the strongest political writers in the State.

H. H. SMITH, the father of Hoke Smith, was for a long time the literary editor of the Journal. He is a New Hampshire man and a graduate of Bowdoin College. He moved South, was professor at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and has held several very important positions in the educational field—superintendent at Shelbyville, North Carolina, president of the State Normal School, at Huntsville, Texas, and principal of the Girls' High School, Atlanta, Georgia. He is not only a very highly educated man, but a graceful and polished writer.

MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM, Lowndes county, Georgia, 1857, was for many years the poet of the Atlanta Journal. He was educated in one of the "old field schools" of Georgia, and after that drove cattle for three years. In 1879 he returned to Georgia, and in 1884 became connected with the AMERICUS DAILY RECORDER, and the year following Henry Grady secured him for the Atlanta Constitution. He edited at different times the CEDARTOWN STANDARD, the ATLANTA COMMON-

WEALTH and the CEDARTOWN GUARDIAN. He remained until 1891 on the Constitution, and then became connected with the Journal. His poems and sketches have appeared in periodicals and magazines all over the country, and some have been re-printed in Europe. His published work is entitled *Scraps of Song and Southern Scenes*.

CORINNE STOCKER, now Mrs. Thaddeus Horton, was for years the society editor of the Journal, after her marriage she withdrew from the staff; this caused keen regret on the part of her friends and admirers, but she continues to write and has since done excellent magazine work.

MARY LAMAR JACKSON (EMEL JAY), of the Journal, is now Mrs. Webster Davis, of New York. She is the daughter of Judge James Jackson, an eminent jurist of Georgia. She sounded always a pure, true and healthful note in her gossipy letters. Journalism could be revolutionized if all would seek more earnestly for the best in us and send forth only sweet and inspiring thoughts.

ALEX W. BEALER has always loved his profession, and is zealous in protecting its honor and dignity. He is now a Baptist preacher, but continues to write for periodicals.

LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, Bayou Coden, Alabama, was only five months old when her father, Mr. Moore, died, and so it happened that her maternal grandfather, William D. Ellis, of Georgia, reared her. When nineteen Miss Moore was married to Hart Wylie, but after nine years of wedded life the young husband died, leaving his widow with two little girls to support. She had in her younger days written verses for amusement. During her husband's lingering illness some friends suggested that these be collected and published. The little volume soon paid the expense of publication. Fresh from the press it was placed on the wife's desk just as her husband drew his last breath. Two days later Mr. Hoke Smith, president of the Atlanta Journal, offered her the position of society editor on that

paper, a place which she held until she established a paper of her own, SOCIETY. She was the vice-president of the Woman's Press Club of Georgia. Some of her poems are quite striking. *The Morning Glory*, one of her best, is a gem, and a little poem called *What is Life* is very fine.

MORNING GLORIES.

Riotous, happy and easy to please,
Throwing your treasures away on the breeze,

Opening your star-cups

For a possible nest,

Stored with sweet honey

For a humming bee's quest;

Delicate flowers, I fancy that you

Are the materialized spirits of dew.

Riotous, happy and climbing at will

Up through the blithe air your blue urns to fill

With nectar distilled

By night-gods, you seem

To possess that enchantment

One feels in a dream,

Whether you climb to the casement, or peep

Up from the greensward when fresh from your sleep.

Riotous, happy and filled with a wine

That makes mad the senses, oh, blossom divine.

Thou art fragile, yet fairer

Than mist-shapes that lie

In dreamland repose on

The September sky;

As coy as one woman, whose charms are as rare

As the beautiful gem-bells you swing on the air.

JOHN H. SEALS founded the *Sunny South*, Atlanta, Georgia, in 1875. He was born in Warren county, Georgia, about 1840, and graduated from Mercer University with high honors, taking the A.M. course. He taught for a while at Cuthbert, Georgia, then established *The Crusader*, a weekly in the interest of temperance, and then started *The Sunny South*, which has been the only successful literary weekly in

the South. This paper has been bought by some of the owners of the Atlanta Constitution, with Henry Clay Fairman as editor, and is now merged into the *Uncle Remus Magazine*, edited by Joel Chandler Harris.

Mr. Seals, through the columns of the Sunny South, always stood for everything that was loyal to the South, and her institutions, and to him and his paper are we indebted for increased interest in Southern writers and their works. He was ably aided by MRS. MARY E. BRYAN, for many years his assistant and co-worker (see page 242).

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES is one of the foremost men in journalistic work in Georgia, and through his strong editorials, lectures and political speeches is known not only at the South, but throughout the country. He is marvelously gifted in language, and the words flow from his lips, convincing and delighting. He was first connected with the *Rome Tribune*, and his strong editorials in that paper at once attracted attention. He had connected with him such men as WALTER G. COOPER and ADDISON KNOWLES, both well-known journalists. After coming to Atlanta he first was editor of the *Evening News*, and at once made that paper a very popular one in the State. At present he is the editor of *The Georgian*, a new paper, only organized a short time, and consolidated with the News, but it is making itself known with John Temple Graves at its head. F. L. SEELY is president and business manager, and Mrs. George C. Ball, with her two able assistants, gathers the society news. The paper is making a strong fight on municipal ownership. Mr. Graves was born in Abbeville county, South Carolina, in 1856. His father was Gen. James P. Graves, and his mother Katherine Floride Calhoun. He has the blood of John C. Calhoun in his veins, so one can well understand how he has such powers as an orator. He has not only made a name for himself as speaker, journalist and lecturer, but as a

writer, and has published a *History of Florida of To-Day*, *History of Colleton, South Carolina*, *Twelve Standard Lectures*, *Platform of To-Day*, *Speeches and Selections for Schools*, *The Negro*, and has sent numberless contributions to magazines,

The early religious papers of Georgia were THE CHRISTIAN INDEX, edited by such eminent Baptist divines as DAVID SHAWER, D.D., HENRY H. TUCKER, D.D., J. C. McMICHAEL and others; and THE WESLEYAN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, edited by well-known Methodist divines, among whom W. F. GLENN, D.D., and Dr. Myers stand prominent.

THE GOLDEN AGE is an undenominational paper of recent date, edited by WILLIAM D. UPSHAW, the author of *Echoes from a Recluse*, who in his "Voices of Youth" sounds such a true, cheerful note. "Earnest Willie" is one who is making the most of life, and is an inspiration to all. A. E. RAMSAUR is managing editor. Such writers as *Campbell Morgan*, of England, Charles G. Trumbull, of *The Sunday-School Times*, Dr. Len. G. Broughton and others, are frequent contributors to its pages.

Among the women whose pens have been strong and effective in journalistic work in Georgia are MRS. W. H. FELTON, MISS ELLEN DORTCH (MRS. JAMES LONGSTREET) and MRS. MARIE LOUISE MYRICK.

MRS. WILLIAM FELTON, of Cartersville, Georgia, was born in 1835. Her father was Charles Latimer, and her mother Eleanor Swift. She graduated at Madison, Georgia, with first honor and has been in some way connected with newspaper work all her life. At one time she was editor and part manager of a paper. She has for eight years been editing the Country Home Department in the semi-weekly Atlanta

ournal, and has sent forth over and over again strong articles advocating reforms. Mrs. Felton wields possibly one of the strongest pens in the State in this direction. She was found years ago advocating education in the rural districts, especially for girls, and the entire State has now realized that she was right. She saw from afar the danger that undoubtedly now threatens us, and this is the solution. She was the first to suggest compulsory education in the South, and has had to fight the cry of *paternalism*, etc., but the race question of today makes those who could not agree with her then see that the only salvation for the country now is to force the poor whites to educate their children. "The taxpayer should have just compensation for his money," says Mrs. Felton. "The negro is eager for the education, but the poor whites are indifferent to it, and the taxpayer's money is being wasted." Whenever Mrs. Felton speaks or writes she gives something worthy of consideration. Her husband has always been prominent in politics, and has served his State at home and in Congress. He was an honored trustee of the University of Georgia for many years.

ELLEN DORTCH LONGSTREET was born in North Georgia. Her father was James S. Dortch, whose untimely death left his daughter at the age of seventeen dependent upon her own exertions. Her mother was a Virginian. Ellen Dortch was a prominent figure in the press work of the State for many years. She, too, was a pioneer in advocating education in the rural districts, and urged that special training should be secured for women in journalism. She was the first woman in the State to hold office under the government. In 1897 she married General James Longstreet, a graduate of West Point, who had served with distinction, not only in the Mexican and Indian wars, but also in the Confederate service. He was brigadier-general, major-general, lieutenant-gen-

eral, and commanded the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia from 1862-1865. He was in many battles, and was wounded under fire from his own troops in the Wilderness. After the war he became a Republican, which his comrades in arms could not be reconciled to, but his past record of loyalty to his country should have been a guarantee of his continued loyalty to the South, and what he esteemed her best interests. *Lee and Longstreet at High Tide*, written by his wife after his death, fully vindicates any charge that could have been made, and this gives better than any book yet published the campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia and the life of General Longstreet. President Roosevelt made Mrs. Longstreet postmistress at Gainesville after the General's death in 1904.

MRS. BASCOM MYRICK (Marie Louise), is another woman in Georgia who knows how to wield a pen. She was for years the editor of the *AMERICUS RECORDER*, and was ever bold in denouncing what she thought should be denounced, whether in city or State, and in advocating what she esteemed best. She is a strong and fearless writer, and yet, can be as gentle and as tender as a loving mother. She and Mrs. Longstreet dispute the honor of being the first among the women in Georgia to edit and own a daily paper.

MEL R. COLQUITT, Augusta, Georgia, 1848, has written a great deal for the "American Press Association." Her articles always appear over her own signature. Mrs. Colquitt was Miss Redmond, a relative of John E. and William Redmond, who figured so prominently in English-Irish politics. Her father was a journalist, and a man of wide culture and reading. Her husband, Hugh H. Colquitt, is a brother of Senator Colquitt, lately deceased. Mrs. Colquitt's poems frequently appear in the "Times-Democrat" of New Orleans. Since the

death of her son, a promising youth in his twentieth year, her verses have been "burdened with grief and longing."

LEONORA BECK, now Mrs. Richard Ellis, of Florida, was for a long time identified with educational and journalistic work in Georgia. She has moved to Florida since her marriage, but continues to write for the leading periodicals.

There are many Southern women who have been and are now engaged in journalistic work in New York City. Among them must be mentioned MRS. WILLIAM BROWNE MELONEY (Marie Mattingly), of Kentucky, the wife of a member of the staff of the New York World. She was once on the staff of the Washington STAR. Tennessee has MRS. MARTHA McCULLOUGH-WILLIAMS, DOROTHY DIX, and VIOLA ROSEBORO. Mrs. Williams wrote *Field Farings*, *Niche*, *Next to the Ground*, *In Jackson's Purchase*, and *Two of a Trade*. Miss Elizabeth M. Gilmer (Dorothy Dix), of Montgomery county, Tennessee, first sent articles to the New Orleans Picayune. She is now on the New York Journal staff and is known by her *Dorothy Dix Talks*, and *Fables of the Elite*. Viola Roseboro is on the McClure staff. She has written *Old Ways and New*, *The Joyous Heart*, and *Players and Vagabonds*. Virginia is represented by MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY, born at Halifax. She has written *A Virginia Girl in the Civil War* and *Dixie After the War*. Mrs. Avary is interested in the sociological and philanthropic questions of the day, is bright and cheery and gives gladly a helping hand to her literary sisters who are starting out in the untried field. EMEL JAY (Mrs. Webster Davis), now in New York, was long associated with the Atlanta Journal, and still sends weekly articles to that paper (page 847). Miss BEATRICE STURGES, of Georgia, once connected with the New York Mail, is now with Life Publishing Company. MRS. MARTHA

GUDE ANDERSON, also of Georgia, is the religious editor of the New York Globe. MISS KATHARINE GLOVER, of Georgia, also on the Globe, was for four years at the head of the Atlanta Journal, and did much fine work. MRS. EMMA MOFFETT TYNG is another Georgian doing journalistic work there. MRS. EMILY VERDERY BATTEY, of Georgia, was for years identified with literary work in New York, and has had many appreciative things said about her. She returned to Atlanta several years ago. Others are MRS. MARTHA S. GIELOW, MRS. JEMISON, of Alabama, and MRS. HALLIE DUNKLIN, of Texas.

If it can be said of any one paper of the South, it may justly be said that, in moulding the opinions of the South and gaining the good will of the North, the LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, Louisville, Kentucky, takes the lead. It is a combination of the *Journal*, started by George Denison Prentice in 1831 (page 161), the *Democrat*, owned by Henry Watterson, and the *Courier*, owned by WALTER NEWMAN HALDEMAN. These three papers united in 1868 under the name of The Courier-Journal.

HENRY WATTERSON was born in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1840, while his father was member of Congress. His education was conducted almost entirely by private tutors on account of some defect of vision. He received the degree of D. C. L. from the University of the South. In 1861 he became a staff officer in the War between the States, serving the Confederacy faithfully until the surrender.

In 1865 he married Miss Ewing, the eldest daughter of Hon. Andrew Ewing, of Tennessee. He has been closely identified with the politics of his State, and has been at times connected with several papers—the Washington States, the Democratic Review, and the Nashville Republican Banner. During the

war he had charge of the Chattanooga Rebel, and after the war bought the Journal and united it with the Democrat and Courier—making a paper of wonderful power throughout the land. Mr. Watterson has a national reputation as a brilliant orator, and a writer of vivid style and striking originality.

WALTER NEWMAN HALDEMAN was born at Maysville, Kentucky, in 1821. He came to Louisville in 1840 as a clerk in a commission and grocery house, then became clerk in the office of the Louisville Journal, and later conducted a bookstore. In 1844 he married Miss Elizabeth Metcalfe, of Cincinnati. He bought the Daily Dime, and called it *The Courier*. His paper was seized by General Robert Anderson during the war, but later its publication was resumed at Bowling Green, then it was moved to Nashville, and when the war ended brought back to Louisville and consolidated with the Journal in 1868. He was president of the Louisville Courier-Journal Company until his death in 1902.

JOSIAH STODDARD JOHNSTON was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1833. He was the son of John Harris Johnston and Eliza Davidson, and a nephew of General Albert Sidney Johnston, so distinguished in the Confederate service. He was reared by his mother's relatives in Kentucky. His education was in private schools, at the Western Military Institute in Kentucky, and he later graduated at Yale, and took the law degree from the Louisville University Law School.

He married Miss Eliza W. Johnson, of Scott county, Kentucky, in 1854. He was a farmer and entered the Confederate army, and served on the staff of Generals Bragg, Buckner and Breckinridge. After the war he practiced law in Helena, Arkansas, became editor of the *Yeoman*, in Frankfort, Kentucky, entered politics and held many important offices of trust from Kentucky.

His works are: *Memorial History of Louisville* (2 vols.), *Frost Explorations of Kentucky*, *Confederate History of Kentucky*. Since 1903 he has been associate editor of the *Courier-Journal*.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER ALTSIELER, born at Three Springs, Kentucky, in 1862, was educated in Kentucky, and at Vanderbilt, Nashville, Tennessee. He married Miss Sara Boles, in 1888. He has been on the editorial staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* since his graduation, and is also connected with the *New York World*.

His books are: *The Rainbow of Gold*, *The Hidden Mine*, *American Historical Novels*, *The Sun of Saratoga*, *A Knight of Philadelphia*, *A Soldier of Manhattan*, *The Last Rebel*, *A Herald of the West*, and *My Captive*.

The editor of *The Christian Observer*, Louisville, Kentucky, is FRANCIS BARTLETT CONVERSE, who was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1836. He is the son of Rev. Amasa Converse, and Flavia Booth. He was educated in Philadelphia, and at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and entered the ministry in 1862. He married Miss Ellen Pollard, of Hanover county, Virginia, in 1866. His father had been the editor of *The Christian Observer* until 1857; he succeeded him and is now editor and publisher—the head, really, of the Converse & Company Publishing Company, of Louisville.

GEORGE SUMMEY, D.D., LL.D., who was born at Asheville, North Carolina, in 1853, is the editor of *THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN*. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and Davidson College, and studied theology at the Union Theological Seminary. He entered the ministry in 1873, and has been pastor of different churches in Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina and South Carolina. He was the founder and

for twelve years the managing editor of the PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY; the founder and for three years the manager of THE PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED REVIEW, and is now editor of THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN, and at the same time pastor of the Third Presbyterian church in New Orleans. He was at one time chancellor of the Southwestern Presbyterian University.

ALFRED ELIJAH DICKINSON, editor of the RELIGIOUS HERALD, was born in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, in 1830. He held many pastorates in the gift of the Baptist denomination, but finally devoted himself to the editing of this paper because he felt that through its columns he could reach a larger circle of people.

THOMAS TREADWELL EATON, D.D., LL.D., Baptist, was born at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in 1845. He has been editor of THE WESTERN RECORDER, a religious weekly of Louisville, Kentucky, since 1887.

GEORGE WILLIAM GARDNER, D.D., editor of the SOUTH CAROLINA BAPTIST, was born in Orangeburg, South Carolina, in 1851, and educated in his native State. He studied for the ministry at the *Southern Theological Seminary* of Louisville, Kentucky.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN is edited by T. E. Converse, Atlanta, Georgia.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, one of the leading papers of the South, is published in New Orleans, Louisiana, by PAGE BAKER, Pensacola, Florida, editor and proprietor, and his brother, MARION BAKER, associate editor, who was born in 1840. The paper is a combination of THE TIMES and THE DEMOCRAT, two papers of influence in the

State. Many of Louisiana's best writers have at times contributed to its pages. The editor who was in charge at the close of the War between the States, and had the battle of readjustment and Butler's supremacy to fight, was GENERAL T. A. HARRIS, a brave Confederate soldier.

Among the many writers of later years none is more prominent than the wife of Marion A. Baker, JULIE K. WETHERILL, who was born in 1858 in Mississippi. She ranks as a literary critic of great merit, and is "witty, accurate and forcible." Her articles, *The Seamy Side of Literature*, published in Lippincott's, and *The Minutes by the Clock*, in the Critic, are models of good-humored irony. She is poet, essayist and short-story writer. Her poems best known are *Echo*, *A Fountain Sealed*, and *A Metecor at Dusk*. Associated with her is found MRS. JAMES DURN0 (Felix Grey), also a literary critic who has written many poems and short stories for the Sunday Democrat, as MRS. SALLIE RHETT ROMAN also has done. JOSEPH R. TAYLOR, a Mississippian, is a member of the staff. His poem, *Ode on Peace*, written at the close of the Russo-Japanese war, will be remembered.

CHARLES PATTON DIMITRY's sketches of LOUISIANA FAMILIES appeared first in the Times-Democrat (page 684), and Gayarre's defense of the South and her institutions was found there (page 165). RUTH McENERY STUART's dialect stories were first appreciated by the editors of that paper. ORELIA KEY BELL had encouragement given her by Mr. Baker and appreciative words about her work.

THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE has undoubtedly made its impress upon the journalism of to-day. It was founded by GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL, of Louisiana, who lived 1809-1867. He was a writer as well as an editor, and published *Santa Fé*

Expedition, and War Between the States and Mexico. But of the many names associated with this paper none is more prominent than that of PEARL RIVERS, MRS. GEORGE NICHOLSON, so long editor and proprietor (page 244). The brave struggle she made deserved success. MRS. M. R. FIELD (Catharine Cole), MISS MARIE L. POINTS and DOROTHY DIX are names also closely identified with the *Picayune*, as well as Thomas Edward Davis (page 762).

GUY CARLETON LEE, LL.B., LL.M., Ph.D., was born in North Carolina, educated at private schools, Dickinson College, and University of North Carolina, studied law at the Dickinson School of Law, and received degrees from Johns Hopkins and Dickinson College. He taught for a while, lectured for a while, then became literary editor of the BALTIMORE SUN, and has held this position for the past eight years, sending forth weekly those valuable criticisms about authors and their works, and has done so much to awaken interest in the writers of the South. He has been, since 1900, the editor-in-chief of the International Literary Syndicate. He has written forty-five or more books. Some are *Hincmar—An Introduction to the Study of the Church in the Ninth Century*, *Public Speaking*, *Historical Jurisprudence*, *Source Book of English History*, *True History of the War Between the States*, and *Robert E. Lee*, a biography.

He was editor-in-chief of "The World's Orators" (10 vols.), "The History of Woman" (10 vols.), "The History of North America" (20 vols.), and has contributed to magazines valuable papers on law, politics and sociology.

THE NATCHEZ GAZETTE was the first paper issued in Mississippi, and was founded by Colonel Andrew Marschalk in 1802. He belonged to Wayne's army, and as he was instru-

mental in starting so many journals in his State he was called "The Father of the Mississippi Press."

A few years later TIMOTHY and SAMUEL TERILL founded the MISSISSIPPI MESSENGER. They were the public printers and published the first *Digest of the Laws of the State of Alabama*, compiled by Judge Harry Loulmin. This volume is a mine of historical information pertaining to the early years of the State.

The two leading dailies of Nashville, Tennessee, are THE AMERICAN and EVENING BANNER. A threatened rival in the field is a paper of late birth, THE TENNESSEAN, edited by HERMAN M. SHULER, with GENELLA FITZGERALD NYE, the daughter of Bishop Fitzgerald, on the staff.

WILLIAM J. EWING edits the American and GIDEON HICKS BASKETTE the Banner. Mr. Baskette, a native of Rutherford county, Tennessee, born in 1845, is a poet and writer of short stories, and has been connected with the Banner since 1884. He left college to enter the Confederate service, surrendered in 1865, and began to devote himself to journalism in 1876.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN was established at Nashville, Tennessee, by SUMNER ARCHIBALD CUNNINGHAM in 1893.

Mr. Cunningham was born in Bedford county, Tennessee, in 1843. His father was Washington Campbell Cunningham, and his mother Mary A. Buchanan. He was reared on a farm and educated in country schools near his home. He married, in 1866, Miss Laura N. Davis. He had served his country faithfully during the War between the States, first as private then as orderly sergeant, and then as sergeant-major of the Forty-first Tennessee Regiment. After the war he began a dry-goods business, then established a book business at Shelbyville, Tennessee, and bought and edited for a time the

Shelbyville Commercial. This gave him his taste for newspaper work. He edited then the Chattanooga Daily Times, and in 1880 started in New York City a paper called *Our Day*, to be the exponent of Southern sentiment in New York City, but this paper was not appreciated and had to be suspended after a year and a half. With the great love of the Confederacy in his heart, and a sympathy for and interest in all Confederate soldiers, he determined to establish a magazine in which they could voice their feelings and tell the story of their war experiences, and *The Confederate Veteran*, in Nashville, was the result. Mr. Cunningham, through many ups and downs financially, has put his paper now where it is on a firm basis, and it is hailed gladly by all loyal Southern people as an exponent of the principles for which the South has ever stood. Its pages have ever been open to the members of the Ladies' Memorial Associations, and to Daughters of the Confederacy, as well as to veterans. It has been the means of collecting and preserving much of historical value that otherwise would have been lost. None can forget Mr. Cunningham's intense interest in putting before the world, again and again, the true story of Sam Davis and his heroism.

He has a genial, friendly word for all, and is a welcome guest at all Confederate gatherings and reunions.

THE KEYSTONE, published at Charleston, South Carolina, is devoted to the interest of the women's organizations and is doing much to maintain the enthusiasm in regard to woman's clubs and patriotic work of the D. A. R.'s and Daughters of the Confederacy. It is edited by Miss Mary B. B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, with Miss Louisa Poppenheim, manager and proprietor.

THE LOST CAUSE, Louisville, Kentucky, was another paper published in the interest of the South. This was under the

auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy. MRS. BASIL DUKE was editor and MISS FLORENCE BARLOW associate editor. Its work was devoted to the collection and preservation of the Confederate States Records, and it accomplished great good.

THE ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE was edited by David Rice Manally, D.D., of Tennessee; born in 1810. He was at one time the president of the East Tennessee Female Institute in Knoxville. His publications were chiefly biographies.

THE VIRGINIA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY is edited by WILLIAM GLOVER STANARD, who was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1868. His father was Captain Robert Stanard, and his mother Virginia M. Cowan. He was educated at William and Mary and Richmond College. In 1900 he married Miss Mary Page Newton. He wrote *Colonial Virginia Register*, and numberless newspaper articles on history.

There were two Virginia journalists of note that must not be overlooked, JOHN PAUL BOCOCK and his brother, WALTER KEMPER BOCOCK. They were representatives of that class brought up, or born just after the War between the States, when the privations they were called upon to endure caused them to feel deeply and to give vigorous expression to their impressions and thoughts. They were the sons of John Holmes Bocock, a noted Presbyterian divine of Virginia, and Sarah Margaret Kemper, who edited her husband's work for the Presbyterian Board (see page 781). These parents reared their children in the fear of God, and gave by their own culture a literary atmosphere in the home. An uncle, Thomas Stanhope Bocock, was a member of the Confederate Congress, and another uncle, James L. Kemper, was Governor of Virginia.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK was born at Harrisonburg, Virginia, in 1856. He was educated at Washington and Lee University at the time that General Robert E. Lee was in charge. In 1875 he received the degree of A.M., and then went to Cincinnati to study law; there he practiced for some time, and sent frequent contributions to the newspapers. In 1883 he became a member of the staff of *The Press of Philadelphia*, but a broader field of journalism tempted him to New York, and he contributed articles to *The World*; here he had an opportunity to prepare *Literary History of the Odes of Horace*, which is yet to be published. His death occurred at Wayne, Pennsylvania, 1903.

His writings for *The Forum* are *The Irish Conquest of Our Cities*; for the *Cosmopolitan*, *Irish Leaders in Many Nations*; for *Munsey's Magazine*, *Blood Is Thicker Than Water*, *The Romance of the Telephone*; for *Harper's Weekly*, *How the Gold Reserve Was Saved*, *The Literary Diversions of a Boss*, *Washington and Lee University*; and *Dinners in Bohemia*, *Joe*, *The Book Buyer's Guide*, *Pistols and Pedigrees*, *J. Pierpont Morgan: His Life, Aims, Methods*, *Decatur, the Prototype of Dewey*, and *Little Stones in Rare Books*, which appeared in *The North American Review*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Outing*, *The Reader*, *Leslie's Weekly*, and *Success*. Although his poems or society verse were widely copied, his greatest joy came from translating the Odes of Horace into verse. The Knickerbocker Press, in 1904, issued a collection of his verse entitled *Book Treasures of Mæcenas*, which was prepared by his wife. The last poem in the book is *A Letter to My Wife*.

WALTER KEMPER BOCOCK was born at Georgetown, District of Columbia, in 1858. He, with his brother, was educated at the Washington and Lee University, under General Lee. Like his brother, his tastes were literary, and he turned his attention

to journalism after leaving college. In Philadelphia he was connected with *The North American*, and later with *The Times*, and later still accepted the position of editor of *The Philadelphia Press*. The outlook for him seemed very bright in his chosen line of work, but as he became convinced that it was his duty to enter the church, he studied for the ministry at the Union Theological Seminary, was graduated from the General Theological Seminary in New York in 1874, and became the rector of churches in Maryland, Michigan and the District of Columbia. During this time his old fondness for journalism possessed him and he became editor of *The Church Militant*, but his health failed and the work had to be abandoned. Later he moved to Philadelphia and became a member of the staff of *The Church Standard*, and also editor of *Hammer and Pen*, the organ for the advancement of the interests of labor. He has contributed many articles on religious and sociological subjects to the *Century Magazine*, *Sewanee Review*, *Social Economist*, *Southern Magazine*, *Church Eclectic*, and has also written many poems.

His works are *Christian Unity and Positive Truth*, *The Social Question and the Christian Answer*, *Tax the Area*, *Labor's Right of Free Speech*, *Should Trades Unions Be Incorporated*, *The Southern Social Problem*, *Liquor and Politics*, *Labor's Claim on Organized Christianity*, *Specialization of Labor Touching Evolution Not Revolution*, *A Practical Basis for Christian Unity*, *Hypothetical and Joint Ordination*, and *The Social Influence of Jesus* still in manuscript. He died in Philadelphia in 1904. He had dictated an editorial the day of his death. In his room were found some verses called *The Seven Ages of Death*. Since his death *The Knickerbocker Press*, in 1907, issued a volume of his poems called *The Antiphon to the Stars*.

WILLIAM HENRY PECK, born in Georgia in 1830, established THE GEORGIA GAZETTE, a literary quarto, in 1860. The political excitement of the times was too intense for anything purely literary to succeed, and The Weekly was very short-lived. Its editor, since the War between the States, has been a most prolific writer, sending forth novel after novel not only to the New York Ledger, which offered him a fine salary, but to other papers in the country. Mr. Peck has written several dramas, and when a youth tried poetry.

His novel, *The Conspirators of New Orleans*, written in 1860, was one of the few successful novels issued in Confederate times. He set the type himself and did most of the press work on a small hand-press.

CHARLES A. PILSBURY, born in New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1839, was the editor of The Morning Journal, published at Halifax, Nova Scotia, during the War between the States. It was the first paper in British America to espouse the Southern cause, and it continued boldly to advocate this cause until the bitter end.

The chapter on Journalism must close, not for lack of material but for lack of space. That the South appreciates the work being done by the press, and gives encouragement to it is shown by the number of papers being edited throughout the Southern States. Statistics taken from The World's Almanac for 1906 show that 3,469 papers were printed during that year as follows: In Alabama 231, Arkansas 287, Florida 163, Georgia 373, Kentucky 327, Louisiana 200, Mississippi 246, Missouri 1,073, North Carolina 280, South Carolina 152, Tennessee 309, Texas 868, Virginia 247, not counting those wholly Southern which were printed in Maryland and West Virginia.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, 1861-1865.

The States forming the Southern Confederacy were thirteen in number, with sympathizers in Maryland a fourteenth State. The date of secession was in the following order:

South Carolina, December 20, 1860.....	Governor Francis W. Pickens.
Mississippi, January 9, 1861.....	Governor John J. Pettus.
Alabama, January 11, 1861.....	Governor Andrew D. Moore.
Florida, January 11, 1861.....	Governor M. S. Perry.
Georgia, January 19, 1861.....	Governor Jos. E. Brown.
Louisiana, January 26, 1861.....	Governor Thomas Overton Moore.
Texas, February 1, 1861.....	Governor Edward Clark.
Virginia, April 17, 1861.....	Governor John Letcher.
Arkansas, May 6, 1861.....	Governor Henry M. Rector.
North Carolina, May 20, 1861.....	Governor John W. Ellis.
Tennessee, June 24, 1861.....	Governor Isham G. Harris.
Missouri, August 20, 1861.....	Governor Claibonne F. Jackson.
Kentucky, December 10, 1861.....	Governor George W. Johnson

A CONFEDERATE NOTE.*

Representing nothing on God's green earth now,
 And naught in the water below it—
 As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
 Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear,
 To the tale that this trifle will tell
 Of liberty born of a patriot's dreams,
 Of a storm-cradled nation that fell

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
 And too much of a stranger to borrow,
 She issued to-day her promise to pay,
 And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
 Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
 It gazed in our eyes with a "promise" to pay,
 And each patriot soldier believed it.

Keep it—it tells our history over,
 From the birth of the dream to the last—
 Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
 Like our hope of success, it passed!"

*Omitted from page 271.

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